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ENDING
SEPT. 26, 1931

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A Weekly for Everybody

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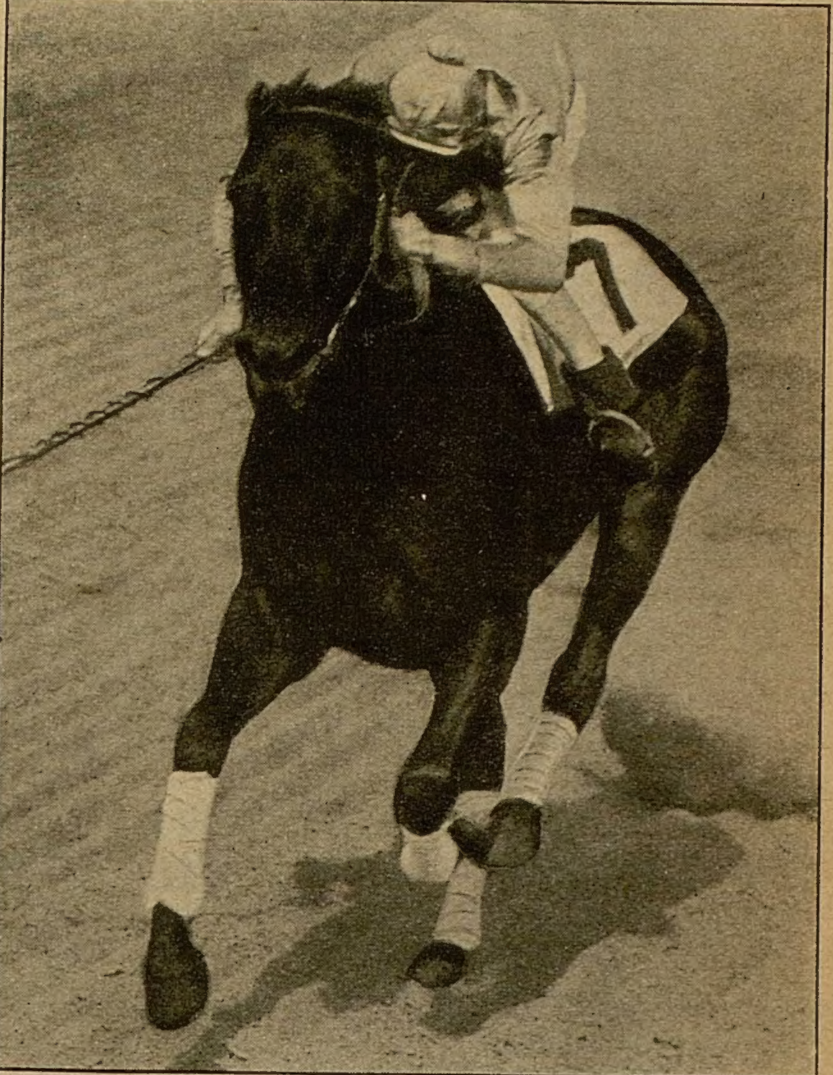
ETHYL GASOLINE

FAMOUS HORSE RUNS FAST MILE

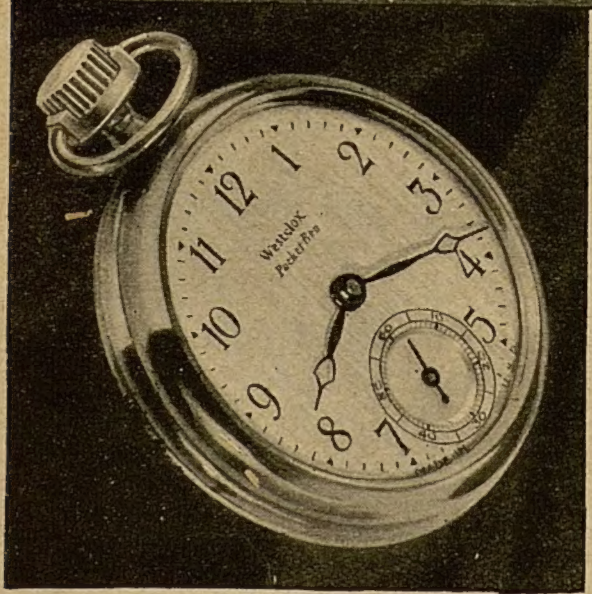
WITH POCKET BEN ON ANKLE

●

"Shock-proof" watch keeps accurate time during unusual test



Pocket Ben finds a new thrill as "ankle watch" on leg of famous race horse, Nostaw, in the mile work-out at Arlington Park, Chicago.



●

Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Illinois.

STRAPPED close to the flashing hoof of a race horse! Jolted and jarred as an "ankle watch" while a famous colt steps a fast mile! That's Pocket Ben's newest stunt in proving his sturdy quality.

The horse, Nostaw, was picked to give Pocket Ben his thrilling ride around Chicago's famous course, Arlington Park. Nostaw is so fast that he was only beaten by a nose when Gallant Knight hung up a new world's record at Churchill Downs last May.

With Pocket Ben strapped to his ankle, Nostaw got away to a quick start. Every time those nimble hoofs kettle-drummed the ground Pocket Ben took a sudden, jarring shock. Could even this sturdy watch, strapped close to those pounding feet, still keep running, still keep accurate time?

The horse was pulled up at the mile post. As track officials, jockeys, spectators gathered around, the tape was removed. There was Pocket Ben ticking away as usual and on time to the dot—6:54 a.m.

That's Pocket Ben—the "shock-proof" watch, the faithful fellow who always tells the truth wherever he goes—in polite circles at home or out where big jobs are being done.

Have you seen and heard the NEW *Big Ben with the 2-voice alarm and "silent tick."*

POCKET BEN

1^{50}

Made by the makers of Big Ben

Westclox . . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . . ALARMS . . . . AUTO CLOCKS

SEPT. 26, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE BUSINESS OF GOVERNING

Some of our friends severely criticize our recommendation that the business men of the country should represent the main governing force. It is their contention that big business is already firmly intrenched as the power behind the government.

That statement may be true to a certain extent, but it in no way includes the specific part of our recommendation.

Big business organizations have to have a certain amount of political influence to protect their own interests and, doubtless, they sometimes go beyond merely securing what is justly due them. Although huge business organizations may dictate to a certain extent at election time, they usually elect politicians and not business men.

It is our contention that business men should be at the helm in politics; that the members of the legislatures of the various states should be business men; and that our representatives at Washington, from the President down, should be experienced business men.

We are entering an era of the keenest sort of competition. The competition of the future will be between nations. The World War brought the European people in more direct contact with the people of this country and they learned something of the comforts and luxuries that our citizens enjoy. Now they want the same privileges. The Russians are working like a race of madmen to put themselves in a position where they can compete with us.

When the various European nations get over the extreme poverty brought upon them by the war they will become our competitors, and we will have to become a nation governed by business principles to ultimately survive. Although we are so far ahead of these countries at the present time that we can hardly consider them as competitors, there will be some rapid changes in the next few years.

Hard-headed business men should be in control of the official positions of this government. They would be able to consider every subject before them as practical business men, and their one idea would be to secure a definite financial advantage for our citizens. Every problem would be carefully thought out with that end in view. What we call politics would then have to take a back seat, and instead of a few big business men interesting themselves in the political situation, the business men of the entire country, backed up by their huge organizations, would take an active interest in governmental policies.

The majority of business men today are not interested in politics. They usually maintain that they have no time for them; that one party is about as good as another. But if every business man would take a personal interest in political questions and assist in the solution of the associated problems as a nation, we would soon become educated politically and the term "rotten politics" would disappear.

If we ever expect to evolve a government that will be free from suspicion, each individual citizen must do his part. Every one of us must feel the full responsibility of citizenship and not only vote on Election Day, but do some electioneering for the principles that we uphold.

We need a business government. Not one run by politicians for big business, but conducted by business men who understand the rules of business—superexecutives who have been educated in the business world.

With such a force conducting our government we would continue to advance as a commercial power, and at no time in the future would we have cause to fear competition from other countries.

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ARE YOU LOPPING YOUR COSTS with the knife of PROCRUSTES?

●

PROCRUSTES had a simple way of fitting guests to his famous bed. Flesh and bones paid the penalty when the knife trimmed an over-tall victim.

Today, faced with the problem of fitting a six foot advertising job to a four foot budget, advertising executives are tempted to grit their teeth and swing their knives. Advertising effectiveness is slashed; advertising coverage whittled to inadequacy.

Unnecessary sacrifice!

Liberty—priced for post-depression conditions—offers a modern alchemy to transmute today's appropriation into a greater coverage than ever before.

While other magazines, on the average, have failed to follow the thirty per cent drop in commodity prices, Liberty's cost has declined 35 per cent.

Liberty now gives the advertiser 565 families for every dollar he spends on a black-and-white page—as against 327 families in the average of twelve other major magazines.

And in addition to *pre*-depression coverage at *post*-depression cost, Liberty offers the advantages of 99 per cent *known* reader interest through 99 per cent single copy sale, whole family appeal, big city concentration and dominance.

Before cutting the effectiveness of your advertising through reduced coverage of potential customers, consider the Liberty answer to post-depression problems!

Three ways to fight decay!

Remove film...eat right
See your dentist

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

WIPE out decay! That is the goal of modern dentistry. Here are three rules for you to follow in helping *you* attain it.

First, drink plenty of orange juice, eat other citrus fruits, fresh vegetables and tomatoes. Diet helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy — increase their "disease-resistance."

Next, go to your dentist twice a year or oftener. Have him remove the tartar deposits that develop at the gum line and become a constant source of irritation.

Remove film

Last, but of prime importance, remove film from teeth twice daily. Film is the basis of tartar. It invites dental troubles. In it are germs believed to cause decay.

Film is not easy to remove from teeth. It clings like glue and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That is why Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent removes film thoroughly, completely. Its unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is extremely smooth and fine —twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. It is supremely safe for the delicate teeth of children.

Safe! Supremely gentle

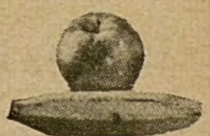
Yet with all its softness this new agent excels all others in cleansing teeth and polishing enamel.

So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as loveliness —eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

INCLUDE THESE IN YOUR DIET:

One or two eggs, depending on your age.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.

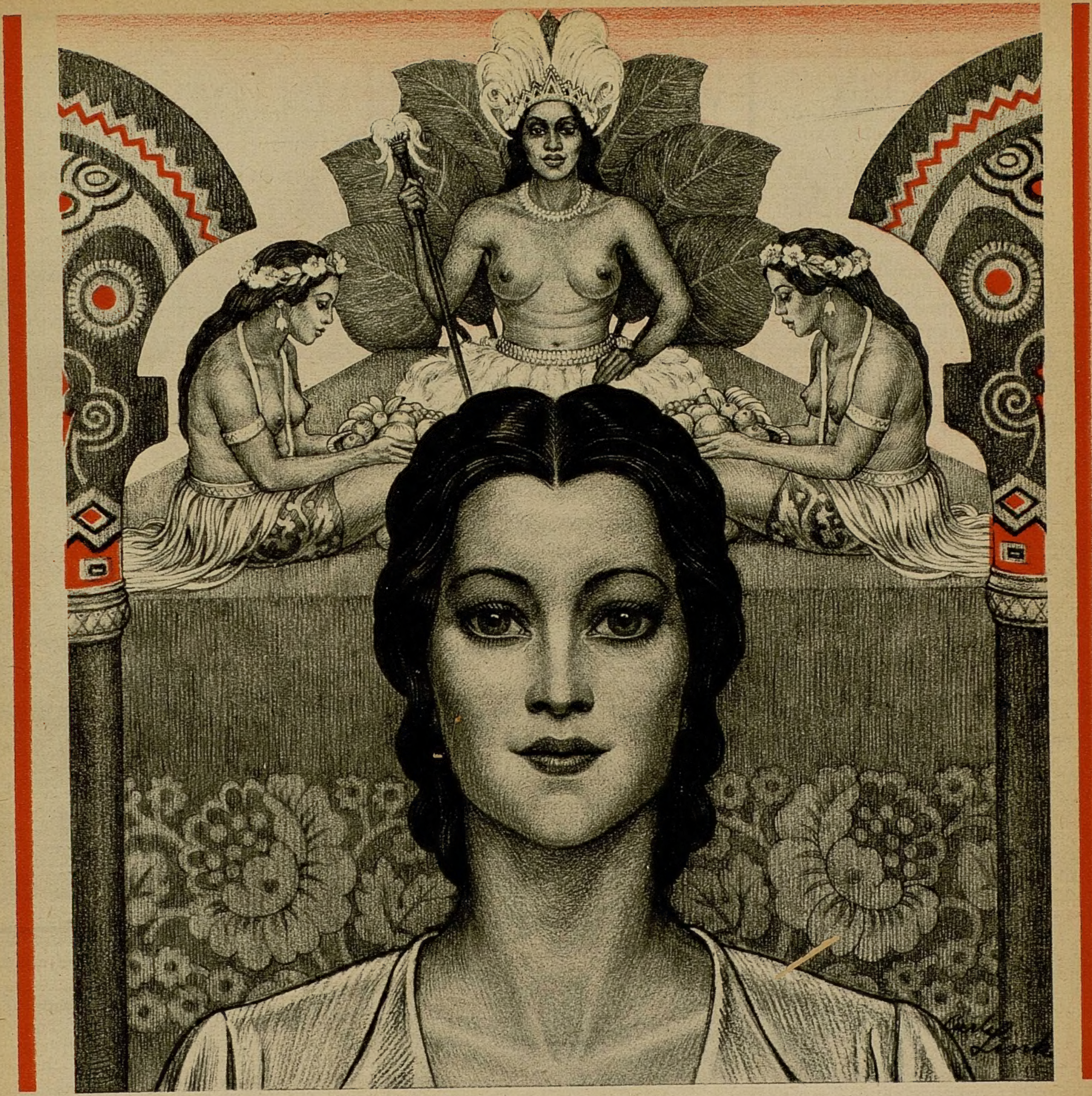


Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

Plenty of milk every day.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR



The Pearl Lagoon

The Story of a Young Adventurer's Fortune

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by CARL LINK

(Reading time: 37 minutes 45 seconds.)

THORNTON KEEP came out of the inner room. He was excellently dressed; he had a pleasant voice; he looked as like the Prince of Wales as a million other men of his age and coloring desire and contrive to look, the wide world over.

"We're sorry," he told the sea captain, that roughish man in a Will Owen suit of blue serge, seated uneasily near the door, "but we can't take it on. Even if the idea appealed financially, Sir William has—one might say a complex—against romance in business. And this—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PEARL LAGOON
Continued from page seven

" Romance be hanged! " somewhat hoarsely said the captain. " There's no weemen in this."

" I didn't mean that kind of romance," explained the slim young man in the perfect suit. " South Seas — pearls — schooners — all that sort of picture-show stuff—Sir William's dead against everything that isn't what he calls practical."

" Practical! " repeated Rainbird, running one finger round the inside of his galling collar. " My oath—you take and read the Admiralty Sailin' Directions for the Central and Eastern Pacific, and you'll see how much picture stuff is in that. Did you, or him, understand what it was about? "

" PERFECTLY." The slim young man smiled. He had a pleasant smile, a genuine sort of smile, Rainbird thought; and he wasn't in a hurry to hustle you out, like other secretaries of other wealthy men. Something stirred in the captain's heart—scarcely hope as yet, but—

Keep was speaking:

" Your proposition, as I understand it, is this. You are well acquainted with the Pacific Ocean. It contains, at vast distances and in out-of-the-way places, a number of more or less dangerous coral reefs, either sunken or—or—"

" Awash," put in Rainbird. He was sitting very upright in his chair. He watched the secretary with sharp blue eyes. " Meaning," he added, " just level with the surface in fine weather."

" Exactly. Some of these are of ' atoll ' formation—is that the word?—shaped like a ring—and they inclose a space of calm, or partially calm, water. You think that there are probably undiscovered beds of pearl shell in these places, and that they have lain undiscovered because the reefs are enormously far apart, dangerous to approach, and out of the way of all ship traffic. Have I that right? "

Rainbird had taken ten minutes to tell him the story earlier, but he nodded, recognizing Keep's superior skill with words.

" And you wanted Sir William Macgillicuddy to finance a trip through the Central Pacific so that you could investigate these reefs? You are of opinion that any discoveries which are made are likely to be very valuable—"

" Because," Rainbird broke in with eagerness, " it's in them—those places that haven't been touched since ever they were charted—and many of 'em charted wrong—it's there you get the old shells and the big pearls."

" Exactly. Now, you see I did understand. I put it in the best way possible, and he won't hear of it. You know, Captain Rainbird, the fact of our owning most of the ships on this side of the world doesn't mean that we can pull a ship out of our pockets, so to speak, and hand it to everyone that asks. I'm really sorry; I understand you have the matter at heart, and—"

He looked at Rainbird's boots. Only too familiar to the millionaire's second secretary, chosen minister of disappointment, was the aspect of the well blacked worn boots. (" And I know you've probably gone broke over it," was the unspoken end of his sentence.)

Rainbird's boots, his fortune even, might be broken. His spirit was not. Accustomed to deal with men, make instant decisions, he realized that Keep, despite the discouraging " we," was playing with the project. The splendid sun of Sydney was pouring through the high-up office windows; a long way off, just veiled with city haze, one caught a glimpse of lapis-lazuli sea.

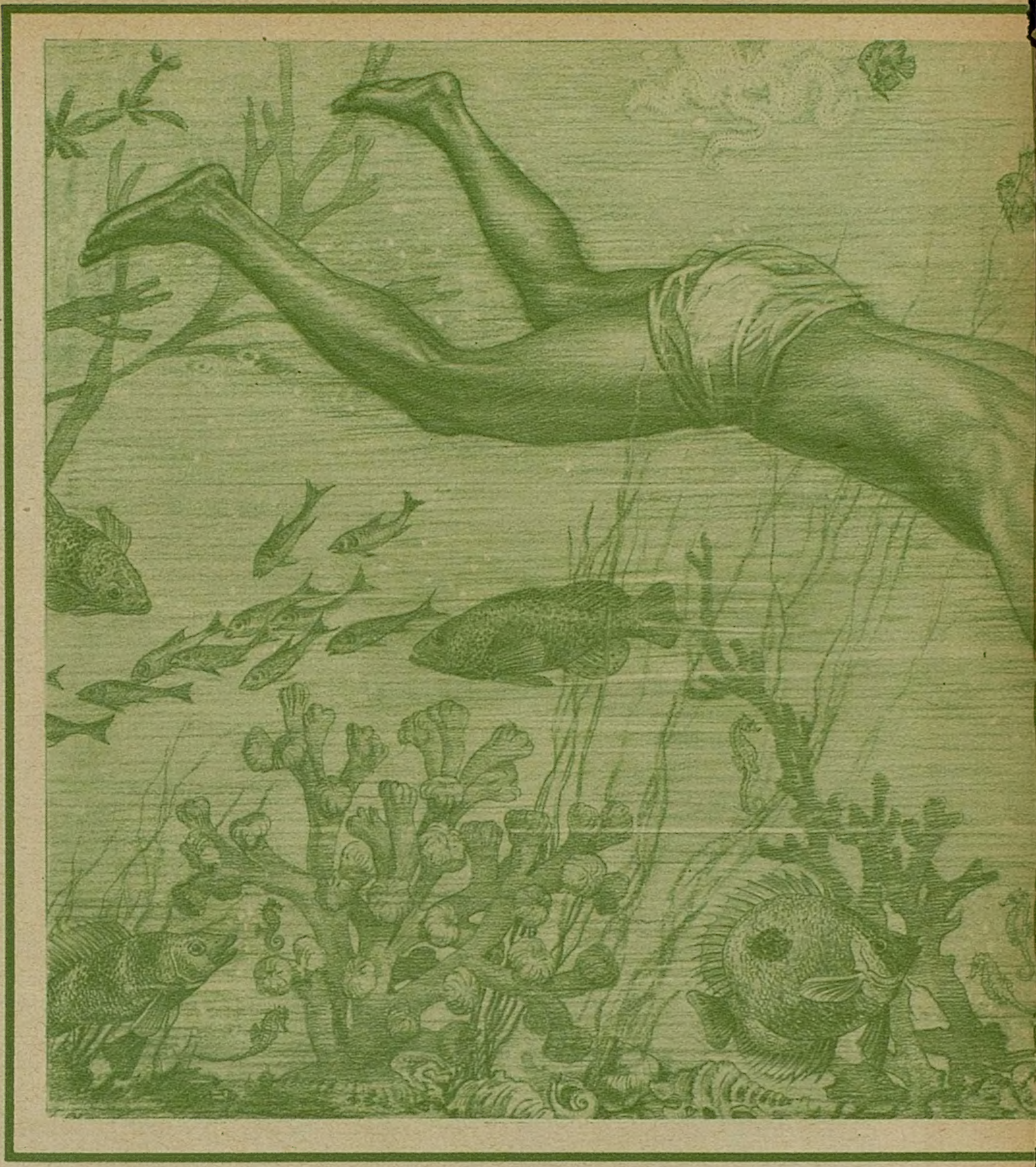
" This chap," thought Rainbird swiftly, " with a pair of shoulders on him like he has, and plenty of guts, or I don't know the kind—he can't want to spend his blazin' life sitting on a high stool inside there, with them things lookin' at him right through the windows." He found courage, looking once more at Keep's expensive clothes, to say daringly, " Why not have a shot at it yourself? "

" By gad," said Keep, sticking his hands in his pockets and looking at Rainbird with new eyes, " that is an idea! But—"

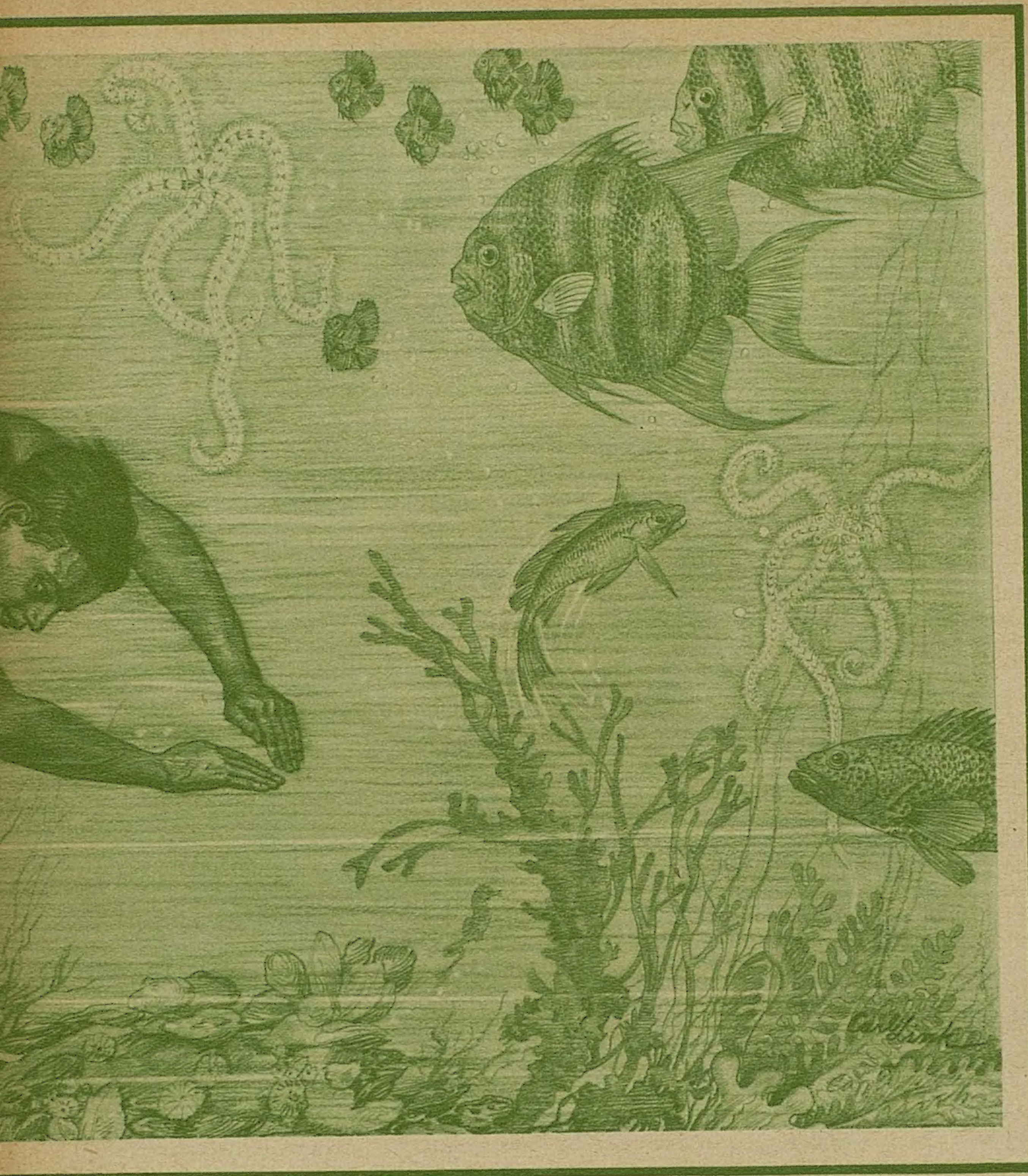
RAINBIRD hurried on: " You c'd do the whole thing in a few munce, and I reckon you get a holiday sometimes. You c'd make yourself maybe independent for life. And have a real taste of the sea."

" Independence for life " appealed to Keep much less than Rainbird, living always on the thin edge of poverty, could realize. The other phrase found its mark. Keep flushed like a girl. Yet he held out. " I don't see," he said. " I don't— Of course Sir William might be induced to spare me—but he has such a very strong prejudice against anything unpractical, as he would—"

Rainbird never took his eyes off the other man. He knew that Keep was withholding the real objection. " What is it? " he thought, seeing his fate trembling in the balance.



Keep could see them gliding about head downward,



feeling among dark shadow patches.

Then the door of the inner office opened and somebody came through. " Thornton," said a voice, " father wants to know if it would be quite convenient to you to drive me down to Palm Beach this afternoon; he isn't going. I called in to see."

Into his broken boots sank the heart of Rainbird, master mariner unemployed, adventurer, and—almost—beggar. This was the obstacle.

THE millionaire's daughter (" looking at 'm as if she could eat 'e," Rainbird thought) was rather short, and a little plump, judged by modern standards. She had bobbed red hair, loosely worn; it shone agreeably in the sun pouring through the window. Her mouth was painted, her cheeks were not. She had extremely pretty brown eyes, and rather too many freckles. Her neck, rising white and velvety out of the low sports frock, was cuddlesome; so was her waist, sharply defined by the newest fashion. She had nice legs and neat feet expensively shod. Some of her friends called her a jolly little soul, and some said that she was rather a duck. Rainbird, estimating her with eyes that were almost hostile, told himself she was a neat bit of skirt, and he supposed his chance was mud now.

He was all the more surprised to hear Thornton Keep say—instead of the " Leave-your-name-and-address-and-we'll-communicate-with-you " formula that he could have recited in his sleep—" Call again tomorrow afternoon at five. Excuse me now."

Rainbird picked up his hat and fled, lest Keep should change his mind. As he closed the door he could hear him saying to the girl, " Where's your coat, Yolanda? Of course I'm only too delighted."

" I wonder is he too delighted?" Rainbird mused, waiting outside for the lift. " Anyhow, I'll lay she is—and red-headed girls! . . ." The lift came up.

. . . . . .

IN the island schooner there was everything a man could want for many months to come. Barring the question of stores, there was all a man could want for life. Houses! Entrance halls and hat-stands and stairs and carpets, and drawing-room suites and dining-room suites, and rooms and rooms upstairs, beds, wardrobes, tallboys, baths, taps, basins, things to eat out of, things to cook with, things to look at and keep clean, thousands of pounds' worth, years of labor's worth, all to give a man a place to sleep and eat in!

Here there was the tiny cabin, with cushion-topped lockers, swing table, rack for glasses. There was the deck, with the wash-down hose when you wanted it. There was a canvas chair or so. And you had everything.

The galley was a half tank of corrugated iron with a primus stove inside. No better food anywhere than flying fish fried here; than lumps of creamy turtle meat; tea; ship's biscuit, crumpy and hard.

You had some pairs of khaki drill pants, some cotton shirts, rough-washed. You were perfectly outfitted. Not like the Prince of Wales any more—but wouldn't " Edward P." have loved the chance!

Dinner parties, where you played the perfect secretary to Sir William (who hadn't a wife), seating the right people together, trying to arrange that the conversation, afterward, should be kept stirring; that no one should be seriously bored, except yourself. . . . Why, Rainbird, once you became accustomed to his curious grammar, had more solid meat in his talk than any six of them. Rainbird, who had taken the Great War merely in the stride of his adventurous career. Rainbird, who had traded with cannibals in the wicked Solomons; gone gold-hunting " when the Lakekamu broke out," been wrecked half a dozen times, left on desert islands, married to a Pacific queen. (" But she died of eatin' sand eels; they was tabu —reserved, y'know, to the kings and queens, and very good—and she couldn't keep off of 'm." " Surfeit of lampreys," whispered History, repeating itself to Keep's attentive ear.)

Rainbird was good company.

When they called at queer little island ports for stores and water (but Rainbird did this as little as possible), girls used to come on board, tee-heeing at Thornton Keep and tossing black manes of silken hair over bare shoulders.

" You can buy one of 'm any time you like," Rainbird said with perfect simplicity. " I'll do the trade for you, becaws there's no use spoilin' the market with extravagance like what you might. There's room for 'er to doss in the hold; they don't mind cawkroaches." But Thornton flashed back at him, " I'm sick of girls! " and Rainbird seemed to understand. " Take 'm a picnic, and buy 'm a silk frawk for Sundays," he said. " Don't let 'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PEARL LAGOON
Continued from page nine

tromple all over your life; that's right. I wish I'd—” And he fell silent.

Nobody knew what they were doing. Rainbird had taken care of that. “ Pearls,” he said, “ are like murder; they'll out, sooner or later. You're just a silly millyonaire tourin' round, and I'm your 'ired master. We got to remember that.”

Thornton Keep remembered. “ Not much millionaire, present or future, about it,” he said. “ We've gone over four of your reefs since we started, and haven't got the making of a pearl pin out of the lot.”

“ That's right,” agreed Rainbird. “ But I got a feelin', somehow, that the luck's going to change. Same as you can feel the wind shifting before it fair begins to shift, if you know what I mean. We ought to make Ogo at sunup tomorrow, and Ogo's a hell of a place; we got a good chanst there.”

Keep understood. In the endless, dayless weeks that had passed since they cleared Auckland harbor, in the blue mornings when one worked with the Maori crew, “ hand, reef, and steer,” growing tougher and browner in the process than ever organized games had made one, on the wild days when squalls flung the schooner flat, and foam went creaming over the deckhouse top, and a man got wet through oftener than he could count, or cared, he had learned what Rainbird's simple plan really meant.

It meant to go where no one else willingly went; to risk the unengined little boat (for Keep's resources didn't stretch to “ power ”) in places where even a steamer might easily be lost; to look for pearls that had been left undiscovered because nobody thought it worth while trying for them at the risk of wreck and death. They had been nearly lost twice; they had torn the copper half away from the Tahiti's keel on a third reef; the fourth they had reached in dead calm weather, so that it became necessary to anchor well away, and take the dinghy into the lagoon, rowing hard for hours—and, after all, there wasn't anything there.

Ogo was the fifth. Charted wrong, Rainbird warned his mate. (“ Lots of them reefs are miles out of where the Admiralty has 'm; 'snot worth risking a cruiser worth a million pounds to go up and correct 'm, either, when nobody ever calls, just gives 'm as wide a berth as they can.”) No saying just where it was, except that it wasn't where the chart put it. No telling what surrounded it. You could only put a man up the foremast, keep the sun, if possible, behind you, and trust to luck. What was it like? Well, there was no telling, because it had been wrongly described when surveyed forty years ago, and that was all anyone could say about it.

“ Gosh! ” said Thornton Keep eagerly. “ Do you mean that no one's been there since? ”

“ I reckon they has. There was some wreck come down to Niue about fifteen years ago, might have come off of Ogo, by the run of the currents. And I lay the Golden Wattle, that was lost with all hands in eighteen ninety-nine, and no one ever knew where—I reckon she found it! ”

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who, with this story, adds another to the long list of romantic tales of the South Sea Islands which are home to her. She is a native of Ireland.

RAINBIRD always answered questions, never offered comments upon them. Thornton Keep thought he must have been the original of the well worn shark-and-alligator bathing story: “ You never told me there were alligators there! ” “ No, sir; you only asked me were there sharks.”

“ So you think that people have been there, but that no one who was ever came back to tell? ”

“ That's about it,” agreed Rainbird, spitting cheerfully over the rail.

They ran all that day before a very light wind. The latitude was low, and from the hurricane area they had advanced almost into the equatorial belt of calms—calms alternating with squalls, thunder showers, and that last and worst curse of the harassed seaman, mists that destroy visibility. The heat was frightful. Clad only in native loin cloths, the white men sweated at every pore, and the Maori crew lay naked, complaining, about the deck till Rainbird kicked them to work.

“ We ought to be ten mile off Ogo,” he said, “ but there's no knowing. Let her come up a couple of points, Keep; I'm going aloft to see what I can see. This was about the course the Golden Wattle would have bin keepin', if it ain't unlucky to name her.”

It was, apparently, lucky. Not only Rainbird, but Keep, down below on the poop, his bare feet clinging all wet to the mist-wet gratings; not only Keep, but the Maori crew, suddenly struck into life, saw at the same moment and shouted over a break in the fog ahead, and in the midst of the break one marvelous blue-green jewel afloat on the empty sea.

FIVE minutes saw them clear of the fog, running cautiously close to the wind in the direction of a pale brilliant lagoon that lay some three miles ahead, rising (it seemed) a yard or two above the surface of the darker ocean. But that was delusion, as Keep very well knew by now; he had seen scores of atolls and lagoons. Never yet, however, had he seen such a color as the blue that lay before them, sapphire, milk, and emerald marvelously combined. Blue? No, you couldn't call it that; you didn't know what to call it. Whatever it was, it seemed to spring from the Prussian-blue Pacific like a shout. One didn't see how any ship could have missed it, even if it was, as events seemed to prove, some six miles away from its place on the chart.

That ships had “ missed ” it, in one sense, became plain when the Tahiti had approached, still cautiously, within a quarter mile; was skirting, with all hands on the alert for a change of wind, along the astonishing extent of the great oval. From Ogo, as they passed, came a continual low drumbeat of surf; the fierce blue of the shallow was bordered by creaming foam “ soft as carded wool.” . . . Soft? Yes, but with fingers that could catch and hold. One, two, three black ships' anchors stood menacingly out from the tumble of the reef, and if the enchanted blue of the lagoon had shouted, these tolled warning bells.

But Rainbird was enthusiastic. Sliding down the stay, he joined Keep and asked him, “ Well? Well? What d'ye think of it? Think ther's a chanst of your pearl pin at last? Talk of luck—I lay we got the best weather, just by five minutes, that any ship's ever had making this flaming place. Six miles out, and almost right in the doldrums, and the squalls that comes up hereabouts, and the filthy currents, and the blazin' fogs—my golly, Keep, it's no wonder they laid their bones on 'er. But we had the luck. I lay you're lucky; I always thought so, from the day I seen you in that flamin' office, doin' typewriter gurl's work. I always thought you was fit for a man's job, and had the luck, too, which I never had. If you ain't got luck, the thing is to get shipmets who have, and I done it. And we done it together! ”

He was like a man drunk, or “ fey,” thought Keep. He seemed already certain of finding treasure fit for queens in this incredibly remote, bright, perilous place, that they had reached by nothing but bare chance—for ten minutes more of that blinding haze had certainly driven them on to the fangs of the reef.

“ You're a man, Keep,” he repeated, all that was in his mind seeming to float up to the surface, as strange things, drawn by high tide, come floating in to shore. “ I don't care if you 'ad fifty blazin' titles—”

“ I've no title; I—how did you—? ” Keep, minding his job, shifted three spokes of the wheel. Surely this was the maddest conversation to spring up here in the world's remotest spot.

“ It was the lift man,” Rainbird said, chewing noisily on a quid. “ Lift men, they know everything. We had a bit of a gam when I went down, and he says, ‘ The old man's gurl is sweet on 'im, and the old man, he hasn't gone and give him the boot, as you'd think, with him a mere clurk, becaws he's only two from a title, and the old man, he found out one of 'm's got diabeets.' . . . But

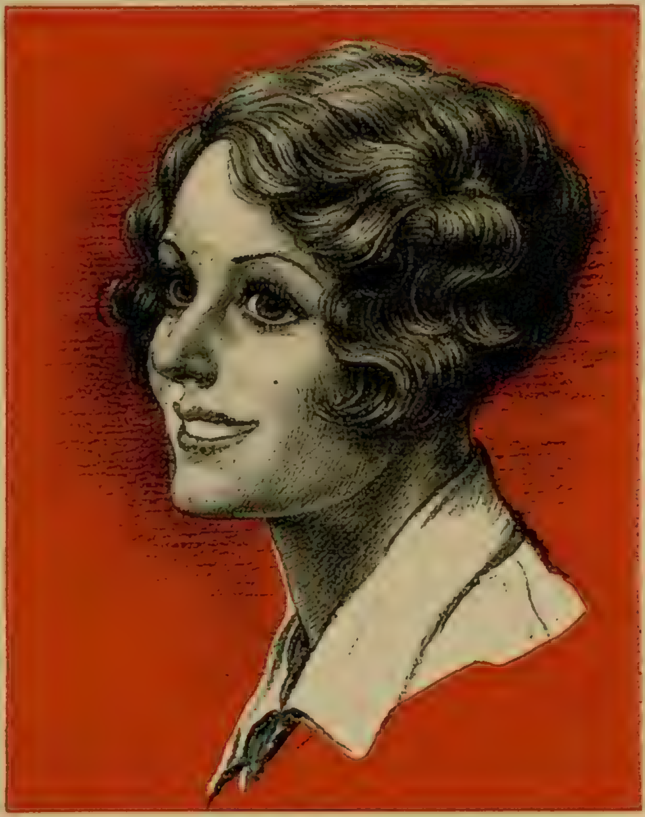
I don't care. I'm a good Labor man, and I vote Labor when in port, but if all the silvertails was like you— There, Keep, I'll give you my daughter if you want her, and I can't say more."

There was the slightest flap of sail upon mast. Alongside "cat's-paws" changed suddenly into spitting waves. The wind was shifting. Keep spun the wheel, and Rainbird, instantly restored to his former character of tough sea captain (like a fairy-tale hero released from a spell), leaped forward and began shouting to the crew.

They found an anchorage that night, since it was already too late to venture the lagoon. Rainbird had dropped back into his ordinary state of reserve—so much so that Keep could not even find words to ask him what on earth, or sea, he meant by the remark about daughters. But in any case it did not matter. If there was one thing against which his face was set, it was marriage.

He was conscious, now he thought about it, of having been afraid that the millionaire, who never missed anything he wanted, never failed in bending any man to his wishes, would somehow or other get Yolanda her wish. Yolanda was the dearest thing on earth to him. He would have let her have Keep, Keep knew, even if there hadn't been that heir presumptive away in England—with diabetes. The last was news to him, but he felt sure it was true. Macgillicuddy never made mistakes.

The two white men kept watch and watch that night. Waiting for his turn to take the "gravy-eye" watch after midnight, Keep found himself unable to sleep. He could only lie on the cushioned locker top, cradled by the ship's slight swing from side to side, living over again, in a series of vivid pictures, the events that had led up to this lonely night at the back of nowhere, with fortune (it might be) waiting him ten cables' length away. . . .



The millionaire's daughter was rather short. She had bobbed red hair.

The afternoon when, summoning all his reserves of courage, he had gone, uncalled, to Sir William's private office, and told him that he wanted a holiday—a long holiday: yes, to take a trip in a sailing vessel; yes, with the captain whose crazy scheme Sir William had turned down; no, he didn't quite know when he would be back; certainly he was sorry if it put Sir William to any inconvenience, but the other secretaries . . . yes, of course he was willing to take the chance of finding his place filled up. Indeed he did value all Sir William's kindness—wouldn't for the world— Thanks, thanks very much, it was too good of Sir William. . . . Address? Uncertain; but Post Office, Suva, or maybe Post Office, Papeete, or, if not, Post Office, Raratonga, would eventually get him.

A WEEK later, everything arranged. Sir William again; Sir William's handclasp, hearty as ever—there was nothing small about him, even when you had committed the unforgivable sin of opposing his will. The strange feeling of going down in that lift for what might be the last time. The rush of the southerly breeze up Pitt Street, bringing with it a tang of the salt great harbor that lay so near; the harbor that, from the days when Sydney streets were cattle tracks, has called to youth confined in tin shacks, in brick-built stores, in new great business palaces that block the sky. Called to the gate of Sydney Heads, and the blue Pacific, and the wild strange life in the world of islands beyond.

Keep remembered the very feel of his feet striding down the pavement, with the Bridge, epitome of Australia's pioneer spirit, taking the sea at one magnificent leap, beyond. . . . How that Bridge had reproached him, morning after morning, coming in from his flat in Kirribilli! How it had seemed to tell him, scornfully, that strong men were meant for other things than playing lap dog to millionaires, sitting up prettily begging for bones in the shape of directorships, Stock Exchange tips, seats for by-elections! Some of these had already been tossed to Keep; more, he knew, were coming—if he was good.

Good! Damn the lot of them! He was free.

One more lap-dog calling; calling on old Miss Macgillicuddy, Sir William's cousin and housekeeper; on Yolanda—but one wasn't a lap dog for her; one stood up straight, like a man, and said good-by—somehow or other—and pressed her little creamy-skinned hand, at parting, so hard that her diamond rings cut one's palm. And she came out into the hallway of the flat—he couldn't prevent that, maybe he didn't want to—and she came very close to him, so close that he could see every hair in the parting of her red-gold bob as she leaned below his chin. And —what would any man have done? So he did it.

"You'll come back," said Yolanda, sniffling a little into her fine small handkerchief, as he held her, one arm about her shoulders. He hadn't kissed her again.

THORNTON, gloriously aware that polite lies were not going to be demanded from him for six months at least—perhaps forever—lost his head and plunged into clean, plain fact.

"I don't know," he said.

It was the literal truth. But he became immediately aware that he had made a mistake. Yolanda slid quietly out of the circle of his arm, quietly, neatly folded up her handkerchief, and gave him one glance. It was Sir William's eyes, hard as brown agate, that looked not into but at his own, in that minute. At once she lowered her lashes; they fell like birds' feathers on her soft-skinned cheek; they hid whatever she might be feeling.

"Good-by; so many good wishes," she said.

The door clicked. . . . There was nothing left to company him but a burnt-orange woolen mat or two and his own bewildered mind.

He said, "Gosh!" and found himself somehow, as if the word had been a spell, downstairs in the street outside.

Months ago, all that. Ages ago, in another life. And if Ogo kept its promises tomorrow, the other life would remain other for good.

Rainbird came down the hatchway. "Below there! Show a leg." The Maori quartermaster struck the single bell that warns of changing watches.

"Coming," shouted Keep.

The sky had cleared when he came up; the schooner floated, straining at anchor, in a hollow globe of stars. Here you could feel the huge Pacific, sense where you lay, like a grain of dust, lost among the illimitable spaces of an ocean that laughed at continents, at civilization, even at man himself. Freedom! Those who had not tasted the Pacific world did not know what it meant.

Next day the luck held, the weather held. It was dangerous weather. Keep did not need to be told by Rainbird that a morning of melted gold, with foam lights of fire and distances sharp as if seen through a crystal lens, promised something unlike itself in the near future. But today was theirs.

There was one narrow opening into the atoll. They took it on the rising tide, and ran perilously in, scraping the coral as they went. Inside, the place showed itself as a saucer-shaped lagoon, nowhere more than five or six fathoms deep. The water was liquid jewels, sapphire, emerald, jade, and malachite, shadowed with the deep amethyst of weed beds, and layered, here and there,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PEARL LAGOON
Continued from page eleven

with drifts of lilac. Fire-blue and parrot-green, geranium, gold, and painty-pink, small and large fishes swam ahead, darted under the whaleboat's keel.

It was almost too beautiful; like the day, its very loveliness disquieted. Over all the great lagoon warm silence held, fretted only by the never-ceasing rumor of the surf on the surrounding reef, the surf that, in a heavy sea, could not be perceived or heard; the reef that had snarled over and crunched the bones of all those ships whose anchors still stood up, black, sinister, among the coral flowers.

Rainbird was very cool today, but one felt the excitement that underlay his coolness. " D'ye see them darkish patches? " he said in a half whisper, as if fearful of being overheard. " There's where I'm goin' to put the glasses on." He was already fitting them to his eyes; strapping tight the goggles that allowed you to see under water as easily as a fish. " I'm no hand deep-diving," he said, " but the niggers can live under water. . . . Steady on! Back! Hold her! That's it." Over the side of the motionless boat he hung, and dipped his head in the sea.

Keep thought he'd surely choke before he brought his dripping face up again, panting, shaking, but all lit up with triumph.

" I've seen 'm! " he shouted. " There—there. Them dark patches. Over with you, boys! Get a fistful of them shells, every one of you, and a pound to the first that comes up! "

The natives were not to be hurried. They squatted on the gunwale for a minute or two, taking in breath. Then, silently as seals, they slipped into the jeweled water. Keep, borrowing the glasses, could see them gliding about head downward, feeling among dark shadow patches that meant nothing to his untrained eyes. His heart was thrumming like the sea upon the outer reef. Was this the moment?

" Ho! you got the pound," shouted Rainbird, gloriously, to an emerging head. And he took a dirty New Zealand note out of his pocket and crammed it into the fellow's dripping fist, snatching from him his trove—three large, gnarled, dirty shells incrusted with barnacle and weed.

They could not wait till the other divers came up. They wrenched the shells open with a knife, and began feeling along the slimy mantles of the fish. It was absurd to expect—

Nothing in the three, unless they'd missed it. The other boys were up now, each with his handful.

" Gimme! " said Rainbird, snatching, tossing shell after shell into the bottom of the boat. The boys, yellow-pale and breathless, flung themselves on the seats.

RAINBIRD and Keep, with their knives, opened six or seven more shells without result. Rainbird was breathing almost as hard as the divers. Keep was tense, excited. He had seen pearl shell before, but never such shell as this—big as dinner plates, gnarled and barnacled; to the most casual eye, clearly old. And old, undisturbed shell, especially shell that shows signs of deformity, is the pearler's very dream.

Nobody shouted—nobody for a minute said anything at all—when, almost in the same moment, Rainbird, like Jack Horner, " pulled out a plum "—a glittering little ball that had never, till this moment, seen the light it so engagingly caught; and Keep, in finger and thumb, held up another so near the same size that it almost paired. Each was blue-white, perfect, and about as large as the top of a typewriter key. Keep dropped his pearl into Rainbird's dirty palm, saw it roll and nest there beside the other, and said, with calm voice but shaky lip, " Gosh, we *have* done it! "

They did not immediately open the rest of the shells. Moved by one impulse, the two men stood up in the whaleboat, and stared, left, right, behind, before, over the empty seas. Mightn't a prick of sail, a plume of smoke, creep out of the distance almost any minute? Could it be possible that they were really alone, that there was no one to dispute possession of these treasures? The Tahiti, rolling out there at anchor—what a rotten old tub she was, after all; how little it would take to sink her! The weather, lovely and uncertain as a golden Marquesas girl—what mightn't it do to them? All the world was suddenly become perilous—since those glistening little globes had come to light.

" Siddown," said Rainbird roughly. " No use getting the wind up. Ther's nobody within a thousand miles." He bounced into his seat, angry with himself and with Keep. " If we got them out of those," he said, pocketing the two pearls, " ther's bound to be whips more to come; our forchuns is made all right. That's if we can lift 'm."

" What are you going to do? " asked Keep, busy with another shell. It had nothing inside but oyster; he tossed it overboard.

Rainbird, about to speak, checked himself and sat silent, apparently listening.

OUTSIDE the atoll, sea and sky flared, insolently blue. There were no clouds, but now and then a faint, ruled shadow, like a fold in watered silk, showed itself on the water and passed away. After the shadow always came a strange noise upon the reef, like sounds let in and suddenly cut off by the opening and shutting of a door. There was something in the sound that Keep hardly liked. Sea life was training him; but part of the training was to hold his tongue, and so he held it.

Rainbird relaxed his stiffened, listening pose; appeared to calculate. " In about two hours," he said, " ther'll be a sea on this reef would break the bones of the Majestic."

It was hard to believe—with that enchanted glory of gold and blue holding the still, glittering lagoon and the ocean floor in a spell that seemed eternal. But keep remembered that he wasn't there to contradict his shipmaster. Nor yet to worry him with questions, like a passenger on a mail boat. He waited.

" Get them shells into them bags we brought," Rainbird told the Maoris. They obeyed.

" Steer oar! "

They gave him the sixteen-foot oar; he slid it over the stern and grasped the loom.

" Gi' way! "

The boys gave way. Out of Ogo they spun on a falling tide that swept them through the passage like a biscuit thrown into a mill race. Already Rainbird's prophecy was being justified. Breakers, outside the reef, sounded louder; reached, with extraordinary viciousness, at the still untroubled glass of the lagoon.

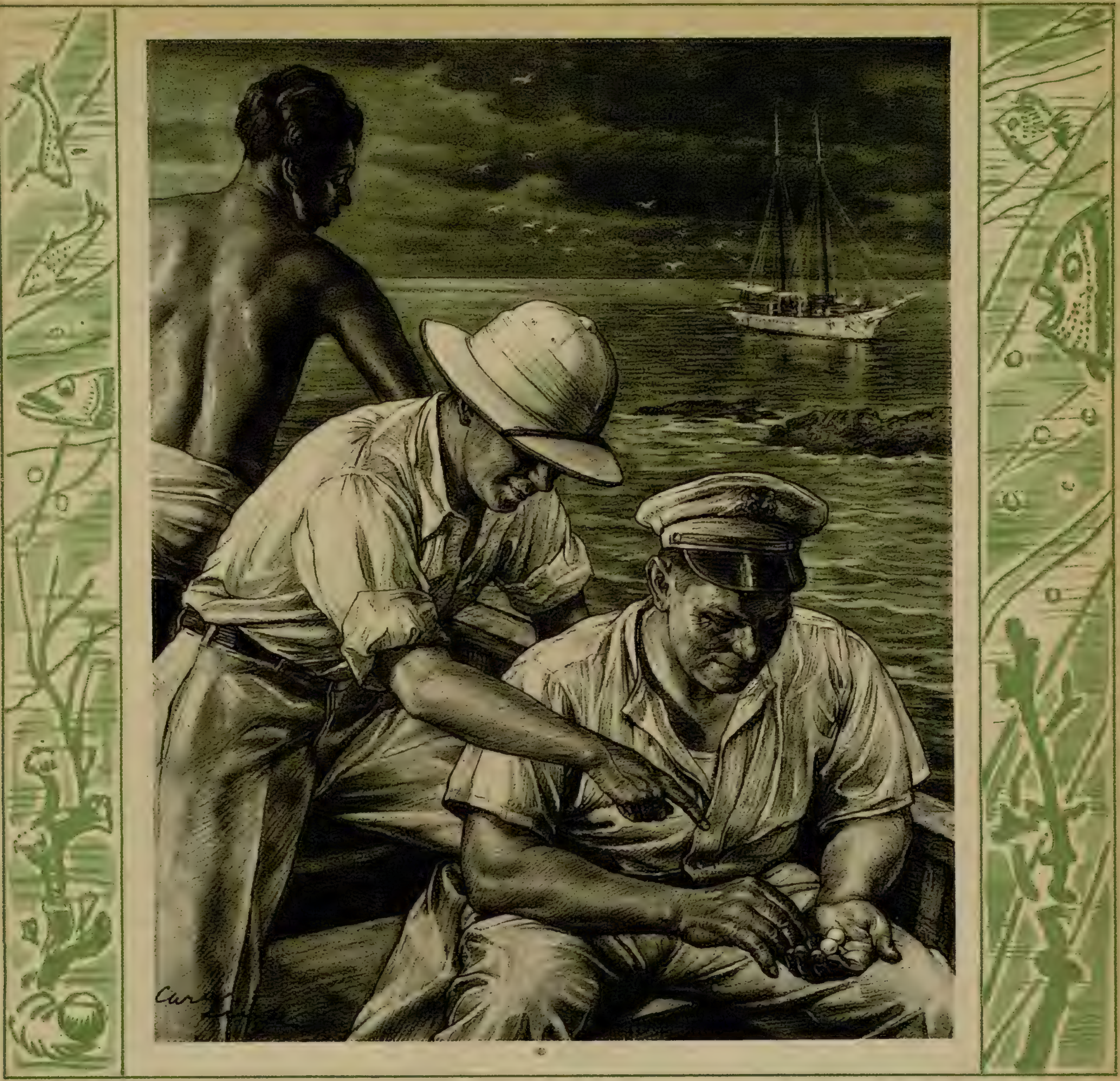
Rainbird and Keep, quick rowed, made the ship in less than five minutes; but the sea, heretofore quiet as a sleeping kitten, struck and spat at them as their whaleboat rose to the davits.

Before noon the Tahiti, storm-driven, was reeling under bare poles across a sea as white as whipped egg. They had left Ogo far behind; the last glimpse of that infamous reef showed nothing but a smother of tumbling froth merged in the tumble of the whole uplifted sea.

" We done it! " Rainbird shouted through the scream of the northwester, " but we came damn near not." His eyes exultingly sought the two black anchors catted in the bow. Keep followed the glance and the thought. He carried it further: wondered where lay now the bones of the men who had left their anchors on wicked Ogo. Happier, luckier, he and Rainbird; it didn't matter a tick that they'd had to leave the place uncleared; the thing was done. For the two pearls they had picked out of a dozen shells, for the one or two more that might still be found, one could get the charter of a boat with a reliable engine; provision properly, bring divers' dresses, do the whole thing safely and satisfactorily.

The sea had kept her unspoken promise. Thornton Keep was free indeed; not for a voyage, a holiday, but for life.

Yet, and yet—over the Tahiti a shadow seemed to hang, as she rolled out of storm into clear weather, as, short of



Each was blue-white, perfect. Keep dropped his pearl into Rainbird's palm.

food and water, racing against time, she made for Raratonga under merry, pale-blue skies. Thornton had lived so long within the influence of Sir William's tremendous personality that he could scarce believe himself free of it, even now. Macgillicuddy got what he wanted—always—sooner or later. Cut off from the world, clear of mails, newspapers, even radio, one had been able to forget his existence. But now Avarua was sighted; now the uneasy expectation inseparable from arrival in port began to claw one's mind. The white post office stood up. The wireless masts were in view. . . . What now?

Leaving Rainbird on board, Keep hurried to the post office. The daily radio sheet was pinned to the wall. He read it, sucking his lips.

What! Where were his presentiments? What of Sir William now? Hear this!

> SYDNEY.—Italian marble monument, costing five thousand, ordered from Naples for tomb of lately deceased millionaire, Sir William Macgillicuddy, according to instructions in will.

Dead! Sir William? But it wasn't like him; it was the last sort of thing you'd have expected him to do. . . . Into Keep's mind crept, irreverently, the ancient jape: " It was the last thing he *did* do." . . .

What else about the will? Yolanda inherited, of course, " under special conditions." Yes. Sir William would do that; tie his money up tight—against fortune hunters, one guessed. Well, it was no affair of Keep's. And that was all of Sir William, for ever and ever.

And the sun of Raratonga was gold upon the smoking foam of the reef, and the girls, with black hair flying, were bicycling barelegged down the island road, where palm trees cast plumy shadows upon sugar-white dust. And brown girls, and white girls, were not beyond one's reach; nothing was beyond one's reach, ever more.

It was not till he had returned to the schooner that he remembered his neglected mail. Rainbird, taking turn ashore, offered to get it for him. He came back after quite a long while with a few bills from Sydney, a Christmas card or so, and—a lady.

That was the only word one could use to describe her, old-fashioned though it was. Keep wondered what the mischief Rainbird had to do with this girl—graceful, self-possessed, perfectly frocked and shod, with something of the Italian in her complexion, and the most glorious dark eyes that ever were set in a woman's head. She made him think, oddly, of his grandmother—now, why of his grandmother? His grandmother, when he was a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PEARL LAGOON
Continued from page thirteen

child, going to a royal garden party. Photographs of his grandmother, of— Now he had it! Of Alexandra, queenliest of queens, receiving her guests, granny among them. Of the way she looked and stood. . . .

Keep wondered if he'd had a sunstroke. Why should a tourist from last week's steamer make him think of England's beloved Rose Queen? But this girl did. He wanted to see more of her. He supposed she had come to look at the island schooner, out of curiosity. He wondered Rainbird had had cheek—

“Keep,” said the little captain, “I want to introduce you to m' daughter. This is Mr. Thornton Keep, Vailili. Keep, this is Princess Vailili.”

(“*Married a Pacific queen; she died of eatin' sand eels*,” Thornton remembered.)

So this was the queen's daughter. Gad, she looks it, his thoughts ran—and Keep considered himself a judge. At home, one had seen something of royalty. Vailili was royal, every feature, every limb. But girlish, too, virginal, and, by Venus and her doves, the most attractive creature in the whole South Seas.

“She's bin at school in Auckland; the best school,” Rainbird boasted. “The old king paid for it—I hadn't a bean. And she came up by last boat, and she's staying at the palace till”—he paused, swallowed briefly, and continued—“till she marries.”

“That won't be long,” said Keep politely, conscious that his heart was playing curious tricks inside the smart silk shirt he had saved up for landing. “Aren't I glad I did!” his thoughts, confusedly, ran.

Vailili laughed a little. She was quite self-possessed. Keep had never seen a youngster with such poise. Yolanda giggled and wriggled when you talked to her. Yolanda!

Even now—old habit, of course—he couldn't feel quite sure that he was not going to marry Macgillicuddy's daughter, somehow, somewhen. He wondered who'd marry Rainbird's amazing daughter, as white in all essentials—he would wager—as himself; as well bred as any of his own distinguished ancestors. Well, the man would be lucky. Especially if he were a man whose interests—say shipping interests, pearling interests—lay in the islands.

Rainbird, with a preliminary cough, remarked, “It's for me to say when she marries—and 'om. In the islands, we know how to make girls obey their dads.” He cast a look at Vailili, tender, adoring.

Vailili, who was glancing intermittently, with deadly effect, at Keep, didn't see. But she replied, with an astonishing meekness in her tone, “I will always do what my father tells me to do; that is to be a good daughter. Father, you must show me over your pretty little ship, please.”

Rainbird, before he handed her across the gangplank, stuffed some papers deeply into his pocket. Keep saw that they were letters, smart-looking letters, written on heavy paper, with big envelopes. He wondered a little, then forgot.

. . . . . .

THREE weeks later, when Keep and Princess Vailili returned from their five days' honeymoon at the other side of the island, Rainbird, looking curiously guilty, met them as they stepped out of the car.

“Keep,” he said curtly, “I got something to tell you. I can't hold it in no longer.”

“What is it?” asked the bridegroom absently, standing in the white dust of the road, with the reef roaring beyond—the reef that was to haunt his nights and days, now, for all the years to come; happy nights and happy days, marred by no more than the common regret for something missed, forsworn, that touches, more or less lightly, almost every life.

“Come away a bit,” was Rainbird's answer.

“Just one minute, love,” Keep told his bride. “Now, old man.” He had never called the captain “father”—never wanted to. That was one of the little bitternesses amidst how much that was sweet—sweet!

“I stole something from y',” Rainbird burst out.

They had drawn aside into the shelter of an ironwood tree. Above them the long sob of the harplike leaves endlessly sounded, telling, as Raratongans say, its tale of regret for those who have died and been buried beneath the singing boughs.

The sound of it made Keep think, suddenly, of Sir William and his unlooked-for end.

Rainbird went on, oddly continuing Keep's thought: “About that millionyaire 'o died. Ther' was a letter from him in the post for you, and another. I kep' them. I didn't ought to have. But—you know—I got a sort of second-sight sometimes, like it might be about pearls, or other things. And I got it then; I was dead sure them letters was goin' to up and bite.”

Keep didn't lay claim to second-sight; but he could remember days when letters—some letters—had seemed to be about to “bite,” and very certainly had done it. From Sir William! He wondered—

Rainbird gave him the letters, and walked away to the car where his princess daughter was sitting, pink and pretty as one of the palace camellias. They talked together, Vailili all the time watching her man. It is not known what she saw or guessed; but suddenly, as Keep read on, she gave a tiny laugh and placed a short, sharp kiss on her father's cheek. . . .

The oblong envelope with Sir William's crest, and initials held a memorandum and a copy of a will. The memorandum was curiously brief: “To my executors. Send copy of my will to Thornton Montague Keep immediately after my decease.”

DEATH must have touched the millionaire when he wrote that message. Everyone knew about it now. He had been operated on for appendicitis, but died a week or two after.

The will. . . .

Yolanda had everything—subject to one provision. That she should marry, within a year, “Thornton Montague Keep, to whom she is betrothed.” (Keep swore a short, sharp oath at that.) If she did not marry him (the onus was cleverly placed upon her) she was to have only a thousand a year, the rest of the money going to Sir William's aged sister.

The money was tied up, and Yolanda and her husband were tied down, in every possible way. Keep was not to have the handling of the millions; trustees administered them. Keep and Yolanda were to live in Australia, visiting England (or other countries) only for six months in every four years. (“The title,” thought Keep. “Shine better in Sydney; only a barony, anyhow.”) Their children were to inherit, subject to this and that provision; the dead hand held tight.

Keep was, if possible, to stand for the Legislative Assembly in the Conservative interest. He was not to own race horses. He was not to own a power vessel over a certain tonnage, or a sailing vessel of any kind. (No running off from Yolanda, yachting!)

Other provisions followed. Keep, knowing Sir William, could read between the lines; he was very sure that Yolanda's money had not been left at the mercy of possible accident—there would be a secret codicil of some kind controlling Miss Macgillicuddy's absolute possession.

Oh, clever, clever, and like Sir William! Keep couldn't have denied the engagement, if he had been single. Could not have avoided the draft of honey thus determinedly pressed to his lips. Couldn't have—to all appearance—deprived Yolanda of almost all her fortune by standing back. If he had been free.

Keep couldn't find it in his heart to regret those millions, that chained and guarded money. He regretted, a little absurdly, Yolanda's cuddlesome waist and kissable painted lips.

If a man could have had two—perhaps several—wives, Yolanda should certainly have been one; it would have pleased her so!

As for the title—

Thornton had read the other letter. It was not long; it was from England, and it mentioned, with congratulations, his cousin's recovery, under the new cure, from the disease that had been threatening his life. "That's that," said Keep to himself.

Rainbird came over to him, and was asking, without apology, "What's in your letters, son? Anything to matter?"

For the first and last time, Keep, late confidential secretary, lied on his own account.

"Not a thing," he said. "Just someone writing to say that my cousin's cured, right as rain, and going to live forever."

Beyond the palms and the singing ironwoods, the reef, eternally restless, echoed, "Forever."

Vailili called from the car.

"Thornton," she said, "I'm waiting."

THE END

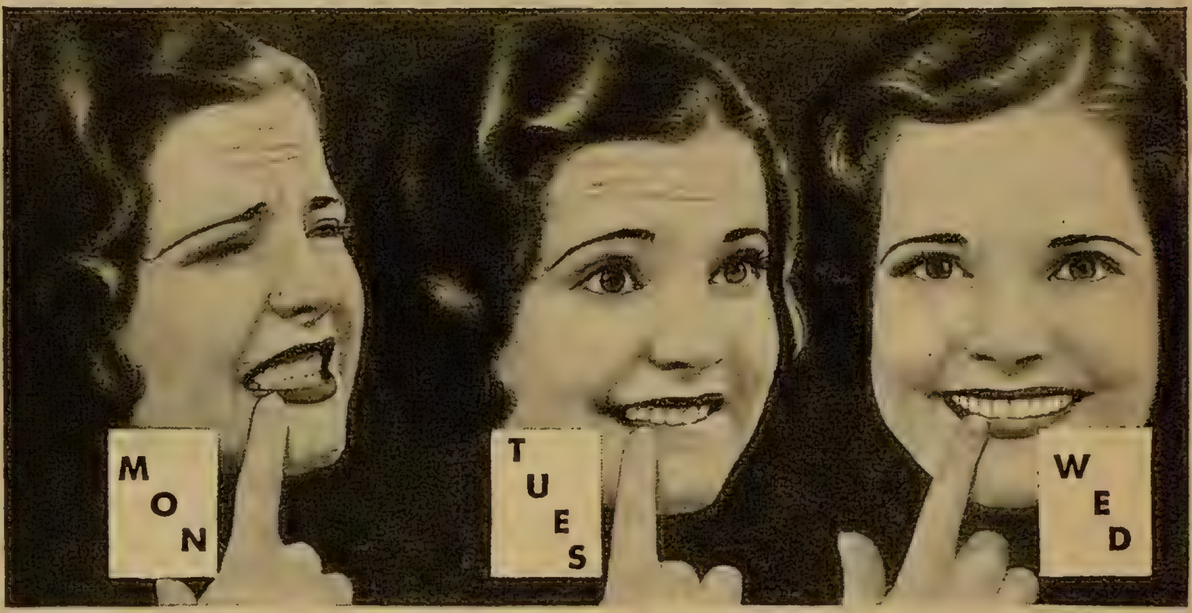
TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the Septuagint?
2—What was the greatest naval battle in the World War?
3—What is a cosmogony?
4—What kind of fruit is a Satsuma?
5—Where is Arlington National Cemetery?
6—What is a Pyrrhic victory?
7—Conjunctivitis is a disease of what organ?
8—What is a soporific?
9—What does agrarian mean?
10—What is a marmoset?
11—What does gramercy mean?
12—What is a deciduous tree?
13—What were the sovereigns of ancient Egypt called?
14—With what legendary character is Sherwood Forest identified?
15—Who originated the phrase "watchful waiting"?
16—What does the French phrase *sans souci* mean?
17—What is metrology?
18—What is common to the names Poland China, Duroc-Jersey, Chester white?
19—Gaillard Cut is a section of what waterway?
20—In what country is the city of Düsseldorf?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-three)

Now let us make your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days!



New Technique Removes Yellow and Stain—Impossible With Ordinary Brushing

LOOK at your teeth. What do you see? Ugliness? Stain? Discoloration that is not pleasant to look at? Science has discovered a simple technique that quickly removes all off-color, cleans teeth dazzling white—3 shades whiter in 3 days—and helps to keep away decay.

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KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

In time she would become the mother of children.

The College Wife

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

(Reading time: 12 minutes 50 seconds.)

SEX is exerting a powerful and deeply disturbing influence on the life of youth in the higher educational institutions of today.

The problem which confronts many college students is easily stated. It consists in the fact that they are in their early twenties, at the natural age for marriage, and can't afford marriage.

But that is not true of all of them. In the large coeducational colleges of the West there is a considerable, and increasing, number of couples getting married and of married couples doing either undergraduate or graduate work. I have met many of them; and in talks with various deans and presidents I have learned that such students are dependable, reliable, and steady in their work; that they study diligently; that they present no disciplinary problem; and that they have a mature outlook on life.

In some cases these young couples are fortunate enough to have independent incomes, or enough money to see them through college. In some instances the parents help them out. The solutions are various. The point is that they work the thing out shoulder to shoulder, and regard their college work as a job just as truly as if they were out actually earning wages. It is at least a preparation for wage earning.

No reproach attaches to these marriages; no breath of scandal; no hint that they are harebrained, madcap, "temporary unions," or "trial marriages," between youngsters who "merely want to live together for a time and then get a divorce." Admittedly such couples find it expedient not to have children till their college work is ended, and till they have a home and one or both of them have jobs. But there is no cynical intention not to have children. They merely put it off until they are ready. The college wife, as she might be called, is not caught in steel-trap conventional procreative marriage; not that she and her husband will not eventually have children, but only when they want them, after their college course is completed. There are not many of these marriages as yet; but their number is increasing. Why some distinguished educators do not approve of a tendency at once so healthful and so sane it is difficult to understand; but I can only conclude that they have not considered the facts from all angles.

I feel that if this tendency toward early marriage among certain young people desiring marriage could be encouraged, and could have wise and scientific direction, it would make for much more healthful conditions of morality than exist in our colleges at present. I do not mean that it would be a panacea, but it would be a step in the right direction, and it would stamp out a great deal of the sexual restiveness or irregularity which is a major problem in colleges today.

I trust that the suggestion I am here making will strike the reader as reasonable, and as in no way an advocacy of marriages that are intended to be impermanent. Of course a certain number of people, whether in college or out of it, do get married and afterward get divorced. And in and out of college there are people who may marry

Why Shouldn't Education and Marriage Go Hand in Hand?

Clara Elsene Peck

Sex is exerting a powerful influence on the life of youth in the higher educational institutions of today.

Pictures by Clara Elsene Peck

with the intention of not remaining married permanently. We cannot stop them, and I do not advocate such marriages. They exist under the present rule of church and state. I am not to blame for it.

What I am suggesting here is simply *marriage*, and a wider recognition of the fact that social conditions which today make early marriage difficult and keep the great majority of men under thirty out of legal marriage are an evil, and should be overcome if possible by better education, scientific enlightenment, and more aid and encouragement to lawful marriage instead of increasing "free love."

But, somebody may object, are these youngsters old enough to know their own minds? Wouldn't it be better for them to wait and put up with long engagements and "exercise self-control"? That question does not sound sincere to me; for it would not be asked if these young people were not in college, but were out in the world and making a living.

ANOTHER question always asked of me is, "Suppose they couldn't get along? Would you give them a divorce offhand?" No, I would not—any more than in the case of any married couple. I would have them dealt with in much the same way that I used to deal with discordant couples in the Juvenile and Family Relations Court in Denver. They came to me and I talked with them, and tried to get at the root of the trouble; and I salvaged about thirty-five per cent of such marriages.

I would create what I have called an Institute of Human Relations or a House of Human Welfare to supplant divorce courts. It would consist of a special commission to perform that function for discordant married couples all over this country. The commission would be composed of a psychiatrist, a lawyer, and a physician, probably, or some other expert specially trained in this field.

It would prevent at least a fourth, and probably a third of the divorces by working out a basis on which couples could agree and be happy. And in those cases where it could effect no reconciliation, it would grant a divorce.

This is what I have called divorce by mutual consent. It is not easy or offhand divorce; but it is sincere and scientific and honest divorce. Divorce is generally an evil; but it is sometimes a real necessity. Let's admit this, and try to deal with it intelligently.

Now let's come back to this matter of early marriage, as applied to the as yet economically incompetent college student. We have no House of Human Welfare, no Institute of Human Relations, no civilized means of dealing scientifically either with birth control or with divorce. Nevertheless, we are practicing both birth control and divorce by mutual consent, by "collusion," as the courts call it. The makings are on hand, and there are already a good many young people who are making intelligent use of them in order that they may contract early marriages and in nearly every case with no thought, mind you, that they are to be other than permanent.

I SUGGEST that if our college authorities ever wake up to the fact that here is a constructive way to help with the sex problem in the colleges, they will help things along; and that if they do not, the thing is coming anyway.

Allied to all this would be proper sex education and preparation for the responsibilities of marriage for all young people. In this direction the colleges have a peculiarly fine opportunity, and some of them are teaching their students a wholesome attitude toward sex.

There is no reason why every college should not be able to establish its own little Institute of Human Relations, its own little House of Human Welfare, whose members might be drawn from experts on its own faculty. Such a body would not have the legal powers of a state-run institution, of course, but it could guide many young people into paths of wisdom, sane living, happiness, and moral health. But not by *frowning* on every effort to solve sex by making early marriage possible.

The "college widow" used to be a somewhat shopworn lady who had more or less hectic heart affairs with successive generations of college students. May we not substitute for her the "college wife," a woman who finds her happiness in her husband and her home, even though she may not yet have left her books?

It is a question of making marriage possible and safe for the college students that want thus to order their lives. For all such it will be a great aid; for those not desiring marriage it can do no harm, for of course I am not proposing that all college students get married while in college. In and out of college, that venture in life, and its success or failure, is up to the individual.

But this new order that is coming will educate our young people in matters of love and life, and will strengthen the moral and real values of human existence by promoting culture, good taste, and the right to a wholesome expression of the instincts that should be as safe and beautiful as they are just and normal.

Of the necessity of this education, inside and outside of college, there can be no question.

With the coming of the college wife I anticipate the

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

growth of whole colonies of serene companionates, the very center of the finest intellectual and social life of the progressive institutions of higher learning.

For these college wives and their husbands special housing facilities might be provided, with the result that the companionate relationship would decrease, rather than increase, the cost of living and would thus necessitate a considerably smaller budget for the college course.

It is obvious that the new arrangement need not hinder the boy and girl who have to work their way through school. The college wife could continue her outside money-making activities. In fact, the elimination of restlessness furthered through the companionate relationship might leave her with even more time than she had prior to marriage for the tasks from which she is accustomed to obtain her income.

And her college husband would certainly be at no greater disadvantage in his side job of janitor, chauffeur, waiter, or clerk, with the urge for "dating" gone. In the case of boys and girls whose school expenses are being met either wholly or in part by the parents there would, of course, have to be a changed attitude on the part of the parents toward marriage.

As parents see it today, if Jimmie and Betty marry at school, it's all over with their education. They must quit college. Jimmie must get a job, and they must "settle down" so that Betty can have her baby.

Parents should be made to see that Betty, as the college wife, is not going to have a baby right off, but, instead, is going to pursue her education—and, perhaps, even more seriously than before. And that Jimmie, too, will probably be a better student. Why, then, should sensible parents withdraw their support?

I do not believe they will—*if the companionate relationship in wedlock is guaranteed against the procreative, as it would be by the Institute of Human Relations that I propose.*

The college wife, as I see it, would, under the benign influences of such aids to normal love life, become a lovable, lasting, and successful mate. In time she would become the mother of children and a real homemaker. For there is nothing that a normal college girl really wants more than marriage and, eventually, children, family, home. Nature so decreed it, instinct demands it. The real American tragedy is that the great majority of our girls and young women are being denied these desires and wishes closest to their hearts by a reactionary ecclesiasticism and legalism.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

author of this article, is famed for his long service as judge of the juvenile court of Denver, and for his championship of companionate marriage.

WITH the college wife given a recognized social and legal status, we should, I believe, have a steadily growing number of permanent unions in college. In the case of most of the couples, I feel certain, the companionate relationship would change to the procreative, or family, relationship soon after college. And this would tend to an increased birth rate among our cultured classes, to a sounder morality, and the increased stability of marriage.

Of course, in urging the college wife upon our higher educational institutions I am not thinking of their welfare alone. I am thinking of the wide social benefits of college leadership along this line. I am hoping for the counterpart of the college wife in industry, commerce, the home, throughout workaday America. I am looking for a way to reduce the risk of the new freedom.

The old morality, with its typical family of ten children, is gone today. The wage system, with its limited income for industrial workers, could not maintain them. Reproduction of the species is no longer the sole function of erotic passion—indeed, it is reduced to a secondary rôle. Whether we approve it or not, the chief function of sex under our present form of civilization is the contribution that its satisfaction makes to health and emotional stability and to the stimulation of the higher creative faculties.

This love life is not confined to wedlock. According to conservative estimates, not much more than one-third of the 10,000,000 males in the United States between the ages of twenty and thirty years, due to the low beginning wages in industry, are able to marry. Anyone familiar with the world knows that of the remaining six millions or more of these men, there are few who do not have such sex relations outside of marriage; and, further, that they make no pretense of chastity.

IT is a picture that may well jar the complacency of those who insist that the old morality is competent to meet the needs of modern society. The changes that have come about in the "morality" of women have been subject to wide discussion. Here we are brought up against an intensely interesting social phenomenon, the passing of commercialized vice.

Both in the institutions of learning and out of them, according to every indication, the "experimental male" no longer seeks out the exploited social "inferior" either of the "half world" or "underworld," or of the shops and factories. His quest is now, apparently, for experience shared with an equal.

A serious evil, not to be overlooked, against which the new morality is warring, is the abortion menace. Estimates of our best authorities on this subject fix the number of illegal operations in this country at not less than 1,000,000 and possibly as high as 3,000,000 annually. The mortality among women, to say nothing of the moral aspects, is too terrible to contemplate. Yet very little is being done about it.

The risks are still too great for any responsible specialist in these human problems to advise general hit-or-miss revolt by individuals against the old morality. For, after all, we are living in a half age. The old order is passing, but it is not gone. The new morality, founded on equality of the sexes, is on the way, but it is not yet here.

For the greater part of a decade I have been pointing out what to me is the obvious remedy for a condition that is fast drifting into moral anarchy. Shall we bring it under social control, or by our conspiracy of silence or lack of courage let it continue to run wild? The unorganized revolt of individuals ought now to be superseded by the organized conquest of the state.

Let the dicta of the state be transformed.

Let the state henceforth be consciously used as an instrumentality for enlightenment on all these troublesome matters pertaining to love and marriage.

Let youth draft the state for human service in the wise direction of the new freedom, even as the state from time immemorial has drafted youth for war.

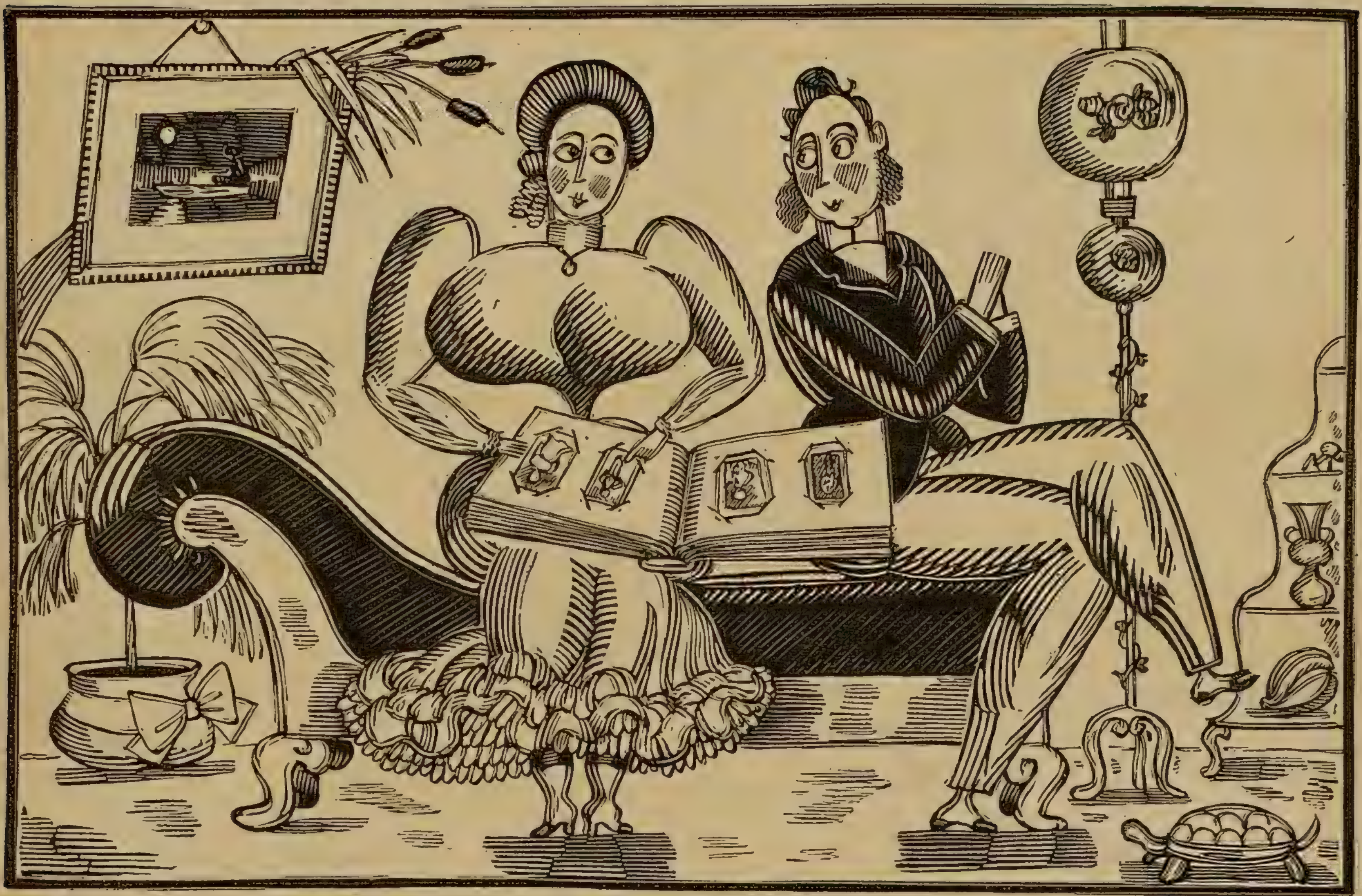
Specifically and eventually, let the Institute of Human Relations be created *by law*, that it may clear the way for the orderly companionate relationship in wedlock of that quota of the millions of youths—particularly the boys and girls between the ages of twenty and thirty—who are at present shut out of lawful wedlock but who wish to enter it, serious-minded and determined to make a success of their lives in permanent, legal marriage.

A crisis is upon us. Let the modern college assume its boasted leadership.

Let the college wife point the way!

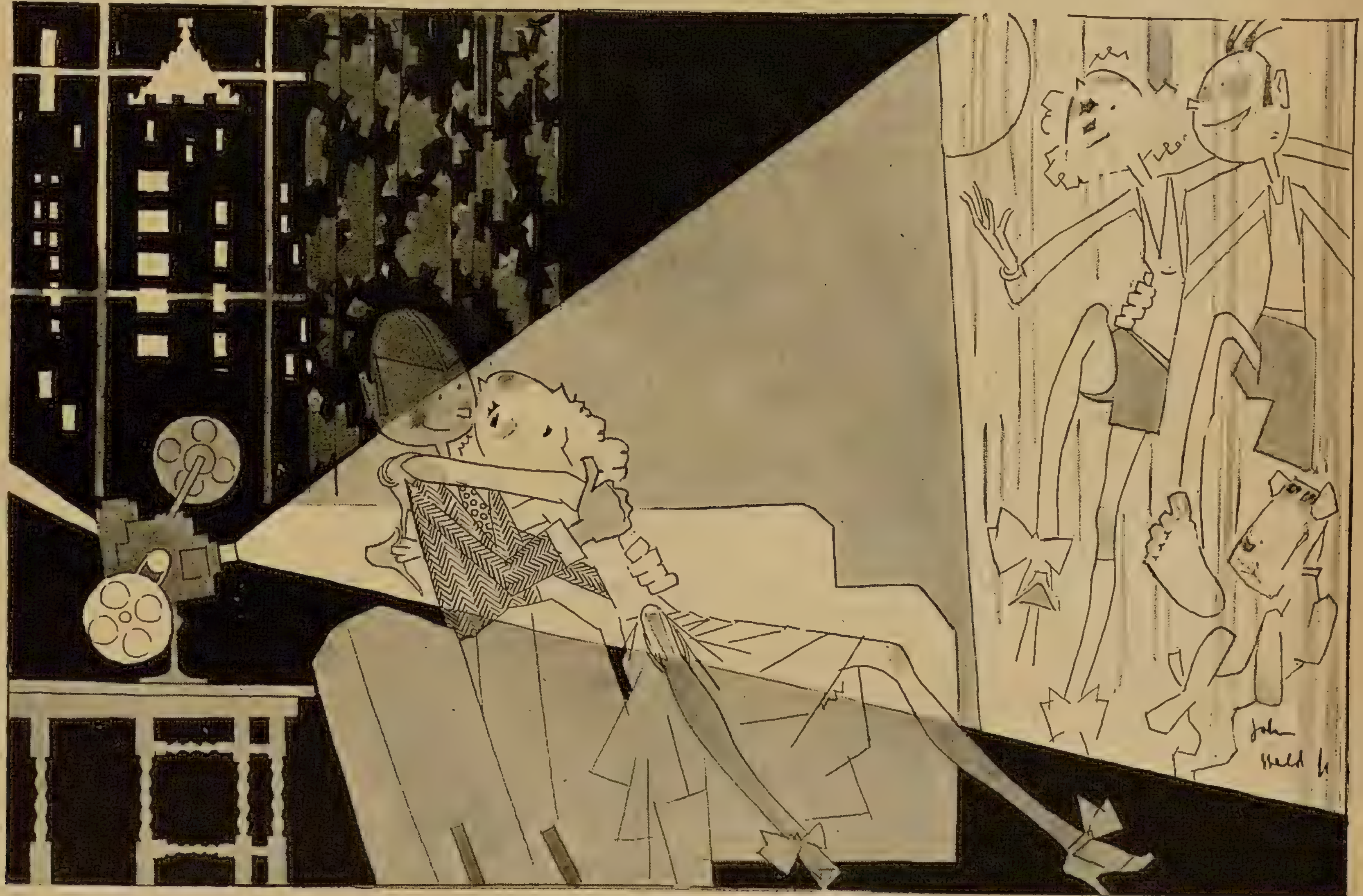
THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



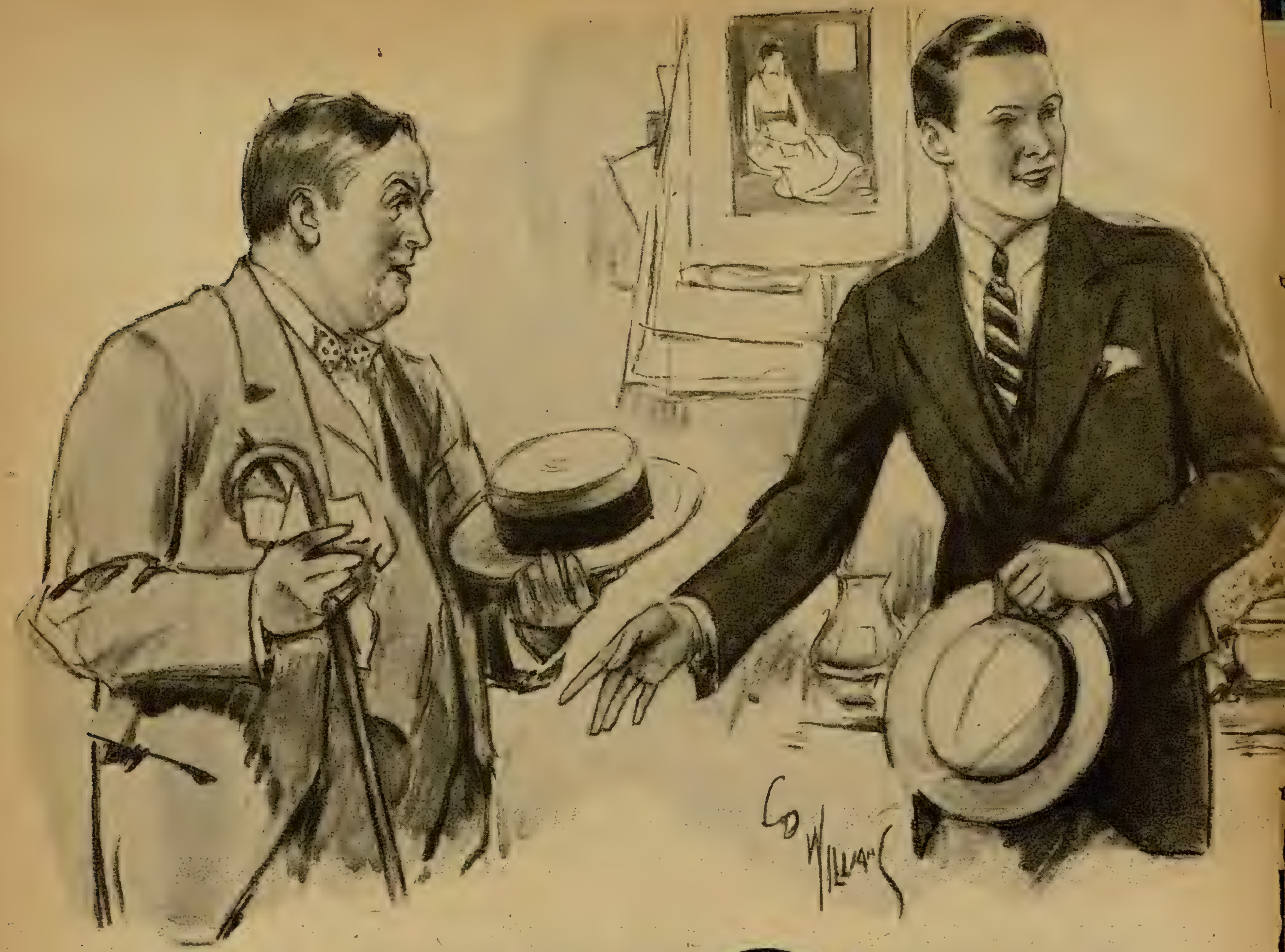
Pictures in the Home

The Family Album



Pictures in the Home

The Home Movies



FLAT TIRE

A Story of the Mass Mind at Play

By

MACKINLAY KANTOR

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

THEY had been in town only twelve hours, but already Frances felt ashamed because she hadn't written any post cards to the folks at home.

It was nine o'clock. The pilgrims had traversed Lincoln Park for an hour. They had seen wet seals, dry lions, peanut-chewing bears, and had trotted along the humid, tropical path in the little conservatory. And then they had bought ice cream and post cards with great care. Folks back in Lucas would be anxious to know all about the trip, and also to know just what Chicago looked like nowadays, and whether it was all riddled with bullets.

M. Emma Steer said, in a private-in-the-rear-rank undertone, " Frances, pull your skirt down."

Frances Malvern tried to adjust the skimpy skirt of the new knit suit. After all, this bench wasn't so secluded—right by the drive, where an avalanche of cars kept hissing scarcely an arm's length away.

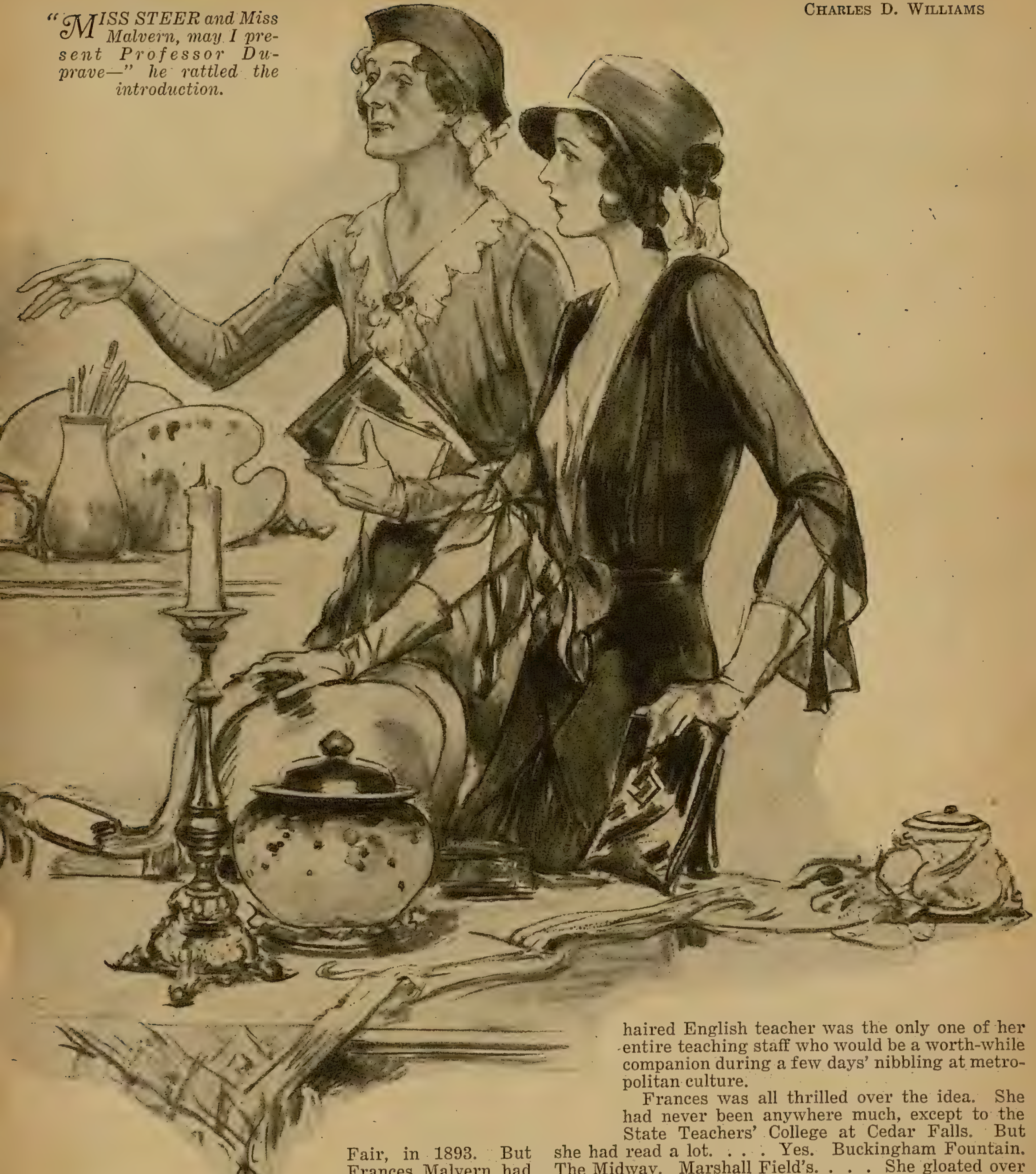
She said, " It keeps sliding up."

Miss Steer compressed her pale lips, unfolded them loosely, wrapped them up and put them away again. " Remember you're in Chicago," she muttered. " Those men out there in the cars were looking at your knees! "

Fran growled belligerently, " Well, let them look. Old things! They're going too fast, anyway. Who cares? They can't see any—" Back home, she would never have dared to address M. Emma Steer, Principal, in such a fashion. Even so soon the city had stirred some unprecedented revolt in her soul.

Maybe she should have paid some attention to what Miss Steer said. M. Emma Steer knew Chicago—that is, she knew it a little bit. As a child she had visited Chicago at the time of the World's Fair. The *first* World's

Pictures by
CHARLES D. WILLIAMS



"MISS STEER and Miss Malvern, may I present Professor Duprave—" he rattled the introduction.

Fair, in 1893. But Frances Malvern had never been in Chicago before. She wasn't alive during the first World's Fair. Nor even ten years afterward. This idle moment, as they sat on the long green bench with a tangle of hawthorn trees behind them and the brisk sun glinting on ripples of the harbor beyond the drive, was the fruit of many months' speculation. The trip had been planned almost a year before.

In spite of her disapproval of Frances' youth and modernism, Miss Steer was certain that the little brown-haired English teacher was the only one of her entire teaching staff who would be a worth-while companion during a few days' nibbling at metropolitan culture.

Frances was all thrilled over the idea. She had never been anywhere much, except to the State Teachers' College at Cedar Falls. But she had read a lot. . . . Yes. Buckingham Fountain. The Midway. Marshall Field's. . . . She gloated over the prospect in lengthy private conferences with her principal.

Secretly she gloated as well. She read the magazines and she saw plenty of movies. . . . Chicago. Yellow cabs. Wilson Avenue. Night clubs. Wailing trumpets. Tuxedos and—yes, *gin.*

"It would be just wonderful," she told Miss Steer, "seeing all those things. I mean—Soldiers' Field and—and Hull House. And Maude Adams. I mean *Jane* Addams. It would be educational, too. Very." Miss Steer observed Miss Malvern's flushed cheeks and rapt

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FLAT TIRE
Continued from page twenty-one

eyes, and she concluded that in the past she had misjudged that young lady.

Miss M. Emma Steer was the sort of person who drove a small sober coupé with two fuzzy owls swaying on a perch in the rear window. She left the coupé in Melrose Park because she wouldn't have driven in Chicago for all the world.

They had gone to the Palmer House. For fifty years, when any resident of Lucas, Iowa, visited Chicago, he had stopped at the Palmer House. Miss Steer's father before her and Miss Malvern's grandfather before her. . . . And the girls (yes, Miss Steer, same to you) had each set aside a certain sum of money for their trip, and would stay in town only until that money was gone. Which, the way things cost around town, didn't promise to be very long.

And they sat on the sunny bench beside Sheridan Road, writing post cards. And Mr. Anthony Standish had a flat tire right in front of that bench.

. . . . .

MR. STANDISH herded his limping phaëton out of traffic and lengthwise beside the bridle path. "You big this-and-that!" he cried angrily to his right front tire. "Such-and-such you, you so-and-so this-and-that, with your such-and-such guaranty!" There were a number of bushes between him and the members at large of the Lucas, Iowa, high-school faculty.

Miss Steer grew salmon-colored, then hardened into a sort of pearl-and-porcelain shade. Her tongue made little chicken sounds against her prominent front teeth. "Why," she said to Frances, "I never heard anything like that in *all my life!*"

The tall young man paused and glared across the bushes. He was a stoop-shouldered, lounging person with slick black hair and gray eyes with corners on them, and one eyebrow which curved humorously upward. His mouth was already half open—you could see just what he had intended to say.

And then he looked at Frances Malvern. His throat made a little warbling sound. He kept looking at Frances. "I—uh," he said. "Rrhm. Oh. Yes, of course. I mean to say, I beg your pardon and all that."

Frances Malvern tried to strangle that mounting giggle, but couldn't quite succeed.

"There's a policeman down there by the animal house," said Miss Steer meaningly.

The young man asked sweetly, "Did you say *in* the animal house? If so, let's get out a *habeas corpus*, or at least a *corpus delicti!*"

M. Emma Steer impaled him with her best Monday-morning-assembly-room glare. "I said *by* the animal house. Don't you try to annoy us, young man!"

The eyebrow curved up alarmingly. "But, really," he ventured with plaintive calm, "I wasn't intending to annoy you. That just slipped out. You know how it is. Soap and water, when I was a kid. Mother used to wash out my mouth, but I'm afraid it didn't do any good. You know how it is."

"I do not," replied Miss Steer icily.

Frances Malvern tried to bend closely over the heap of post cards in her lap. Her shoulders were shaking. But she did remember to draw her skirt down, a little.

"Come, Frances!" ordered Miss Steer fiercely.

"Oh, please. I didn't mean to—"

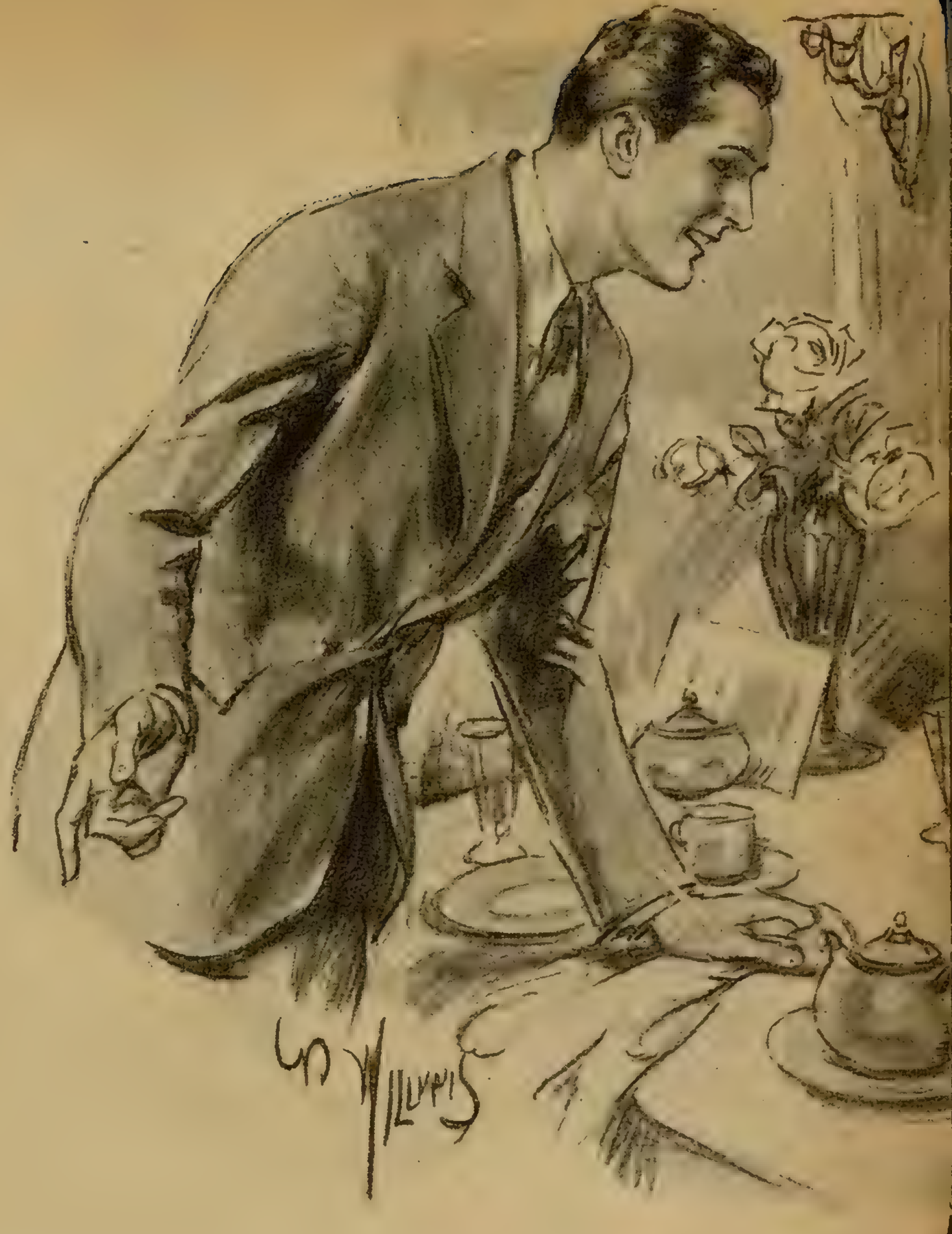
"You are annoying us. Come, Fran—"

In a slithering panorama, the cascade of post cards sped outward from her narrow lap as Miss Steer leaped to her feet.

Miss Steer gave vent to a smothered and emphatic exclamation.

"Ah-ah!" said the young man warningly. Then, before she could reply, he had dropped to his knees. "I'll pick them up for you."

Loose brown tweeds and a flaunting necktie of daring colors. That was Tony Standish, always. Good clothes—loose clothes, careless clothes. Somehow, when you looked at him, you had the feeling that he was attending



a perpetual house party given by the Host in this life, and that he was having a very good time.

"They didn't get dirty," he told Miss Steer. "Look. Not a bit. Just dust. And it will brush off."

For one brief second his eyes looked into the violet eyes of Frances Malvern. Yes, they were violet. In each county of each state of this country there is one person who has violet-colored eyes. Frances Malvern was the one from Franklin County, Iowa.

"Oh," said Fran, for no particular reason at all.

He looked up at her again, and this time his face was not impish or annoyed. Miss Steer saw that look, and she thought of little Freddy Schmidt, back home, gazing at the candy counter in Jim Corisi's store.

"Frances," she said sharply, "we'd better go."

"No," said the man. "Frances, don't go—I mean—well, here they are. The post cards. Much obliged—er—that is, you're welcome." His face was turned down as he offered the sheaf of cards to the thin and austere lady in the gray suit.

THEN, suddenly, his hand jerked back. He cried, "Well, I'll be—"

"My cards, please!" choked M. Emma Steer.

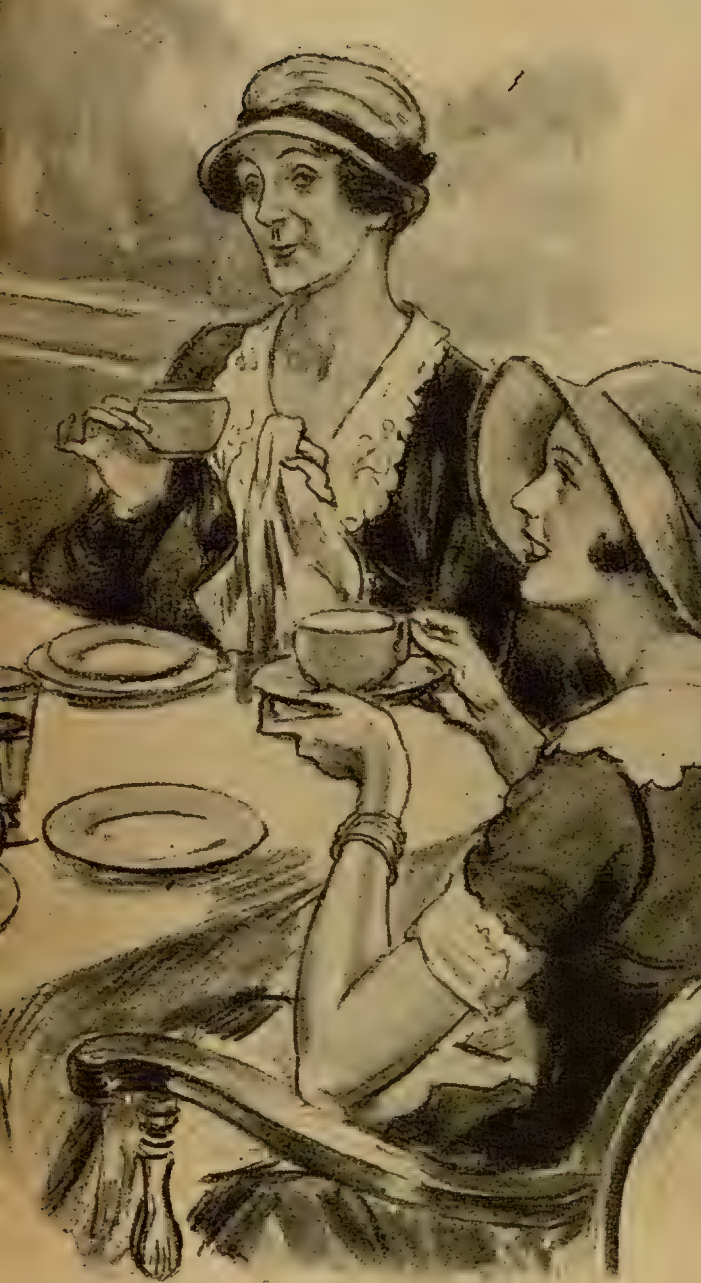
"Oh, please. I'm sorry. Just a moment. But this card here—I can't help seeing the address you've written. It was on the top. See? 'W. Y. Knapp, Lucas, Iowa.' Honestly, that can't be Billy Knapp? He came from Iowa, and I'm ready to swear that the town was Lucas. He—"

Frances Malvern felt some strange warm tide rising inside her throat. She had a feeling that the sun on the water across the road was glinting just like gold—like—

"W. Y. Knapp," she repeated. She waited for a moment, but evidently Miss Steer didn't wish to respond. She was sorting the cards coldly. "Why, yes. He's—They do call him Billy."

The young man bent forward earnestly. "His father runs a bank," he pleaded.

"Why—yes. That's Samuel Knapp. W. Y. is cashier now. And he's treasurer of the school board. That's the



HE was on his feet. "Ex—excuse me!" he managed quickly. "You'll have to pardon me."

reason Miss Steer was sending a—" She smothered awkwardly; felt her face growing very hot.

"Went to Northwestern?"

"I think he did. Yes. He—"

The young man beamed. "And drank. Golly, how he drank! He was pie-eyed half of the— Oh, wait. Really, Miss—uh—that's my mistake. It wasn't Billy Knapp at all. That was—ah—Willy Trapp. Similar name, you see. Knapp. Trapp. Yes, Billy never drank. But this other fellow came to some sort of a bad end." He shook his head, sighed, and smiled relievedly at Frances. "My name's Standish," he said. "Anthony Standish. I'm awfully glad to meet you people—friends of good old Billy. We were buddies all through school—"

FRAN felt her hand held by another hand, warm and tingling. "We're delighted to meet you, Mr. Standish. This is Miss M. Emma Steer, principal of our high school. And I'm Fran Malvern—"

"Miss Frances Malvern," corrected Miss Steer in very chaste accents. "Howdoy'do, glad to have met you, I'm sure, come Frances we must be—"

"M. Emma Steer," repeated Tony Standish. He seemed puzzled; then his face cleared. "Not *the* Miss M. Emma Steer? Well, isn't this luck! You know, Billy told me so much about his home town, and the good people there—the town characters and all— I mean—his father held a very high opinion of you, Miss Steer. He often told—"

She said, "Umf!" But, after all, she was a human being. "I suppose he told you," she murmured grudgingly, "how I used to have to send him out in the hall for whispering? That was a long time ago, of course. I used to teach Number Five, in the old south building."

Mr. Standish was both surprised and delighted. "Really, he did. The old south building! And he said that he'd never forget the lessons he'd learned from you. He said he'd always profit by them."

"Well," said Miss Steer, somewhat mollified, "he seems to be getting along all right. *And* treasurer of the school board."

"Well, well!" mused Tony. He and Frances Malvern seemed to go into a momentary and mutual trance. He shook himself. "Violet eyes," he whispered softly. "Oh, yes! Pardon me. No, he didn't either. They were brown. And now, I suppose that you and this other young lady—Miss Malvern?—pardon me—are seeing Chicago?"

M. Emma reported, "We haven't seen much of it yet. Just arrived last night." After all, W. Y. Knapp was W. Y. Knapp, and any friend of his— "Just the Palmer House and the Public Library and the Boulevard Link Bridge and the Old Water Tower and Lake Shore Drive and Lincoln Park."

"YOU seem to have covered a lot of territory already," Tony marveled. "But there's Grant Park. It—"

"Yes, we did see Grant Park."

Fran nodded. "From the bus. We came up that way. And the tunnel where Jake Lingle was murdered," she added rapturously.

"Heavens!" cried Miss Steer. "Frances! Ugh! Murders!"

Mr. Standish bowed gravely. "I am at your service," he said. "Can't I be of some assistance? There's—uh—the Drake Hotel and—er—the elevated railway, of course—and—oh, yes, the stockyards! You *must* go to the stockyards, Miss Steer."

"Well, we had rather planned on it. We don't want to see them actually butchering animals. I suppose you're quite familiar with all these places?"

Tony cleared his throat. "To tell the truth," he admitted uneasily, "I haven't been to the yards—that is, lately. But we can go. And—I don't suppose you teach sociology, Miss Steer?"

"Last semester I had a class. We expect to continue this year. Naturally, I haven't time for many classes myself. There was some discussion with Superintendent Brayton as to the advisability of merging our 3-A sociology with the 3-B practical economics, but—"

Mr. Standish observed briskly, "Well, can you tie to that? Sociology! It's all the rage in Chicago right now. I mean, the new system of studying it. Originated down at the U. of C., I think—possibly one of President Hutchins' ideas. But it works very well. They start in by studying the mass mind at play."

"Just what is this mass mind?" Miss Steer inquired.

"Well—take a cabaret, for instance." His eyes wandered over Fran Malvern's face. "Uh—a cabaret, as everybody knows—everybody who's studied the mass mind at play—holds its attraction purely to the physical. That is—I mean—yes, the physical. And of course that's bad. *Very* bad."

M. Emma nodded emphatically. "I quite agree with you."

"Appealing to the animal senses, so to speak," postscripted Mr. Standish, hurriedly recalling his eyes from their intimate study of Miss Malvern. "Night clubs, all such places of amusement, are the same. Æsthetic battling with the—the transthetic. Don't you see? The transthetic impulse, submerged, but battling to drive its way to the surface by— Oh, it's remarkably interesting. Most of the University of Chicago professors have tables reserved each night at L'Aiglon or Vanity Fair. There you can see them studying humanity. They say that the transthetic is gradually winning out at L'Aiglon, but—"

"I never heard of this transthetic business," Miss Steer murmured. "Some new thing, I suppose. But I've always prided myself on being open to new ideas. What do you think, Frances? Don't you think that a good, simple lecture would be more—"

Fran's voice was violet-colored, just like her eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FLAT TIRE
Continued from page twenty-three

"Oh, I think we should— Well, we hate to impose on you, Mr. Standish, but if you *do* have the time—"

Tony sighed gratefully. "Then we'll call it settled. This morning we'll go around to all the old—to all the museums and such cultural centers, and tonight— Now, you ladies just sit down and finish your post cards while I go over and put on another tire. I'm parked practically on the grass and—"

"There comes a policeman," beamed Miss Steer. "Maybe he'll help you change tires." And as the young man darted away with sudden dispatch, not to say apprehension, she turned to Frances Malvern. "I'm surprised at hearing myself admit it," she whispered, "but he does seem intelligent."

Fran quavered silkily, "What? Oh, yes, Miss Steer. Intelligent. Oh, yes. Very. *Very.*"

. . . . .

At the museum of the Chicago Historical Society you can see cannon and portraits and proclamations. And of course you can get genuinely lost in the Field Museum.

Fran and Tony got lost for a while. Right behind a big mastodon. Miss Steer was the one who found them. They were awfully glad to be found; they might have wandered indefinitely through those spooky corridors; yes, it was great to be found. They told her so.

They ate lunch in a Michigan Avenue restaurant of snowy tables and smiling black-faced waiters, a room where the lake breeze whipped past high, fleckless windows and where mural kittens danced and dozed on tinted plaster. Miss Steer had never tried *crêpes Suzette* before. She said they were all right, but it wasn't long before you got too much of them.

"Oh, yes," agreed Tony. "Violet eyes . . . yes." Rousing up from the pastel dream in which he reposed, he was conscious that as Miss Steer felt about *crêpes Suzette*, even so did he feel about Miss Steer.

Fiercely he drove his eyes away from the tantalizing prospect of Fran Malvern across the table—creamy neck; not the sort of a neck which showed the cords and housing and transmissions with which nature conducted the internal traffic of the human body; a neck to dream about; small mouth with that film of peach-stained rouge, and *violet* eyes— His hunted gaze, roving far afield, picked out the squat shape of a smiling, bowing kewpie in a Palm Beach suit who was just ambling toward the door.

The erratic eyebrow of Mr. Standish ascended miraculously.

In that moment he looked like a man who had just given birth to twin ideas—fine, healthy, bouncing ideas.

He was on his feet, strangling over a tardy swallow of lemon-flavored sauce. "Ex—excuse me!" he managed quickly. "You'll have to pardon me. Just thought—important telephone call to the— Awfully sorry. I'll be right back."

While he was gone, Miss Steer smacked her lips over the last cubic centimeters of very agreeable coffee. "What's the matter, Frances? You don't seem to be eating a great deal."

Miss Malvern was in imagination drifting about in her hotel room, vacillating between lilac voile and blue georgette and that little black chiffon—it was old, but she had always looked so well in . . . Funny curving eyebrows, yes, but that voice and—

"Oh, excuse me. What?"

"You're not eating."

"Oh, yes, I am. Maybe I'm a pretty poor companion," she added lugubriously. "Sight-seeing really tires me a lot."

M. Emma rang the little silver spoon against her cup with a pleasant sound. "What did he say his business was?"

"I think he said—shirts."

"Doesn't seem to be working at them very hard."

MacKinlay Kantor

author of this story, has written much short fiction and a couple of successful novels. He lives in Iowa, is twenty-eight and married.

"Well, you see, he's— It's vacation. Or else there wasn't any business today. Or something like that."

Miss Steer shook her head. "I'm afraid that our Mr. Standish is a very lazy young man. At any rate, we're the gainers today. Excepting for that one outburst of the most foul and lascivious words ever uttered by a human being, he has shown himself to be a perfect gentleman."

Fran whispered, "Yes. Perfect. That's it. That's—"

Tony approached the table, beaming and apologetic. "What do you think?" he cried. "The grandest piece of luck! I just ran on to old Professor Duprave, out there in the lounge. And he gave me—yes, he actually did!—three invitations to the grand opening of the Midland Memorial Exhibition. By George, isn't that great?"

Miss Steer's teeth shone in the gleam of a happy, healthy dental advertisement. "It sounds perfectly splendid!" But Frances Malvern felt an angry twist somewhere inside her soul.

Tony touched a serviette to his mouth, talking very rapidly. "I'll have to be as brief as possible. There's just time to make it; that is, if you're to stop over at your hotel and—uh— Well, you see, the Midland Memorial Exhibition is considered quite an affair. People dress"—his gaze rested briefly on Fran's face—"as if, possibly, they were going out to tea and—and dinner, and maybe to dance. Not formal, though. The men can go every which way. But—"

"Of course. Surely. Indeed." Miss Steer felt annoyed that a past regent of the Lucas Chapter, D. A. R., should have to be told how to dress for the Midland Memorial Exhibition. "We'll just put on some simple little things."

"Quite simple," Tony nodded. "It's art, you see. Swank as anything. Admission by invitation only, and all that stuff. There are people in town who'd give their eyeteeth for a chance to attend it. And by the merest chance I met good old Professor Duprave. Uh—he really isn't old, you know. Quite young still. But he's a noted art critic and bibliophile and—and I believe there's some sociology mixed up in it, too."

As Frances followed M. Emma through the adjoining hall of the building, it seemed that for a moment warm lips had whispered, very close to her ear. The vague words, in a whispered sort of hiss, "*Get ready to step!*" registered in her brain. But when she had turned, Mr. Standish was bringing up the rear with a very holy expression on his face. She decided that it was just her imagination. Though she did put on her black chiffon.

. . . . .

Overhead, the wide crack in the city's solid masonry was hazy with the polished blue of an early afternoon in late summer—the keening, hunting blue which takes pigeons on its surface and tosses them like erratic kites; which reflects a vague hope and—foolishly enough in August—a springtime prayer.

But there was little of springtime prayers in Miss Frances Malvern's soul. Just indelible bitterness, bordering very closely upon disgust. To make a long story short: Anthony Standish wasn't the man she had hoped he might be. No, indeed.

The right man would never linger meekly alongside, shepherding herself and M. Emma to a stupid gallery of oil paintings—

"We're just in time," breathed Mr. Standish raptly. She could have slapped him.

"I was so afraid we wouldn't make it," Miss Steer gasped. She had been hurrying frantically; her green crêpe dress was hanging askew, but Fran couldn't muster the courage to tell her about it.

Tony said, "Here we are."

They turned in at a dark lobby in a remarkably old building, past two long, dusty windows stuffed with cigarette boxes, palettes, vases, nymphs, fixative, emerald parrots, and a few very fine oils.

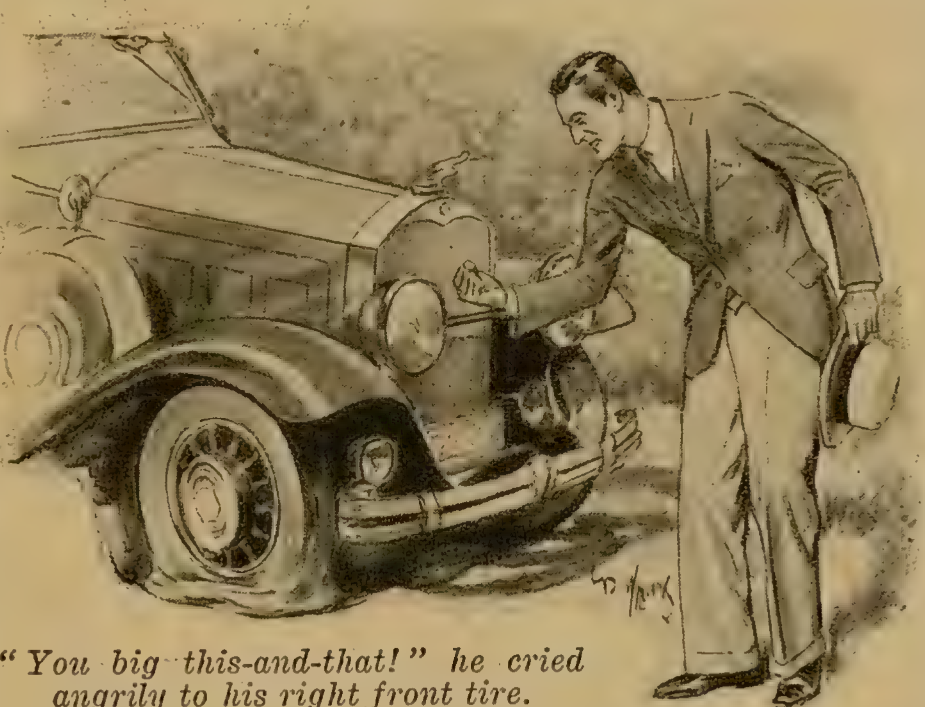
There was a clammy bronze plate: S. L. Midland Sons. Frances had never been to the city before, but—well, this seemed more like some junky old art store than an exclusive private gallery.

A few people were passing through the door ahead of them. Mr. Standish had been incorrect about the conventional attire. Very simple clothes, he had said, but also smart. The clothes these people were wearing were simple enough, but not one of the women looked as if she were headed for teas, dinners, or such festivities. And the men were going every which way. Yes. There was a skinny red-headed boy in plus fours.

"Good Lord!" cried Anthony Standish.

The active agony of his tone rooted them both to the concrete. He was behaving in a very distraught manner. His lean hands were pawing wildly at pockets, slapping hurriedly over vest and coat and—between two fingers he held a limp piece of folded cardboard.

"The invitations!" he gasped. "Where are the others? Professor Duprave gave me three, and now— Well, here's this one. But I've lost the other two!"



"You big this-and-that!" he cried angrily to his right front tire.

Fran's first emotion was one of intense relief. And then she looked at Miss Steer. And then she felt very much ashamed of herself.

"Are you sure you've looked everywhere?" queried M. Emma. Her voice was very faint.

"Quite sure," moaned Tony. "There were three and now there's only one. Of course admissions can't be purchased for love or money. So—"

M. Emma squared her shoulders and gave a little cackle. And it came over Fran Malvern like a flood: the realization, the bitter understanding. Thirty years of teaching, thirty years of tardy gongs and blackboards and assembly rooms, thirty years in Lucas, and a few days in Chicago, and—

"So we shan't be able to go." Miss Steer finished it for him. "Well." She gulped noisily. "That's perfectly all right, Mr. Standish. We shan't blame— You've been real nice to take us around. We appreciate—"

"Miss Steer!" Fran's fingers clutched the other woman's arm. "That's perfectly silly. There's one invitation left, and you're the one who must take it."

M. Emma smiled down behind her glasses. "Nonsense, Frances. I wouldn't think of leaving you. No, indeed. If you can't go, I won't either. And—"

Tony broke the awkward pause with a cry of jubilation: "Why, why! How are you, professor?"

A little man who looked like a wandering kewpie swung around to face them. He wore a Palm Beach suit; his pink hands dangled a malacca stick. He was certainly fat and good-humored; he might also have been intellectual. "Mr. Standish. Ah! I see that you decided to come."

MR. STANDISH bent forward. "Professor, I'm in a terrible jam. Miss Steer and Miss Malvern, may I present Professor Duprave—" he rattled the introduction. "I've lost two of those invitations which you gave me. Rotten luck, wasn't it? Could we, by any chance— Are there—"

The kewpie shook his head. "Dear, dear! And I have only one left—my own."

"We still have one left also." Tony's brown fingers touched the stiff elbow of Miss Steer. "And Miss Steer was very anxious to—"

The pink face exploded into a warm smile. "Delighted, Miss Steer, delighted! May I escort you inside? There are a lotta things—" He coughed, growing even pinker as he did so. "I was about to say, a number of the subjects on exhibition will please you immensely. You should not slip up on— You should not pass them by. You—" He choked again.

"But," wavered M. Emma, "Frances. What will you do, Frances?"

"We," said Tony firmly, "shall go to the Art Institute. At least, anyone can go there any time. And then, possibly, we'll go down to—to Hull House. If we're late, we can eat in the Hull House Educational Cafeteria. It's experimental. Quite interesting, quite—"

In a happy spasm of regrets and expostulations, Miss Steer was borne inside to witness the Midland Memorial Exhibition. Tony Standish snatched the slender elbow of Frances Malvern and walked that young lady around the corner until he found another doorway where no people were loitering.

The sky was blue. Late summer blue. Windy. Michigan Avenue jostled and moaned with its beckoning traffic. The pigeons were fluttering kites—

Tony swung Fran into the dim doorway. He stood facing her, his hands on his hips, his gray eyes looking astonishingly soft and pleading.

"To begin with," he said rapidly, "I detested Billy Knapp. He wasn't any pal of mine. He was an ass pure and simple, and I'm not a bit surprised to hear that he's ended up as treasurer of some school board. And now that awful truth is out.

"AND to continue, I saw my friend Jake Spingus going out of the door, up there at the restaurant, and I ran after him. I had to see you alone. I simply had to, Miss Steer or no Miss Steer! Jake and I saw those printed invitations to old Midland's exhibition lying there on a table in the lounge—he's advertised the thing all over town. 'You are cordially invited'—you know, the old gag. Try to get people in there and sell them things."

He swallowed heavily. "And Jake consented to be Professor Duprave for one day, and happen past just as I discovered I'd lost two of the tickets."

Fran heard her voice inquiring coolly, "Is that all?"

"Not quite," he said. "My name *is* Tony Standish, and I'm local manager of the Niederfelt Custom-made Shirt advertising office, and this is the first day of my vacation. I'm twenty-eight years old and unmarried and out of debt. And I think you are wonderful. All of you. But especially violet eyes. And your voice—"

Fran said, "Miss Steer? What about her? After all, she is here with me. I came with her, in her car. I—I admit it. I was selfish and wanted to go places. Not to exhibitions. Other places. But when I saw her standing there outside that Midland place, and she knew you had lost the tickets, and—"

Tony's hands were growing, permanently, around hers. "Don't you worry about Miss M. Emma. Jake Spingus has got a heart as big as his waist measure. He's going to show her all the pictures, and then make a rubberneck tour of the Loop until dinner. And then he's going to take her to dinner and to a theater. That's all fixed up. For that matter, I've done things for Jake in the past. He'll treat her fine. She'll have the time of her life—"

"But no sociology," said Frances. She smiled in spite of herself.

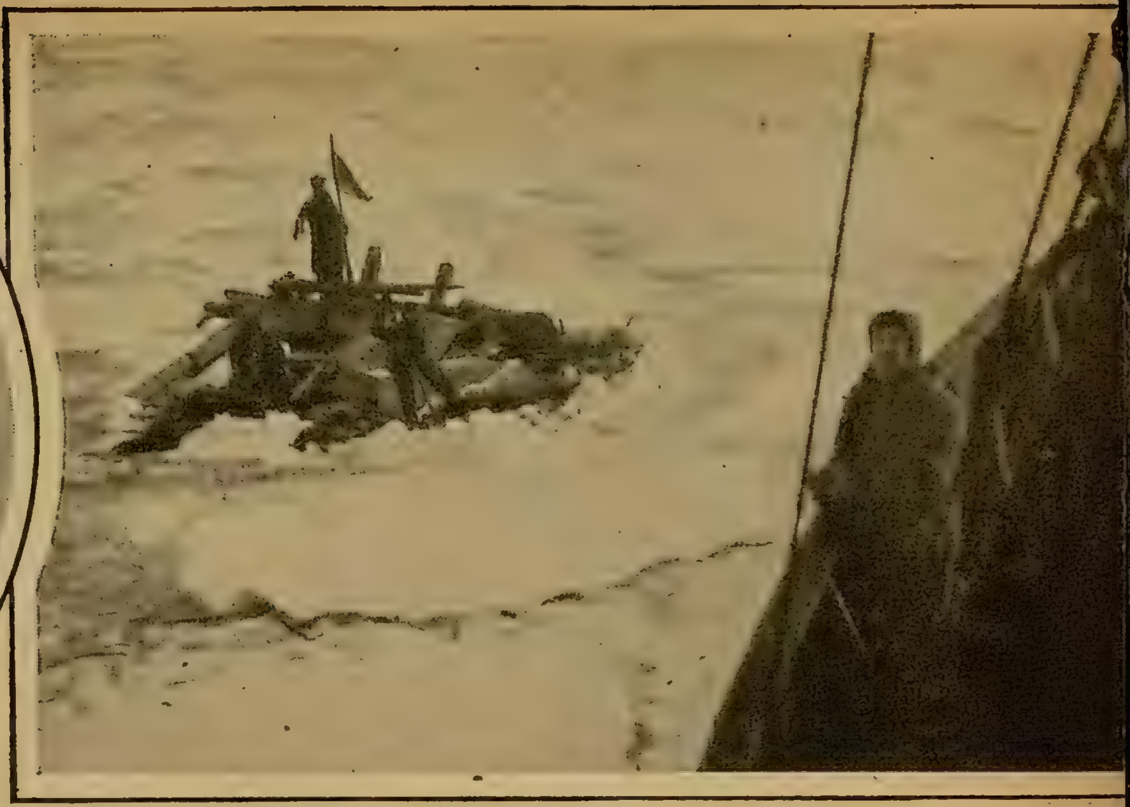
"No sociology," he admitted. "But you and I might study a little of it. My car's right over here in Grant Park, and we have the whole day and night and—"

Fran said, "The mass mind at play. Wasn't that it?"

Tony Standish gave that same grateful sigh. "No," he declared. "Not any mass mind. Just ourselves—at play. We don't need to think about anything else. Do we?"

She was sure that they didn't.

THE END



Acme pho

Harry Sargent (standing) and Kennedy, the Viking's navigator, on the ice pan at the moment of their rescue by the Sagona.

Acme photo

Capt. Abram Kean, Jr., master of the Viking; and, above, the Viking imprisoned in the ice during a sealing voyage.

The Heroism *of*

An Icebound Epi

By LAURIE YORK

(Reading time: 22 min. 18 sec.)

I OWE the story to Roy Gates, who goes to queer parts of the earth to gather moving pictures made by adventurous people. I met Mr. Gates one day in an office thirty stories high.

"We are going to lunch," he said, "with Harry Sargent."

"Harry Sargent?"

"Yes. And don't take it so hard. You're always looking for stories, aren't you? Harry Sargent can give you, at first hand, one of the greatest stories in the world."

"He can?"

"Yes, but he probably won't. He is the only survivor of the three Americans who were aboard the sealer Viking when she blew up off the coast of Newfoundland. He was adrift on an ice pan for forty-eight hours with two men who were wounded by the explosion. He could have left them at any time and walked safely ashore. But he didn't. He stayed with his two wounded companions and watched the small cake of ice disintegrate about them while he lost his sight in snow blindness and felt cold and exhaustion overcoming him. He could have had no hope of being rescued until he saw the smoke of the Sagona which picked him up. I believe he is the outstanding hero of the disaster, and if you can get the story from him it's yours. I hope you can. It's a story that ought to be written."

I went with Roy Gates to lunch with Harry Sargent.

We met Mr. Sargent in an apartment in one of those quiet, unpretentious hotels just off Fifth Avenue. Mr. Sargent, like the hotel, turned out to be quiet and unpretentious, but there the similarity ceased. The little hostelry owed its dignity to the accident of having been built some years before the encroachment of the sleek, luxurious towers which surround it; but Sargent is of the stuff which has endured in this country since Plymouth Rock was first used as a stepping-stone. A tall, athletic man, a Boston gentleman of unaffected courtesy and thoughtful mien, he possesses a quality of genuineness devoid of pose. As compared with the showmanship of the professional adventurer, his bearing is strictly amateur. In a peculiarly gentle voice he spoke of the Viking disaster objectively, as a man might speak of something he had seen happen to another, or of something he had endured himself in a distant, previous existence.

"On Sunday night—the explosion occurred about nine o'clock on a Sunday night," he explained, "we were sitting in the captain's cabin. It was between decks, aft of the funnel. The men were quartered forward. The powder was stored in the stern. We were in the middle."

But I had an eye for the order of the narrative.

"Just a minute," I begged. "What was the date? What sort of ship was the Viking? Why the powder? Let's have the background first."

We conferred and I gleaned the following:

THE Viking was a sealing vessel, a wooden steamship of about 600 tons, stanchly built fifty years ago to breast the ice fields of the North Atlantic. On the night of Sunday, March 15, 1931, while in an ice jam off the coast of Newfoundland, the Viking was destroyed by an explosion of blasting powder which blew away her stern. Twenty of the 144 men aboard perished. The rest were rescued after enduring various degrees of hardship.

"Most of them," explained Mr. Sargent, "walked nine miles over the ice to Horse Island, where there was a fishing village."

"And when the explosion occurred you were seated in the cabin?"

"Yes. There was a narrow table there—you can see it in the picture; it almost fills the cabin. I sat in the

Acme photo

embers of the crew of the Sagona dragging an injured survivor of the Viking disaster over the ice in a dory to the rescue ship.

the Master Watch

f the Viking Disaster

ERSKINE

Acme photo

Harry Sargent, photographed on the Sagona's deck after his rescue. Above, sealers "walking the ice" of the floe.

middle of a sofa which ran the length of the table. That put my back against a bulkhead which protected the rudderpost. I believe that saved my life. King, the wireless operator, was half lying on a bench which ran along the other side of the table. Kennedy was standing near the stove at one end of the cabin. He was the ship's navigator. You see, the captain was a sealer; he ran the seal-hunting end of it. The navigator does the sailing. . . ."

He paused, seeming to review what he had said. He seemed particularly anxious that no technical detail should be lacking.

"VARICK was in the cabin, too," he continued. "And Penrod, the cameraman, sat at the table packing film in the containers. Varick Frissell sat at the end of the table nearest the companionway. He was laying out a sign."

"A sign?"

"A warning sign. We had been reading a book by George Allan England about the sealing fleet. The book had remarked on how careless the sealers were with the large quantities of powder and dynamite they carry to blast their way out of the ice jams. Carter was in the cabin. He was the bos'n and had charge of the powder storeroom. He had asked Varick to paint a sign of warning, and Varick was working on it.

"I remember Varick said he was no artist, and he had trouble with the letters. Thought POWDER had more letters than DANGER. Carter borrowed a cigarette from me and went out aft where the powder was stored. I never saw him again."

His quiet voice faded to a pause.

"The weather was calm?" I urged hopefully.

"Yes, calm. But the boat was bucking the ice and it lurched badly."

"It might have knocked over a stove," I suggested.

"No, I don't think so. There was no fire before the explosion. We'll never know what it was that caused it. But I remember that through the door of the captain's stateroom I saw him rise from his bunk and put on his boots and trousers to go up on deck and investigate the lurching of the boat. After Carter left with his cigarette I sat watching Varick laying out his sign, 'DANGER—POWDER!' Varick's dog, Cabot, was under the table at his feet."

Again the gentle voice ceased and the speaker seemed to gaze upon something very far away. It was as though, in his mind's eye, he gazed again for the last time upon the tall form of Varick Frissell painting his warning of the danger which was to kill him.

There had been a friendship between the two men. The fair, gigantic youngster, Frissell, not long out of college, with his irrepressible ideal of vigorous adventure, had attracted Sargent's interest at their first meeting.

They came together, I believe, through Sir Wilfred Grenfell, with whom they had both served among the fishing villages of Labrador. Both idealists, both men of vigorous physique, they shared the secret knowledge that in a life of simplicity approaching hardship, in some enterprise useful and yet dangerous, lay the most wholesome field of activity for the kind of men they were. This is called the spirit of adventure, and sharing it they thought well of each other.

When the gigantic young Frissell, who towered eight inches above the heads of six-foot men, broached his plan for preserving in moving pictures the vanishing adventures of the sealing fleet, Sargent, the financier, was quick to help him.

When, after having spent a year making his moving picture, Frissell found it necessary to go north again for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HEROISM OF THE MASTER WATCH

Continued from page twenty-seven

some additional scenes, Sargent eagerly embraced the opportunity for adventure.

With Penrod, the cameraman, with an assistant named Best, and with Frissell's inseparable companion, the Newfoundland dog Cabot, the two friends fared forth together on the last voyage of the Viking. The ice jam awaited them. Storm threatened them, dashing the ancient vessel about like a toy ship among the ice floes until they were resigned to sinking. But the Viking survived the storm as she had survived innumerable encounters of the past. She survived until the night when Harry Sargent sat with his back to the rudderpost watching young Varick Frissell paint his sign.

Varick Frissell, the expedition's youthful leader, and his Newfoundland dog Cabot, which shared his fate.

"Varick was sitting in a direct line with the companionway," continued Sargent's quiet voice. "He must have been instantly killed."

Again silence. I broke it:

"The explosion came through the companionway?"

"Yes. From the stern. Behind us. I saw the flame sweep in."

Silence.

"What else?"

"You couldn't see anything. The lights went out."

"What was it like? The explosion. Deafening?"

"No. I can't remember hearing the sound of it. My impression was that the whole world was suddenly dissolved in débris. There were clouds of it all about me. Over me. My back, you remember, was against the rudderpost. It stood firm. The explosion passed around me on either side of it. . . ."

"Then?"

"Then I heard men groaning and crying out. I couldn't see anything. I could only hear. Then I went on deck. I walked toward the bow of the boat and met Best. We stared at each other. He didn't appear to have been hurt—not at the time. . . ."

"Did you speak?"

LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

who tells this true story of heroism, is an educator and the author of books for boys. He was a wartime aviator.

I WAS trying to picture the fantastic scene. The wounded Viking, ablaze at the stern, painting the far-reaching ice fields with angry red; the men who poured from the hulk like black roaches on to the ice; and this one man, with the cries and moaning of his comrades in his ears, walking, dazed, along the deck to meet Best, who, unknown to Sargent, was standing on feet seared to the quick by flame.

"Yes." Sargent paused, remembering. "I said, 'I guess we're gone this time.' I must have been thinking of the storm which had almost destroyed us the week before. I wasn't conscious of speaking to Best at the time. I was conscious of nothing. I pieced together later what it was I did and said.

"I remember finding myself on the ice. The captain was there, Abram Kean. He seemed stunned and his face was black, as though scorched. He had been blown off the bridge. I remember speaking to him and I thought he heard me, but I learned afterward that he never even knew I was there. I passed over the ice field toward the stern of the Viking, and came upon Kennedy, the navigator. He was in a terrible condition. Fragments of glass had been blown into his face, which was blackened and streaming with blood. He had a gash in the side of his head.

"It seemed grotesque that he should move and speak. He looked like a man who had been violently killed."

"He spoke to you?"

"His mind wandered. He was in a bad state. I gave him an arm and helped him along the ice, where we picked up some clothes. There was a leather jacket, a coat, and some boots, flung out by the explosion. About thirty yards from the stern of the Viking was a cake of ice which almost touched the mass we stood on. A mass of débris had been piled upon it by the explosion, and I saw that the débris was burning, which promised fuel and fire, so I began to lead Kennedy toward it.

"BEFORE we got there I heard somebody yelling bloody murder. Someone in pain. It was King, the wireless operator. He lay, smashed up on the ice, like something flung violently from a great height. He was in agony. Both his legs were broken. He shrieked with pain when we touched him. Kennedy wasn't able to help me much, but I got them both over to the ice pan where the fire smoldered. . . ."

There followed the protracted agony of nursing the little fire which was to fend off the subarctic cold for God knew how many days and hours. It seems that as the fire burned it melted the ice on which it stood and was in turn quenched by the water.

Sargent, whose eyes had been seared by the hot gases of the explosion, had to bend low over what coals could be kept alive and blow them into life. The smoke blinded him. The pain it caused him was indescribable. While he labored, King lay at some distance by a shattered dory at one end of the ice pan, and raved in agony. Kennedy sat in a stupor among the débris near him. For the better part of an hour he tended the precious blaze, stopping occasionally to listen to the sounds from the wreck.

The survivors were leaving. He heard them shouting and moving on the ice. They were taking the wounded in dories, which they dragged like sleds over the ice—one hundred and twenty men making their way over the ice field to Horse Island, which was nine miles away.

"You had no thought of following them?" I asked Sargent.

"No. I didn't think to follow them," he answered quietly.

Instead he stayed on the ice pan, knowing that he could not move the shattered boy, knowing that the fire must be kept going.

He worked over his fire while the voices of the departing men died away in the night, and his last chance for safety vanished, as far as he could know, with the voices. For the better part of the night he worked, making his companions comfortable, while the only sound was the murmuring roar of the ice floe and, for some hours after the explosion, the plaintive howling of a dog.

Cabot stood by the body of his master until the Viking sank.

That night, on that desert island of ice in a sea of ice, discoveries were made. With a providence that mocks at fiction, the explosion had blown upon the small compass of that ice pan an unbelievable store of commodities. Among the timbers which lay there, strangely piled in the likeness of a wrecked ship's prow, Sargent found eight blankets, a mattress, a number of cans of condensed milk, a can of baked beans, matches, books and papers which could be used for tinder, and several life preservers which later served their purpose in the guise of fuel.

These things were discovered in the night by a man with streaming, tortured eyes, who prowled about the tiny island of ice, nursing his fire, sheltering his companions, stopping from time to time to listen and hear the distant cries of the vanishing survivors, the moaning, frantic plaint of the broken youngster, the heavy, labored breathing of Kennedy, and the grumble of the ice.

DAWN found them some distance from the wreck of the Viking, which had not yet sunk.

They were adrift in the coastal current. The Odyssey of the ice pan had begun.

The sky was mercilessly clear, giving full play to the bright sunlight, which threw back a pitiless glare from the ice and water. The sea was a marbled surface made up of numberless ice pans streaked by the black and bright blue veins of the open water between them. It moved ceaselessly in vast, rolling swells which sent a million facets of light back to torture the eyes of the man who peered across the glistening desert of it.

For breakfast they drank condensed milk mixed with melted snow. Afterward they sat together, Kennedy somewhat aroused from his stupor, and stared back at the diminishing black object which was the wreck. Kennedy made an attempt at conversation.

"What religion are you?" he asked.

"Unitarian," answered Sargent. "I don't suppose that means much to you?"

"No. I'm a Catholic meself."

"It doesn't seem to make much difference which a man is now, does it?"

"I suppose not. How old a man are you?"

"Forty-one. And you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

NEW

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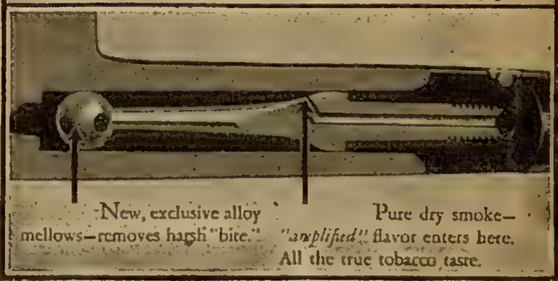
Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New alloy now removes harsh "biting" properties from smoke. Amplifies the true tobacco flavor. Years work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made possible the way to *mellow* smoke. This secret—our sole property—cannot be duplicated. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4. (Above, No. 13, Smooth).

See how it works


New, exclusive alloy mellows—removes harsh "bite."
Pure dry smoke—"amplified" flavor enters here. All the true tobacco taste.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

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International photo

Varick Frissell's motion-picture sealing party at St. John's, Newfoundland. He is seated in front, at the right.

[THE HEROISM OF THE MASTER WATCH]
Continued from page twenty-nine

“Forty-five. You're younger and stronger than I am.” Kennedy, laboring for every breath he breathed—“It sounded like the breathing of a winded horse,” said Sargent—must have felt incalculably old and spent as he sat there with death upon him. “You will probably pull through,” he said.

It was painful for Kennedy to talk. As the sun grew higher, he set about preparing some food. He put the can of beans on the fire, but neglected to puncture it. The can blew up.

“That,” remarked Sargent, “was the explosion of Monday.”

He walked over to the boy, who had been quiet during the morning. When he reached his side, however, he found that the lad moaned ceaselessly. He talked with him.

King thought there was a wireless station on Horse Island. But it could never reach the outside world. It would be many days before help reached them. The three of them sat with that consideration on their minds. The air was exceedingly still and the smoke of their fire hung over them, smarting and burning in Sargent's seared and aching eyes. Before the day was over the pain of them had become almost intolerable. To the west Sargent could see the coast line. The pain of watching it was like that of sharp knife points probing behind his forehead.

“HOW far was the land?” I asked him.

“A mile and a half away,” said Gates. Sargent gazed at him almost reproachfully.

“Didn't you try to reach it?”

“He could have reached it,” insisted Gates shamelessly. “He could have walked over the ice to it. But he stayed with the two injured men.”

“Well, I stayed.” Sargent was vaguely troubled. “I stayed, but there was nothing heroic in it.”

“You mean it didn't occur to you that you might leave?”

“Oh, yes. I spoke with Kennedy about it. But he was apathetic. You could get nothing from him. He sat still, like a log, and didn't seem able to make up his mind. Of course I couldn't have moved them both alone.

“But there was nothing heroic about it. I didn't think of it at the time. If you write anything about this, don't try to make a hero out of me.”

The gentle voice paused thoughtfully.

“If you want a hero,” it continued, “I can give you one. William Johnson, one of the master watches.”

A master watch, it developed, was an officer akin to a mate, who commanded a seal-hunting party on the ice.

“JOHNSON,” explained Sargent, “was with the men who trekked over the ice to Horse Island. Best and Alfred Kean, the mate, were left behind by the others when it became too difficult to drag farther the dory in which they'd been placed. So Johnson stayed with them. He was a man fifty years old, and he spent the rest of the night and part of Monday two miles out on the ice, protecting those two wounded men. He gave them his clothing. He forgot his own welfare completely. His was a really heroic action.”

But I was thinking of the vigil Sargent had kept through the night, a hale and uninjured man, while the rest of the survivors walked to safety and his icy island drifted away from all succor.

His confessed admiration for the heroism of the master watch threw a vivid light upon his own behavior during that interminable Monday.

“There was nothing heroic about it, you understand.” And yet he had sufficiently yearned toward that near-by coast line to propose an escape to poor Kennedy, who was incapable of moving.

There were ten hours during which Sargent could have walked ashore to safety. In the afternoon the ocean currents seized the fragile island, bearing it irrecoverably outward, beyond the safe shelter of Gull Island, which Sargent saw with the last glimpse of the world which was granted him. He was snow-blind, and the ice pan was headed for the open sea, to inevitable destruction. If he had thought of saving himself, now it was too late.

Before Sargent lost his sight an ominous incident occurred. King wanted to come up to the heavier wreckage and join them.

Sargent considered the suggestion. It meant the Herculean task of moving that broken body some ten or twelve yards. He conferred with Kennedy while the boy pleaded painfully. Finally they decided to attempt it. Together they dragged the suffering youngster up to the fire.

A few minutes later that part of the ice pan on which the boy had lain broke away and went bobbing off to destruction in the ice field.

Later, without sight to inform him, Sargent heard the moaning roar of some great body which rolled and heaved its way toward them. The sound of it was like the sound of a heavy sea wailing and raging under cavernous coastal rocks, and Sargent knew what it was. A growler.

A huge mass of ice, formed by the jam, rolling disastrously among the ice pans. If it struck them their sufferings were over, for a growler crushes an ice pan as a sledge hammer shatters glass. It missed them. But the harsh, moaning roar of the growlers sounded about them all night long.

IT was a night of battle against the cold, wherein a blind man strove to keep alive two others who he felt sure would die. He laid the wireless operator on the mattress, while he and Kennedy lay down on either side of him, covering themselves with the blankets. The boy stirred and moaned through the night. To touch him was to drown the din of the ice pack in his shrieks. And Kennedy's labored breathing was painful as an unceasing sob.

So they drifted through the night toward what they sensed was certain doom, and Sargent, the pain of his seared and sun-stricken eyes driving deeply into his brain, listened to the growlers which rolled about them, and developed in his mind a deep loathing for the black water which closed in on them as the edges of the ice pan crumbled.

"I wasn't afraid of freezing to death," Sargent told me; "nor of starvation. It was the water. I loathed the thought of going into the water. I had my knife—a long-bladed clasp knife—and I believe I thought of using it as a means of escape.

"But I should never have done it. The intention of staying alive, the instinct of self-preservation, was too strong. I kept several cans of condensed milk in my pockets, and I kept a gaff near me, so that I could try walking the ice if necessary."

BUT he was blind and in almost intolerable pain; it is to be remembered, moreover, that he could have entertained no hope for rescue. He could not know that the wireless station at Horse Island had managed to relay a report of the disaster to St. John's, and that rescue ships were already on the way. What he prefers to call his "neglect," but what appears to have been his refusal, to abandon the two injured men who were with him, had brought him this doom of drifting interminably through the glaring wastes of the ice floe until exhaustion had its way or the brittle island which held them disintegrated in the sea.

All day Tuesday he resolutely refrained from using his eyes, keeping them under blankets, protected from the pitiless glare. He was rewarded at dusk by the discovery that, very dimly, he could see again. Feebly he groped his way about the ice pan, feeling out to what extent it had crumbled away, feeling how much smaller it was.

He saw the ship's flag which they had found on the ice pan and erected on a stake at the "prow" of the wreckage. He saw the far-spread field of the ice-pocked sea heaving desolately to the horizon. And he saw smoke. A smudge of it. A withering column of it which streaked the distance like a friendly signal.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

discusses MILLY SPRATT

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Well sir, one day she saw the little fellers eatin' some squares of chocolate candies. The candies was in a blue tin box. Down the aisle went Milly Spratt and snatched up the box and put it in her desk. After school she got it out and ate a couple of the candies herself. They was so good she examined the box and read the little printed slip inside. Now she is principal of that school and everybody likes her.

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THE HEROISM OF THE MASTER WATCH

Continued from page thirty-one

He strained his burning eyes while back of them pain stabbed him like a knife. And the smoke betokened its vessel.

The steamer Sagona crashed her way through the ice floe toward the littered ice pan, and while she advanced Sargent lived and died a thousand times in the prolonged agony of his suspense. But she had seen them. She bore down upon them. She heaved to, and men were peering down at them from her deck. It was then that Kennedy went to pieces.

Crying out, he strove to fling himself from the ice pan. Sargent struggled with him.

"I remember then," he said, "standing on the deck, talking to the doctors. One of them was from Boston. I discovered that two of the doctors aboard had worked in my brother-in-law's clinic at the Peter Brigham Hospital in Boston."

The Sagona, it seems, had picked up the survivors from Horse Island. Among them was Best, with whom Sargent now shared a cabin. Best's feet had been burned horribly and he suffered a great deal.

KING, whose broken legs had developed a gangrenous condition that cried aloud for amputation, was made as comfortable as might be. Kennedy was put to bed, with Johnson, the heroic master watch, to nurse him. He had developed pneumonia and was raving in delirium.

Johnson had all he could do to suppress the man's wild outbursts. He was a man in a thousand.

Sargent speaks of Johnson with profound respect and admiration. While the Sagona steamed slowly toward St. John's with its dolorous cargo, he spent a great deal of his time by Kennedy's bunk, talking with the master watch.

"He was by all means the most heroic figure of the disaster," his gentle voice assured me. "He was strong and at the same time tender. He understood men with a singular sympathy. For instance, when Kennedy was delirious and they wanted to make him lie still, they addressed him as captain. 'Don't call him captain,' said Johnson; 'call him Bill. He'll listen to you if you call him Bill.' It was characteristic of the man. As I watched him nurse Kennedy and soothe him, I understood better the spirit which had moved him to risk his own life and safety in staying out there on the ice with the two men who were left behind.

"The night before we got into St. John's, Kennedy got away. It was very dramatic. Kennedy broke away from Johnson and ran through the companionways of the ship clad only in his underwear. He constantly shrieked out in a wild, hoarse voice, 'Don't touch me! Don't touch me!'

"JOHNSON and several of the men followed him and brought him to bay in the dining room. As Johnson advanced on him, poor Kennedy stood rigid with the fury of his delirium. 'Don't touch me!' he shrieked, and dropped dead.

"I didn't think he would die. I thought the boy would. But King lived. They amputated both his legs, and I saw him in St. John's after the operation. He looked old.

"His father was with him, and his father was more than sixty. King looked years older than his father. He looked about eighty years old.

"After Kennedy's death Johnson came and spent the night in our cabin. Before he retired he knelt by his bunk and prayed. A steward entered while he was praying, and because the cabin was so small the door pressed against Johnson when it opened. I tried to motion the steward away, but Johnson never even noticed the intrusion. He continued to pray. If you want a hero for your story, mention Johnson. He was a remarkable man."

"I will," I promised him. "I will mention Johnson."

THE END

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Boomerang

A Short Short Story

By

Helen Gordon Mattern

who was born in New York of British parents, who returned to Canada when she was a baby. Her home is in Edmonton, Alberta, and she began to write two years ago.

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

IF there was one thing Ed Leffler loved, it was a good joke. His sense of humor was simply marvelous! He could, without effort, see fun in almost every mishap which befell other people. Had he lived in the city, he would, no doubt, have carried around a pocketful of trick cigars and have been a conspicuous figure at weddings. But as it was, material on which to try out his inspirations was scarce. Most of the men who patronized his summer resort were seasoned railroad men, proprietors of small hotels, sophisticates hard to kid. And pretty much the same crowd came back year after year, for Wabiscan was an ideal spot for the family man of small means and little leisure; although only seventy miles from the city, the lake lay in the midst of virgin wilderness, heavily timbered, rolling, marshy, and Ed's rates were reasonable.

There was, of course, the transient crowd who drove out for a few hours' fishing, but Ed saw little of them after they had paid for their boats. No, opportunities for gratifying his love of innocent fun were rare. That was why he hailed the advent of Percy Jenkins with such glee. Percy was a skinny little chap, pale, timid, gullible.

"Real greenhorn!" Ed chuckled. "Ribbon salesman in a big store! Never had no chance to rough it in the great open spaces! Well, boys, we got to do our best!"

Assisted by Bill Sims, his congenial familiar, Ed did his best. He told Percy the saga of old wampus who lived in the backwater just to the left of the camp. It took Percy a week and cost him three dollars' worth of tackle to find out that the monster who took his basserinos day after day was not a fish, but simply the tangle of weeds covering the bottom of the inlet.

He took it good-naturedly. Fishing, after all, was only a minor diversion. His real ambition, sheepishly confided, was to learn to shoot. Ed lent him an ancient .22 and thereafter he spent hours a day practicing.

"Can you beat it?" Ed exulted. "Feller couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with that thing! Sights is all crooked! He bangs away at them divers out in the lake, and every time one of 'em dives, he thinks he's hit it! I tell him maybe he'll get a shot at big game! With that popgun! Oh, boy!"

Percy was lying on the slope before the house with his .22 the morning the deer came over. Ed and Jim, Ed's son, lounged beside him. Jim was cleaning his .30-.30. The deer appeared by the shore of the inlet and swam diagonally across the lake.

"Quick!" Ed cried, glancing at Jim. "There's your chance, Percy! Aim behind his ears! It's a long ways, but a fine shot like you can't miss!"

Percy, shaking with excitement, was deaf and blind to everything as he drew a bead on the deer. With the sharp little bark of his .22 came the reverberation of another gun. The deer rose head and shoulders out of the lake and sank back.

"Got him!" Ed roared, clapping him on the back.

Percy, dead white, looked around vaguely. "I thought I heard a shot," he stuttered. His eyes fell on the smoking rifle in Jim's hands.

"Jim fired," Ed said hurriedly, "but he missed a mile! It's your deer, Percy! Everything's okay—unless the game guardian comes along! Thousand-dollar fine for shooting deer outa season, you know!"

The delirious ecstasy in Percy's pale-blue eyes faded as he faltered: "Game guardian . . . thousand dollars . . ."

Ed could scarcely conceal his joy while he explained.

"Then we'd better bury it or something!" Percy cried frantically, jumping to his feet. Ed stopped him.

"No, no! There's an old law says it's a crime to shoot a deer and not use it! Worse'n a fine! We got to use it! Don't worry!"

Percy's face twisted. "I can't afford no fine! I got a kid brother to keep! I didn't know I was doin' wrong . . ."

No one saw much of Percy during the next few days except at meals, but Ed was too busy telling the joke to miss him. Jim hung the deer in the ice house. The first day they had venison Percy did without his dinner.

"Trainin' for one meal a day," Ed grinned. "Gosh! I could split my sides!"

"What if the game guardian finds out?" Sims asked.

"Ain't no such animal! I been shootin' outa season for twenty years, and I never seen a game guardian yet. Darn little simp's worrying himself sick over nothin'! I'll put him wise after a while, but I got to have my fun." . . .

IT was a busy week. There was a constant stream of transients for fishing and meals. Ed, with Sims, lounged at the gate checking them in and out.

"Look at that bird!" he whispered, pointing to a man in gaudy plus fours. "Think I'll tell him about old wampus. Looks like a sucker to me!"

He did. The stranger was intrigued.

"May have a go at him. Can I get dinner here?"

"Sure can!"

Percy, looking drawn and haggard, was at the table when they went in.

"How's the boy?" Ed demanded, slapping him on the back. "You don't want to worry. Looks like you was goin' to get away with it. And anyways, you can always go to jail if you can't pay your fine. Have some mutton!"

Percy, after one uncertain, anguished glance at the roast of venison, left the table. Ed and Sims roared.

The stranger smiled sympathetically. "What's the joke?" he asked.

Ed hesitated. But the stranger was a mild-looking chap who wore trick pants and spectacles. He told.

"And the poor fish don't know yet. Jim sittin' right there and the simp thinks he shot it with his popgun! I could die laughing! Say, don't you think it's funny?" For the stranger was frowning.

"Terribly!" he reassured him. "Funniest thing I've heard except a joke I know. Want to hear mine?"

"Got a sense of humor, I have," Ed encouraged him.

"Well, see you don't laugh yourself sick over this one. Jenkins got to brooding about breaking the law. He decided to give himself up and phoned in to the city. I'm the game guardian!"

THE END

Warner Oland and Anna May Wong are the principals in the thriller, Daughter of the Dragon.

Right: Richard Barthelmess and Helen Chandler in The Last Flight, a play from the Nikki tales in Liberty.

Nikki
ON THE

Barthelmess Responsible fo
a New Alexander Ham

By FREDERICK

(*Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.*)

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS' stories of those spent bullets—those gay, tragic pals of Nikki—trying to forget at the bars of Paris, have reached the screen.

They come to the films because Richard Barthelmess, the movie star, was touched, amused, and moved by them in Liberty. He told me that, when he read the adventure of Nikki and her ex-aviator friend before the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse in Père Lachaise, he forthwith decided to film the stories.

At the moment Fay Wray, wife of Mr. Saunders, was playing his leading woman in The Finger Points. Thus Barthelmess had come to know the author. So it was pretty easy to acquire the screen rights of the yarns of Nikki.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE LAST FLIGHT

CAST

Cary Lockwood	Richard Barthelmess
Bill Talbot	John Mack Brown
Nikki	Helen Chandler
The Outsider, Frink	Walter Byron
The Washout	Elliot Nugent
Shep Lambert	David Manners

Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle.
Produced by Warner-First National.

Liberty readers who loved John Monk Saunders' mad stories of Nikki and her war birds will want to see Mr. Barthelmess' film presentation of those tired and embittered warriors trying to find themselves in a new world of peace.

The film does pretty well by Nikki. You know the yarns with their delightfully cockeyed dialogue. Those young aviators, trained to killing and downed by the Armistice, are trying to find surcease for torn nerves and exploded mental controls before the bar at the Claridge.

Here is an odd and tragically humorous picture of those days after the war, when the world's grinding brakes tossed off human sparks such as Cary, Shep, Bill, and The Washout, while civilization picked up the loose ends of greed, beauty, and sordidness.

This might easily have been a great film. It misses chiefly in its direction. Mr. Barthelmess is a little serious but workmanlike as the disillusioned Cary. I believe you will like David Manners as Shep. And Helen Chandler ought to interest you as Nikki, although I can think of no perfect Nikki in all Hollywood. Still, Miss Chandler is pretty good as the irresponsible solace of the ex-sky killers. Too bad the film lost so much of the lightness and the champagne-cocktail whimsy of Mr. Saunders.

★ ★ ★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON

CAST

Alexander Hamilton	George Arliss
Mrs. Betsy Hamilton	Doris Kenyon
Senator Roberts	Dudley Digges
George Washington	Alan Mowbrey
Mr. Reynolds	Rolfe Harolde
Mrs. Reynolds	June Collyer
Chief Justice John Jay	Charles Middleton
Thomas Jefferson	Montague Love
Martha Washington	Gwendolen Logan

Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This careful and conscientious picture of our first Secretary of the Treasury lacks the box-office appeal of Mr. Arliss The Millionaire. Yet Mr. Arliss is to able an actor not to make an interestin Alexander Hamilton, although the fil grows stilted, grandiloquent, and over patriotically prophetic at times.

Probably you visualize the ending o the film with Hamilton dying dramatically after his duel with Aaron Burr a the foot of the New Jersey Palisades You are wrong. The picture leave Hamilton happy and triumphant, his pe bill establishing federal credit passed his political rivals outwitted, and hi wife reunited with him, despite wha may be termed the first scandal in th President's Cabinet. For the histori drama presents—a little gingerly—th affair of Hamilton with that saucy baggage, Mrs. Reynolds.

Most of the drama centers in th attempts of Hamilton to stabilize national credit by a federal financial system. This, I fear, has historic interes but little sex appeal.

Left: In Alexander Hamilton, a historical play with a Hollywood slant, are June Collyer and George Arliss.

Peggy Shannon, who plays a dual rôle, and Clive Brook in Silence, once a Broadway melodrama.

Steps Out SCREEN

Filming Saunders' Stories;
n and Some Melodrama

JAMES SMITH

A pale film, of mild popular appeal, you will find in it certain elements of distinct charm. But I question the accuracy of one shot: the way a newsboy goes running down a staid Philadelphia street shouting an extra of the Hamilton scandal.

The producers have dodged criticism by inventing the character of one Senator Roberts, in whom all anti-Hamilton plots center. This provides an easy dramatic out for the real plotters of those interesting eighteenth-century days.

★ ★ DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON

CAST

Ling Moy	Anna May Wong
Fu Manchu	Warner Oland
Ah Kee	Sessue Hayakawa
Ronald Petrie	Bramwell Fletcher
Joan Marshall	Frances Dade
Sir John	Holmes Herbert
Morloff	Nicholas Sousannin

Directed by Lloyd Corrigan.
Produced by Paramount.

This is a new and gory adventure of Sax Rohmer's bloodthirsty Celestial, Dr. Fu Manchu, who set out to kill off the whole Petrie family in retaliation for the slaughter of his own in the Boxer Rebellion.

Dr. Fu's death in a previous screen episode turns out to be greatly exaggerated, but he seems definitely wiped out in this interlude. In fact, he passes on the job of annihilating the last of the Petries, handsome young Ronald, to his daughter.

Unfortunately for the rest and peace of the honorable Fu ancestors, Ling Moy loses her heart momentarily to Ronald. Warner Oland, that reliable Norse Oriental, is again Dr. Fu; Anna May Wong returns to films as his august daughter, Ling Moy; and Sessue Hayakawa comes back to play the wily Chinese detective, Ah Kee.

Practically the only character left intact at the end is the head of Scotland Yard, who has been twenty-five feet of celluloid behind events all the way.

This film carries lots of gun play, as well as the menace of impending torture and slow poison. But somehow it lacks much kick.

★ SILENCE

CAST

Jim Warren	Clive Brook
Molly Burke	Marjorie Rambeau
Mrs. Powers Norma Powers	Peggy Shannon
Arthur Lawrence	Charles Starrett
Harry Silvers	John Wray
Phil Powers	Willard Robertson

Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin.
Produced by Paramount.

This melodrama starts out by showing Jim Warren, gray-haired con-game expert, in his death cell and then flashes back to the events leading up to the killing. This flashback is a rambling recital of the love of two men for a girl. One is the ne'er-do-well, English Jim, a crook. The other is a dull, honest fellow, Phil Powers. Jim loses, and twenty years later he finds himself caught in the attempts of a fellow carnival worker to extract blackmail from Powers, now a man of importance in his community.

The one-time Broadway play turns out to be a melodrama of slight sustained interest. Clive Brook looks unhappy in the rôle of English Jim, while the new Paramount discovery, Peggy Shannon, does little in the dual rôle of the mother and daughter.

Do you know that—

Norma Shearer is to do Noel Coward's Private Lives?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci, East Lynne, Father's Son, Honor Among Lovers.

Vox

If Mr. Adams' Ears Aren't Burning, They're Asbestos

Chicago, Ill.—After I'd read Franklin P. Adams' article, "Nurses," I was mad, mad, mad. It's easy to criticize something you know nothing about.

YOU—WHAT TH—
OF ALL TH—

For example, knowing nothing about writing, I might imagine I'd make a much better writer than Mr. Adams. But if I tried to be a writer, I'd doubtless get a jolt.

In the same way, Mr. Adams probably thinks he'd make a wonderful nurse if he'd only condescend to try his hand at it. Say, I'd just like to put him in a nurse's uniform and tell him to go to it. I'd give him some cranky old man or grouchy old lady for a patient, and see what success he'd have.

Oh, what a laugh it would be!—*A Nurse.*

El Paso, Texas—In spite of the fact that Franklin P. Adams states that he does not like nurses in his recent article, "Nurses," I find that he is unusually broad-minded. Like a psychologist—knowing—he understands. So that, admitting it or not, he seems to sympathize with the nurse and her problems.—*An R. N.*

Cleveland, Ohio—I would like to tell you the impression one of my old nurses got when she had read Mr. Adams' article. She said: "It seems to me from the way that man writes about us that he may have been a patient of a nurse, at some time or other, who was just as smart as he thinks he is."—*A Steady Liberty Reader.*

New York, N. Y.—Mr. Adams ought to be careful and not kick too hard, as he might fall and break a leg and find himself in a hospital with a trained nurse as a constant companion. And wouldn't I love to be that nurse!—*A Bed-Kicker.*

Chicago, Ill.—I ask you—do you think that !!!..?? article by Franklin P. Adams, called "Nurses," was *necessary?—L. M. and R. N.*

Corpus Christi, Texas—Well, some heel finally did it. He calls himself Franklin Adams, but seems more like a disease.

Tell him if he is ever down here around the gulf to drop in. (A dirty trick on the sharks.)—*M. L. Talley—Nurse's Boy Friend.*

New York, N. Y.—If I were ever to meet Franklin P. Adams I am certain of the fact that he would *positively* hate nurses from then on!—*E. S., R. N.*

Somewhere in Sunny California—In response to the article, "Nurses," must admit it was a cleverly written article. Mr. Adams certainly knows the inside of the nursing world.

The only surprising thing is that, having been so closely associated with the creatures as he seems to have been, he has escaped a nice dose of strychnine.—*Numb Skull.*

A Practical Test of an Editorial

Columbia, S. C.—A friend of mine has called to my attention your editorial entitled "Unemployment—A Serious Problem," the burden of which is that those unable to find jobs must go back to the land.

In view of your very large interest in this subject, as shown by your editorial, we believe that you will be immensely interested in an experiment made by the Red Cross of Greenville County, South Carolina, coöperating with the Department of Labor at Washington, whereby nine families from the industrial section of Greenville, South Carolina, were placed on a farm in Abbeville County, South Carolina, last spring.

Recently a representative of the Department of Labor at Washington was sent to this farm to find out the condition and circumstances of these nine families. In view of the fact that these people were placed on a farm owned by this bank, this representative of the Department of Labor came to see me and told me that every one of these families would be self-sustaining this fall and that each family had produced a large amount of produce and supplies whereby they would most likely be relieved from the charity list of the Red Cross this fall.

This experiment is being watched closely by the Department of Labor at Washington.—*S. R. Spencer, President, the First Carolinas Joint Stock Land Bank.*

It's an Outrage

Richmond, Ind.—It's things like Liberty that bring down the American standard of living.

Just imagine twenty-five cents' worth of literature for five cents!—*S. F. S.*

Aw, Go Ahead and Faint

Oakland, Calif.—Quick, before I faint! I am almost overwhelmed and most agreeably surprised.

I had always depended on Uncle Sam's mail carriers, until today. Your article, "Could You Answer These Questions When You Were Married?"—by George Sylvester Viereck—was so good that it couldn't have been intended for Liberty.

Tell the postman to make a few more slips like that.—*R. Barrows.*

Swell Cure for the Depression

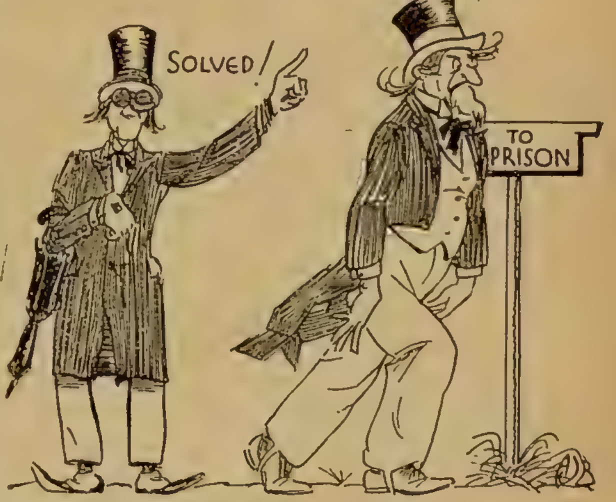
Fargo, N. D.—Here is my cure for the depression, which also solves the prohibition problem, the unemployment situation, and does away with crime and almost everything that is causing the troubles we are encountering in the United States today.

Start a great prison-building program. Build federal, state, county, and municipal prisons enough to hold half of the adult population of America. Needless to say, that would stimulate business, what with the materials and labor that would be necessary to carry out the program.

After the prisons are all built, start to enforce the prohibition law. I mean *enforce* it.

That will put about half of the people behind bars.

With only half of the people left to do all the work, there would be no unemployment outside the prisons, and the inmates, free from economic worry, could be kept busy enjoying themselves. It would keep the half on the outside busy supporting those detained in the prisons in the style to which they had been accustomed.

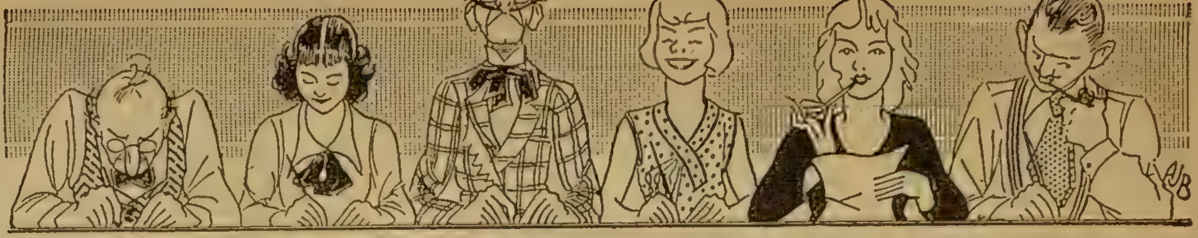


Others would take the places of those released from time to time, so we would all enjoy a happy cycle of employment and leisure.

Only one system could be better than this:

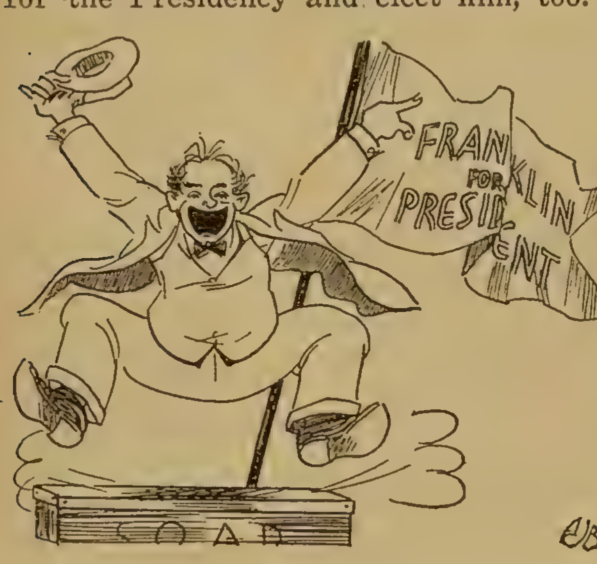
If machines could be made to do *all* the work and *all* the people were in prison for some minor infraction of the laws.—*V. W. Garske.*

Pop



You Will

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I'm all het up about your "Are Americans Fools?" Say, let's have Mr. Jay Franklin out in the clear where we can nominate him for the Presidency and elect him, too.



He's just the man this country has been looking for. Does he tell 'em? And how!

I'm one of the non-voters, unless he runs. Hope we hear more from that boy.—*G. B. R.*

Dirty Work

PIKEVILLE, KY.—Leave it to you, Liberty, to get our nickels! Here I was all resolved to quit you, and you come along with Walton Green's "Cured"! Now I'll have to wait for the rest of that story. Even though you said THE END, I'm sure you were kidding.

I trust the next installment will at least clear up the first part; perhaps develop a slight plot or something.—*C. B. Farley.*

"Gangsters Murdering Little Children"

DAYTON, OHIO—Your editorial entitled "Gangsters Murdering Little Children" was the most sensible article—attacking both the evils of prohibition and the practices and outrages of the racketeers and supergangsters—that I have ever read. The result of these brilliant weapons of attack upon the Eighteenth Amendment will finally be the inevitable repeal of that horrible Congressional error.

You can't be wrong!—*R. G. S.*

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Congratulations on your bold, fearless, and constructive editorial, "Gangsters Murdering Little Children." In my humble opinion, you have hit the nail on the head. However, there is hope. This hope lies in the coming generation of voters.

Having spent one year at college in one of our country's wettest cities, I feel I am not talking through my hat when I say that we college "kids," who are not averse to good gin or Scotch and who can get it whenever we have the money, are, on the whole, strongly opposed to prohibition.

Here's a challenge to you older citizens. Either repeal or modify the Eighteenth Amendment, which will help greatly in destroying the gangster's rule, or renounce your responsibility and leave it up to us.—*Collegian.*

In Defense of Walthamstow

LARCHMONT, N. Y.—I have just finished reading the air-raid story, "The Murder Ship in the Sky." I'd like to have Perriton Maxwell alone for ten minutes and tell him what I think of him and his story, too.

If he really was in Walthamstow during that air raid he must have been so scared that to the nightmare of the raid he added another one all his own, in which he saw an imaginary town and equally imaginary inhabitants.

Anyone who really knows Walthamstow also knows that, far from being a sordid slum, it is, in reality, one of London's prettiest suburban towns.—*A Walthamstowite and Proud of It.*

How Do You Know We Know He Won't Buy One?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am going to make you pay my doctor's bill for my suffering from convulsions of laughter, which illness was evoked by reading Eddie Cantor's article, "Helping Out Hoover."

Say, why don't you send Herby one copy of Liberty? You know he won't buy one, and if he takes Cantor's hints he will be able to run for President in the next election.

Still, he may suffer from convulsions of laughter—as I am now suffering—and rather sit at home reading up on Ed Cantor than be President again.—*June.*

Just Among Us Kids

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Say, this guy who signs his name as Casey C. from Chicago, Ill., sure has his nerve saying that kids don't spend their nickels on Libertys.

He doesn't know what he's talking about.

I bet that almost one thousand of Liberty's population is kids. I'm twelve years old and have been buying Liberty for a long time and most of my girl friends read and buy Liberty.

Mr. Thrasher is a swell artist and his covers are good, most of the kids think so anyways.—*May Belle.*

You Go Neck a Crocodile

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.—Say, Mr. Editor, why don'tcha give yourself up for perjury? You have the nerve to call that thingamadoodle, Liberty, a *magazine!*—*Just a Sorehead.*

Limerick Lunacy

BERKELEY, CALIF.—I'm not crazy yet—but if these limerick contests continue, you'll be responsible for more than the crime wave and the Leslie Thrasher controversy.

I used to be able to enjoy my insomnia peacefully and comfortably, counting sheep into the millions, but now that placid relaxation has been replaced by the accursed limerick habit.

I spend the long, dreary watches of the night composing last lines to limericks—and they are the world's worst.

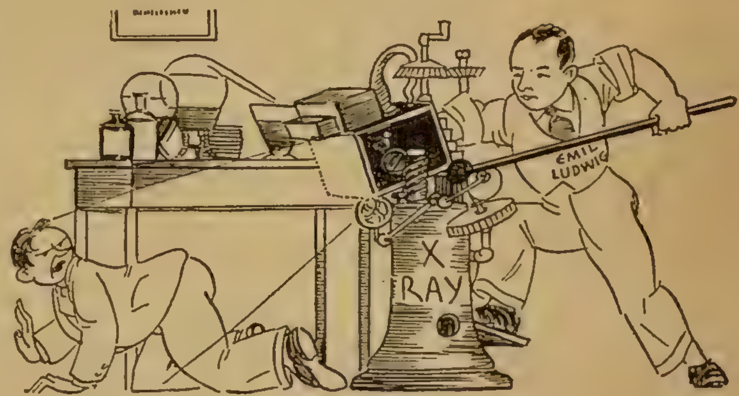
And when the current copy of Liberty comes out I find that they weren't bad enough.—*X. Ray.*

How Tragic, Indeed!

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—The leading article in Liberty usually strikes me as being something of a grand march, a fitting opening for a procession of delightful features which follow.

But that X ray of Charlie Chaplin by Emil Ludwig was a painful fizzle—something more fittingly associated with a flat tire.

I like Charlie Chaplin and have always doped him out as being a regular fellow. And I dislike having my dope upset by Mr. Ludwig's portrayal of an overly serious-minded, academic, philosophical Chaplin—a Chaplin who watches the performance of two clowns and then softly coos: "How tragic, how poignant!"



I'd hate to have Mr. Ludwig point his X-ray machine my way.

He might describe hard-boiled me as casting my eyes heavenward, wringing my hands, and wailing: "How tragic, how poignant!"

Mercy!—*A. O. Ambroz.*

Shake Hands, John

WYANDOTTE, MICH.—I like Liberty. It could be bigger but not much better. I mean from the standpoint of a reader.

The fact that you have a few enemies is a good indication that you're on the right road.

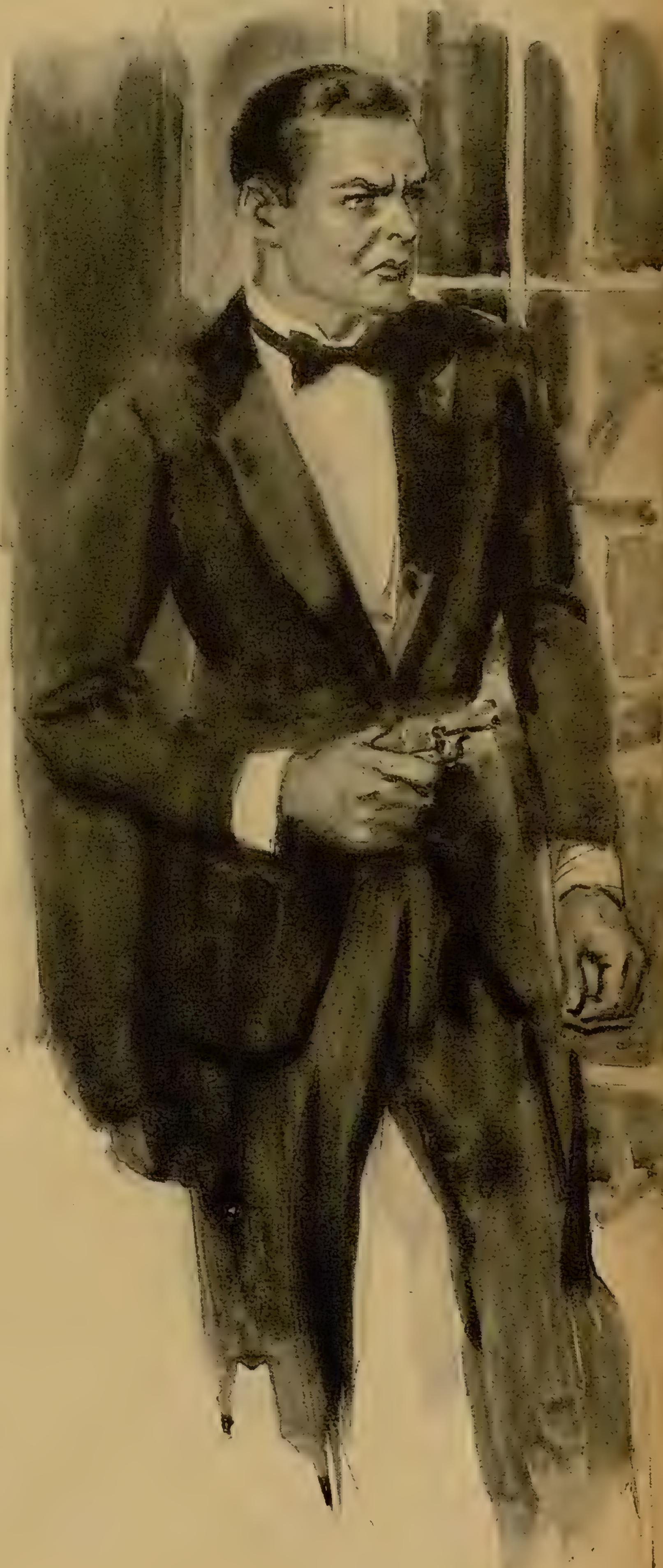
If you didn't stir up some unfavorable interest you wouldn't be worth a damn.—*John Jones.*

The WOMAN

A Story of One Mad Moment

By

ALICE DUER MILLER



(Reading time: 27 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is the dramatic story of Ina, a young Austrian countess, who visited her cousins in Scotland. Tim Alden, an American stopping with his uncle, Ivan Cross, who had taken a castle in the neighborhood, fell in love with Ina on sight. Ivan also loved her. Tim proposed, and Ina promised to marry him if he would kill the man who had destroyed her happiness. On learning this, Ivan, appalled, persuaded her to tell him her story.

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

AS Ina spoke the first words, she was on her feet, standing before the fire, looking down at him.

"My family," she said, "like so many Austrians, have a great estate in Galicia running up into the Carpathians—"

"Those beautiful mountains!"

She suddenly smiled. "Ah, yes," she said, "you know those mountains, don't you? You know them, of course. I need not describe that country to you, and I believe also I may omit any questions of military detail. You know that, too." He did not answer. He was trying to remember if he had ever talked with her of his experiences with the Russian army, and she went on:

"As usual, we were spending the summer in Galicia, when in 1914 war was declared. My father left us immediately. He was on the staff of the Archduke Eugen-Leopold. My brother, too, was in the army. My mother went up with him to Vienna, to say good-by to him. She was taken ill there and died. I was left at home—alone; almost forgotten, I think—under the care of my governess. She had been my mother's governess, too—a gentle old French lady, excellent to teach you to curtsy and recite the French kings, but not much use in a crisis.

"However, we did not think ourselves in any danger—our place was so far from the eastern front. Our troops kept going through on their way to Halicz or Lemberg or Przemysl. Once we were visited by a great general, an old friend of my father's, who spent the night at our house with all his staff—very stiff and kind and reassuring. He told us we were not in the slightest danger. The Russians were incapable of discipline—wouldn't fight—hated their officers."

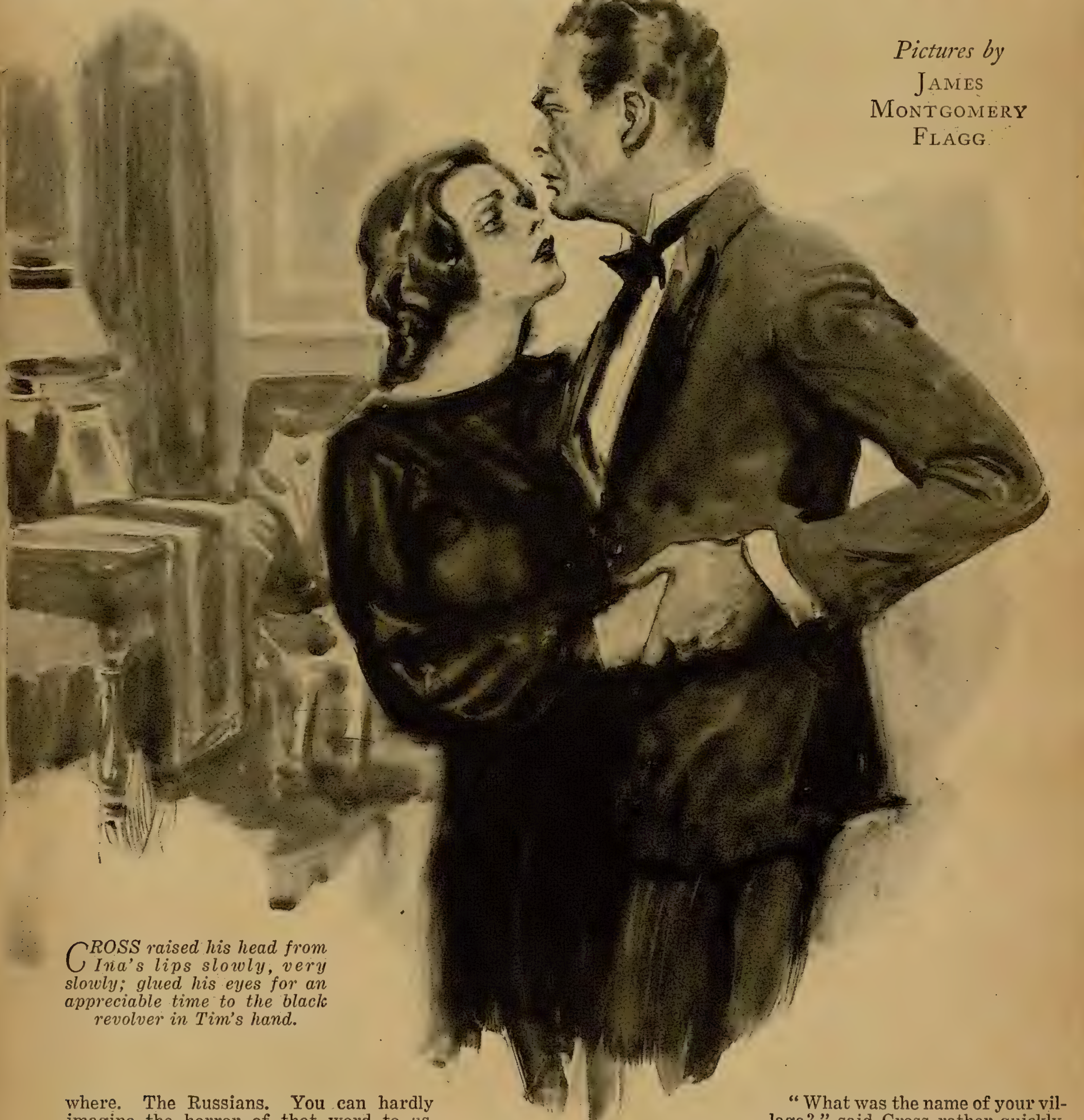
"That is quite untrue," said Ivan. "They were magnificently disciplined and as brave as any fighting men I ever saw."

"We never imagined ourselves in danger, anyhow. Then, suddenly, we began to hear rumors: There was heavy fighting going on; the Austrians had been routed. No, the Russians had been wiped out. No, it was our armies that had been destroyed—they were retreating, blowing up the great new steel bridges we had all been so proud of. But the Russians were crossing, almost without delay, on pontoons. Troops of Cossacks had been seen to the south of us. Everything was terror and confusion.

"One afternoon, I remember I was reading Racine aloud to mademoiselle—'*pour la diction,*' you know—when I heard our little dog barking on the terrace. I went out to find that he was tearing away after some horsemen. They were Hungarian cavalry retreating toward the mountains. As I stood staring, a man came out of the shrubbery—an officer. He looked at me with such a strange, surprised look, as if he wanted to tell me how astonished he was at something, and then he fell down, quite dead, almost at my feet. Our whole army was in retreat, and the Russians were pouring in every-

He WANTED

Pictures by
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG



CROSS raised his head from Ina's lips slowly, very slowly; glued his eyes for an appreciable time to the black revolver in Tim's hand.

where. The Russians. You can hardly imagine the horror of that word to us, brought up as we were to all the horrors of the Russian occupation of Poland in the old days.

"Mademoiselle and old Buchl, the overseer, made up their minds that I must be hidden in the village, as if I were a treasure of gold. They made me put on the dress of a peasant, an apron, a handkerchief over my head. The village baker, a man who owed a great deal to my father, suggested my hiding in his cellar."

"What was the name of your village?" said Cross rather quickly.

She held up her hand. "Please don't interrupt me. This isn't easy to tell. You must let me do it my own way. In the baker's cellar there was a tiny space for storage, latticed off from the rest and shut with a great lock. Buchl established me there, with food, and then he and mademoiselle went back to the house—and never came back. It seemed to me that I sat and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page thirty-nine

waited for hours in the baker's cellar. I could hear the heavy guns far away shaking the ground every few minutes, and now and then the fire of rifles. But there wasn't any serious fighting in our village; it wasn't shelled as some of them were; our men made no stand there. And there wasn't anything to detain the Russians either. I could hear feet and horses over my head, but they always went on—they always went on.

"Then, quite late at night, there was a terrible noise—a small detachment was raiding a little wine shop across the street—and almost at once the door at the head of the cellar stairs opened. I heard the voices of two men; heavy feet on the stairs. Someone, very drunk, kept shouting that peasants stored their wine in their cellars."

"Do you understand Russian?" Cross' mouth was dry as he spoke.

"They were not speaking Russian."

"What were they speaking?"

"A language I understand, Mr. Cross."

Against his will a word leaped to his lips: "English?"

She did not answer. "The drunkard came lurching down the stairs with a lighted candle in his hand. I knew he would find me. I was terribly afraid. I heard his hands fumbling at the lock. He peered through the lattice. He saw me, and began to wrench away the strips of the lattice. I screamed—like a fool I screamed for help, and that brought the other man down the stairs. They set the candle down and began to fight like wild animals. I had never seen men fight before."

Very slowly Cross got to his feet and took hold of the back of his chair to steady himself. He, too, remembered that sound—fists beating on bare flesh, and the candle casting tall shadows, and the damp smell of the walls and the earth floor. Yes, he remembered now, but he remembered it as a dream, as something almost incredibly detached from the Ivan Cross of today. That girl, Ina? That frail, soft, sweet, pliant peasant? No, no, no! His mind rejected the possibility, and in the utter silence that had fallen upon them he found to his surprise that he had repeated the word aloud, in an agony of repudiation.

"No," he had said.

"Why do you say no, Mr. Cross? Don't you believe my story? I assure you it is true."

He did not speak, and she went on: "Perhaps you feel it represents too horrible an aspect of humanity. But wait. You have not heard the worst."

"GO on," he said hoarsely, still holding the back of his chair, so tightly that the knuckles of his hands were white.

She went on, speaking like a person repeating something learned by heart: "They fought there before me; but the moment that second officer appeared I felt safe. I felt that if he won everything was as it should be. You will ask me what of my intuition—that far-famed feminine quality. I felt comforted; certain he would take care of me; and I most passionately desired that he should win. At last the other man lay quiet on the cellar floor, and the second man came over to me, and said in bad German, 'You are quite safe, Fräulein.'"

"*Sie sind ganz—*"

"Yes, I know you know the words, Mr. Cross." She covered her face again for an instant and he saw she was shivering. Then she controlled herself and went on: "He opened the door for me, and motioned me up the stairs. I could have fallen down and worshiped him—"

"Ina," said Cross.

"Please don't interrupt me, Mr. Cross. The best of the story is still to come, I assure you. I told you I could have worshiped him—a hero, my rescuer. I was so young and so silly. I saw that he was tired and hungry. I waited on him. I was so glad to be of service. I saw his eyes following me, and I was glad to think that he admired me. I thought the situation romantic. I am afraid you will think I was unbearably stupid—I was a most inexperienced girl."

"Ina," Cross said again, and his voice was like a dying person's.

"Sit down, Mr. Cross. I will not go on unless you sit down and listen nicely. There is a great deal more to tell. I managed to find some food for him, and I, who had never waited on anyone before, asked to be allowed to serve him. I was proud of my knowledge of the peasants' houses. I made him tea. I found bread and cheese. So good and noble I thought he was. I thought, he may turn out to be a prince. This is romance, I thought; he saves my life, not knowing I am a Zydov. He thinks I am a peasant, but, even so, he is kind and courteous. I said to myself that when the right moment comes I will let him know I speak English, and then gradually he will learn that I am a countess—a Zydov.

"HE asked me in his poor stammering German to sit beside him—to eat. His eyes never left me. But I was not frightened—he had saved my life. It did not occur to me that he had simply taken me from a weaker man. You imagine me, sitting there beside him, trying to find words to express my gratitude for having saved me from a beast. What a fool he must have thought me—mustn't he, Mr. Cross?—if men think at all at such moments."

She went on and on, but Ivan did not answer. He almost ceased to hear her. He was trying wildly to remember the facts that seemed to have been swallowed up in the mad emotions of those first days of actual warfare. He saw the sweeping of the Russian army across that lovely well watered country, the mountains before them, the first frost of autumn on the grass in the early mornings. He remembered villages wiped out by shellfire, and one church with a steeple standing utterly untouched amid the ruins.

He remembered how he and Sarikoff had been detailed to the construction of pontoons. Sarikoff was his friend. He spoke English. They had been together for days—all through the onrush of the army into Galicia. He was a cheerful, kind boy, Sarikoff, but apt to get drunk in his spare time. He and Cross had been separated from their regiment, and had tramped the whole day, trying to catch up.

They had marched all day through the evidences of the Austrian defeat—yes, that must have been the day. At evening they came to a village, deserted but not destroyed. You never could tell what peasants would do. Sometimes they got frightened and all ran away. Sometimes you found them working in the fields as if there was no such thing as war. Here, evidently, they had run away. He had been terribly tired; beaten down by fatigue. Sarikoff was drunk. He hadn't paid any attention to him.

Ivan had stumbled into the first house he saw and flung himself down on the first bed; was actually asleep, when suddenly, right under his feet as it were, he had heard a girl screaming—that terrible fine shrill cry that women give when really frightened, like the magnified mewing of kittens. He had dragged himself up out of his sleep, had gone plunging down those stairs where the sound came from. Yes, he remembered now that he had felt a wild rage against Sarikoff. They had fought. That peasant girl, so gentle, so grateful, so servile, it had seemed to him. That girl, Ina? Why, she had not even seemed to him beautiful. No, rather awkward in her stiff peasant's dress. She had waited on him—obeyed him—

He had assumed that she was like the peasant girls the young princes had told him about—grateful for any break in the monotony of their lives. Or was that true? What had he thought? What he had done was plain enough. But what had he thought? She had not resented his first kiss—he was sure of that. Afterward—if only he could remember.

"I can't believe that girl was you!" he cried hoarsely. Why couldn't he remember? Was it that he had deliberately put it out of his mind through shame? Was he so weak that he forgot what was discreditable to him? Or was it that the terrific events of the next day had wiped the slate clean?

The next day had been a day of heavy fighting. Sarikoff had fallen, horribly mutilated. Cross had stayed with him in a shallow trench hardly deep enough to protect a lap dog. He had been afraid for almost the first time in his life, and yet he had stayed minute by minute, until he was sure Sarikoff was dead. Then he had crawled to shelter. It was an experience that made everything else seem dim and trancelike. There was a cloud between him and everything that had happened before that. Sometimes in dreams, in nightmares, an innocent deed becomes without explanation a hideous crime. But this was just the reverse. He had committed a hideous crime and yet seemed to himself to have no connection with it; no moral responsibility of any kind. He tried to explain:

"It isn't that I had forgotten," he said; "but it seems to me to have no association with me as I am today—or with you."

AGAIN she gave that sound intended to be a laugh. "I suppose I should be flattered that you recall the incident at all. It has taken some time. Doubtless the great number of such episodes—" Then, with a new access of hatred, she added: "How could you help remembering when I fainted at the sight of you? Is that so common, too, in your life?"

She went on and on, but he hardly heard her. Was it possible, he said to himself, that criminals always had this detached attitude to their crime; that it always seemed incredible to them that they had done such a thing? He had ruined the life of this girl, this lovely fragile creature, whom of all people in the world he now thought worthy of protection. He had done this. "Thou art the man!" The words rang in his brain. The man Tim wanted to kill.

"Isn't it a pretty revenge?" she was saying. "Isn't it neat and perfect that your own nephew—this boy you love so much—should be ruined, utterly ruined, as he will be? And he will hate and despise you at the same time. The only thing you have to love. He told me once that he was that, and I was glad to hear it. Oh, if I could have known all these years that I would have this moment! I used to try to get the list of Russian officers who had been in the Galician army. It all seemed so hopeless. And then, to walk into your house that evening! I saw your great height as you stood there. I couldn't believe it; and then, as you turned and held out that long arm of yours in greeting me—"

But he wasn't listening any more, for he had discovered under his horror and shame there was elation. She belonged to him! He need not stand aside for Tim or anyone. She was his! That was what he had felt from the beginning.

He cut into her chant of hatred. "Ina," he said, "I love you."

"You think that was love?"

"I love you, and you must listen to me."

But she was incapable of listening. She wanted to go on and on, making up for all her years of terrible silence. "Can you imagine what my life was? When my father was alive he was proud of me; so sure I would be happy; so eager to have me marry. I never told anyone; no single soul. Do you realize the depths of loneliness? I thought of killing myself. I tried to, but I couldn't do it, and that humiliated me more—that I couldn't throw away a life that was so disgraced—and so I began to think about killing the man."

"About killing me."

She looked at him exultantly. "Yes, you," she said; "about killing you. Marriages were proposed to me. My poor father, he wanted me so much to marry. It worried

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—*Fat Melts Away*

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

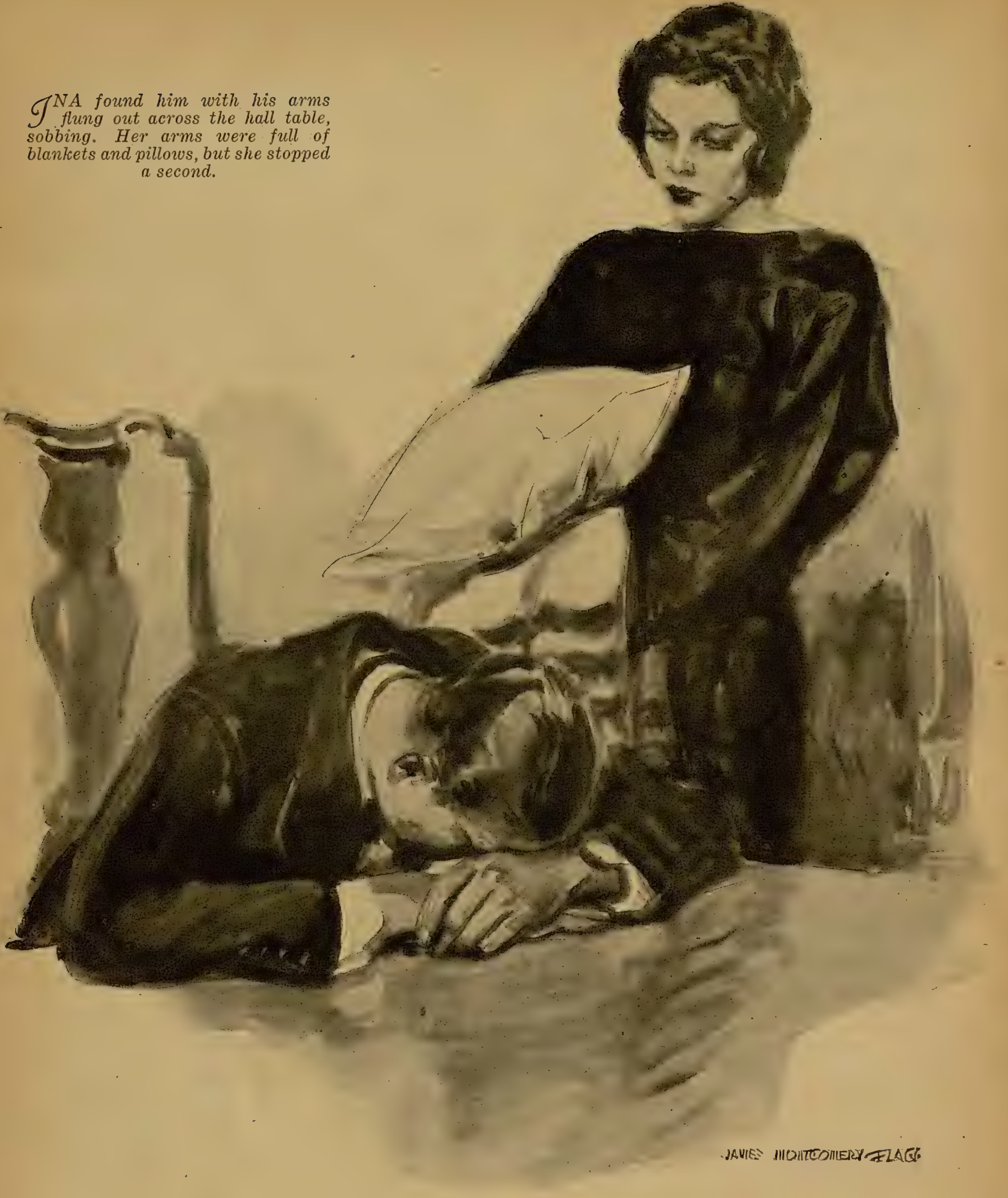
The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

INA found him with his arms flung out across the hall table, sobbing. Her arms were full of blankets and pillows, but she stopped a second.



THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page forty-one

him cruelly to think of dying and leaving me so alone and unprovided for. He could not understand why I refused. The idea began to be rumored that I was queer—insane or abnormal—that, too, I owe to you." She stopped only because she was shivering so much that she could no longer articulate, and he took advantage of her silence to come slowly toward her. He knelt down and clasped her knees, bending his head down against her. Holding her like this he could feel the trembling of her whole body.

" Forgive me, my darling," he said.

She did not try to free herself. She lifted up both her hands. " Oh! " she said, hardly above a whisper, " if only I might have known—if only I could have foreseen that some day you would be abject, like this, your life in my hands."

" Abject! " He was on his feet in an instant.

" Let's stop talking nonsense," he said. " You haven't got my life in your hands. This is a story I can tell Tim. I must tell him. I shall tell him tomorrow that I love you and that you are going to marry me—not him."

"I think that tomorrow you will be dead."

"Let me offer you a piece of advice," he said. "Don't tell a man who loves you, alone in a house at midnight, that this is his last night on earth."

He came toward her, and she retreated a step or two toward the open window. "If this is my last night on earth—" he said. He took her in his arms. He felt her struggle. He didn't care. It seemed to him, just as before, that slowly she yielded to him, slowly her head dropped back upon his shoulder.

"Not again," she said, "not again, Ivan."

He heard a step on the piazza. Lifting his head from her lips, he saw that a man was standing in the space of the long window. Tim.

In moments of crisis the time sense stretches like a cord. Cross had the illusion that he had been looking at Tim for a long time—that he had raised his head from Ina's lips slowly, very slowly; had glued his eyes for an appreciable time to the black revolver in Tim's hand; had known for an eternity that the boy was about to shoot; and at last, like a slow motion picture, had put Ina out of his arms and had interposed his large body between her and Tim's uncertain weapon. Uncertain? Something seemed to strike him with tremendous weight just below his collar bone—a weight that was part of a great noise that completely filled the room.

He saw Tim looking at him with round eyes of astonishment, and was unaware that he looked back with much the same expression, and then he said carefully to Ina: "You are not hurt, I hope?" But she did not answer.

She too stared at him in wonder. He saw her eyes directed to his left lapel. He put his hand there, feeling that there was something queer about it, and took his hand away, wet and warm.

He looked down at his hand. It was all a deep crimson.

"I've been shot," he said. He tried to clear his throat and could not do it, could not say something that he wanted to say.

HE remembered no more, no more until he became aware of Ina's long braid brushing against his cheek. It had come unpinned and was once more dangling over her shoulder.

He was lying on the floor of the Grants' library, with his head in Ina's lap.

"I'm not dead," he said defiantly.

She laid her finger on his lips. "You must not speak," she said. "I'm afraid you've been shot in the lungs, and that means you must not speak."

He thought: "She could hardly help taking my head on her lap, but she need not put her arms about me like this."

One hand was pressed against his breast. Glancing down his cheek, he could see her handkerchief held against his lapel. It was nothing but a crimson ball. He thought: "I am certainly going to die."

"Where's Tim?" he said.

"I sent him for the village doctor. He'll be back at once."

"I'd like to get Tim safely out of this," he said.

This time she laid three fingers on his lips.

"Please don't speak," she said. "It makes the bleeding worse. I'll get him out of it—I'll tell the whole truth if necessary."

"NOT necessary—burglars—I have been shot by burglars. Think up a good story—you telephoned Kinfrew for help—" Talking against her fingers was indistinguishable from kissing them, but she did not take them away.

"Yes, yes, I'll manage it. I promise you. Please lie still. Are you very uncomfortable?"

He smiled at her. "Heaven is going to be the most awful anticlimax after this," he said.

She began to cry, wiping her eyes with the back of her knuckles to prevent the tears falling on his face, while she kept her other hand pressed to his chest. Pity? Was there more than that? He must know.

"Ina," he said almost sternly, "why are you crying?"

"Hush, hush, you mustn't—"

"I will," he returned. "Why do people treat the sick as if they were imbecile? I'm not a fool and I'm not an infant. I'm a man and I'm dying. I want to know the truth. Why are you crying?"

She did not answer, and he went on: "You wanted me killed, and now that I am, you ought to be exultant."

"As you see, I'm not."

"Yes, but *why* not? Why not, Ina? You must answer me, and pretty damn' quick, too."

"Oh, I don't know," she returned. "Isn't it just what you said, what you warned me of—that revenge was a thing that when you got—"

"You mean that it's all a mistake—your whole plan, your whole life? You didn't want me killed? You didn't want to be revenged? I can't bear that—that I've been sacrificed to a silly idea."

"No, no, Ivan!"

"Either that, or else you love me, Ina."

"No, no, I can't say that."

"It isn't true, or you can't say it?"

"Both, both," she answered wildly. "It isn't true. I can't say it."

"You could say it if it were true."

Lights flashed a vivid green streak across the lawn and the shrubbery.

"Oh, heaven be praised, the doctor!" Ina cried.

"You are going to let me die without knowing?"

She did not answer, and the doctor came hurrying through the long open window on the veranda, with his little black bag in his hand.

He knelt down beside the wounded man and began demanding things: a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE WOMAN HE WANTED
Continued from page forty-three

basin of water, ice, blankets, a hot-water bottle. Ina and Tim were both sent away to wake the caretaker, chop the ice, to start a fire in the kitchen.

The doctor began to dress and probe and swab, without comment, and without any change of expression. Ivan, studying his face, could decide nothing, and at last felt obliged to put his question in words: "Well," he said, "am I going to die?"

"Maybe in forty or fifty years you are," said the doctor. "I notice they mostly do. But ye'll not from this bullet. The young man—the burglar, I would say—has missed your heart and your spine and your lungs. The bullet went clean through and out by the shoulder blade, doing damage on the way, but I'll leave that to the great McCue of Perth, the surgeon, who'll be here in an hour and charge ye a pretty penny for telling you just what I'm telling you. I'll pack it, if they'll only bring me some ice, and leave the rest to him. He might as well do a little work for his fee."

"So I'm going to live," said Cross. He was surprised to find how exceedingly elated he felt at the news.

"For a time, for a time," said the doctor. "I gave you no ticket to immortality, ye understand. We must all die when our time comes."

Tim, entering with a bucket of ice, heard the last sentence, and it bore for him only one possible interpretation: Ivan was dying. He had known from the first there was no hope. Ivan was dying. He had killed him. He set his bucket down and reeled into the hall outside, where Ina found him, sitting in a hard high-backed chair with his arms flung out across the hall table, sobbing. Her arms were full of blankets and pillows, but she stopped a second.

"You've had bad news?" she asked.

"Yes—he's going to die! I knew he was."

She looked down at him for a second. "Don't be afraid," she said. "I promised him I'd get you out of this safely, and I will."

Tim was too unhappy to resent the insult of this speech. "I don't care whether I get out or not," he said. "I'm thinking of Ivan—Ivan, who has done everything for me—the only person in the world I really love, and I have killed him."

She drew in a long breath that made her nostrils quiver, and went on without speaking into the library.

THE process of packing the wound in an effort to arrest the bleeding was painful. The doctor needed help and Ina gave it. Ivan was already showing the effects of shock and loss of blood. To Ina he looked like a man dying—almost dead.

His eyes never left her. "Ina," he said.

"You mustn't speak," she said.

"That's it, young leddy, you have some common sense, I see," said the doctor. She thought his tone hard and frivolous, but was glad—it steadied her. Then the door opened and Tim came hurriedly in, his hair rumpled, his eyes red and glassy from crying. He knelt down beside Ivan.

"Ye can't come in here now," said the doctor, but Tim did not notice him at all.

"I must know that you forgive me, Ivan!"

Ivan spoke with difficulty but in a natural voice: "Of course I forgive you. I'd have done the same thing in your place."

This set Tim crying again. "I want you to know," he said, "that I would gladly give my life for yours. I was mad. I don't understand how I could have felt as I did. I've killed you for something that wasn't even real to me. It's all gone—that rage and hatred and love. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

The doctor touched Ina's shoulder. "Get that lad out of here, and keep him out," he said.

Ina rose at once to her feet, took Tim's hand, and led him out into the hall; but there he escaped from her, realizing what she had done to him, and would have plunged back, except that she stood against the door. He stood staring at her a moment with his mouth hanging, then burst out into a string of abuse.

"You said you'd marry me if I killed him," he ended. "Well, I don't want to marry you. I don't ever want to see you as long as I live. I don't believe what you said. If Ivan was the man, I don't believe it. But I don't care—I think more of Ivan, whatever he did, than I do of you. You're a murderess, that's what you are, a cowardly murderess."

Ina shut her eyes, incredibly wearied with him. "Quite true, quite true," she said. "But the point is your uncle is concerned for your safety. He wants to be sure you don't suffer."

"Why shouldn't we suffer? Between us we've killed him. Why shouldn't we suffer like other criminals?"

"ONLY that he doesn't want us to," said Ina. "At least, he doesn't want you to. He has not mentioned any concern for my safety." She had his attention now, and she went on: "This is the idea—this is the story to tell: He was sitting at Kinfrew talking to you, when I telephoned. I was afraid. I had seen men sneaking about the house and thought they were burglars. You and he started out at once to come to my assistance, but the car broke down just outside the gates of Kinfrew, and you ran back to get the other car. By the time you had got it and come to the place in the road where you left him, he had got his car going and had gone on. You followed him to Tobernackie—where you found him lying there on the library floor, shot. I heard the shot and came down just as you arrived. There was no trace of the burglars and he has not been well enough to make a coherent statement."

"What lies!" cried Tim. "I'd rather tell the truth and take the consequences."

"This is what he *wants* you to say," said Ina, adding one more lie to the mountain of untruth, for the story was, at least in detail, all her own invention. Tim yielded at this, and she taught it to him word by word until he was letter perfect. Then she told him to telephone Kinfrew and let them know what had happened. "We must get servants over here, and his clothes, and," she added, with sudden inspiration, "Mr. Cross said something about Miss Brigham—Lucy, he said, ought to be here."

Tim's face softened. It would be a comfort to have Lucy.

He went away meekly to try and rouse Kinfrew, just as the doctor opened the door behind Ina, and said: "Young leddy, young leddy."

Ina said to herself: "This is the end. He's dying," and went back into the library, closing the door behind her.

As she passed the doctor, she whispered: "Is he dying?"

Without moderating his voice, the doctor answered: "He will be if he continues so contumacious. He'll not let me give him an anodyne until he speaks to you."

If Ina had been open to suggestion she would have known from the doctor's tone that the case was not fatal, but her mind was absolutely closed; she was convinced Ivan was dying.

NEXT WEEK—

A Champion's Wife Retires *from the* Ring

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

The real story of why Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey could not find happiness in marriage

also

The first installment of

Lost Squadron

A Thrilling New Serial of the Air

By Dick Grace

She knelt down beside him. "Here I am," she said.

He opened his eyes, and looked at her. "Ina," he said, "you did yield to me."

"No," she answered, and the doctor, who was getting out his little hypodermic needle, looked up startled at the round ringing sound.

Ivan did not speak again, but he continued to look at her with his sunken eyes, and when the doctor reached for his arm, he snatched it from him.

"Come, come, don't be foolish, Mr. Cross," said the doctor.

"Ina," repeated Ivan, "you yielded to me."

"No, no, no, darling, I didn't," said Ina.

IVAN gave a smile, a little laugh that cost him an instant of agony and gave his arm to the doctor's little prick.

"And now," said the doctor, "if you will stay with the patient for a few minutes I think I'll go to the kitchen and make myself a cup of tea. Maybe you'd like one yourself?"

Ina shook her head. She sank down on the floor beside Cross with her back against a great leather sofa.

"Don't talk to him and don't let him talk," said the doctor, as he left the room.

But there was no need of talk now. Neither felt the least disposition to speak.

She sat in silence, holding his hand in hers, as his breathing grew longer and easier. She was not thinking, nor was she, any more, conscious of any disturbing emotion, except a sort of wonder at seeing her whole past life new, as if it were the life of a stranger, something she had never understood or something she had always misinterpreted before.

When the great Mr. McCue arrived, just as a cold watery dawn was breaking, he found his patient resting quietly, and a young lady sitting beside him, fast asleep, with her head leaned back on the seat of a leather sofa, and a long gold-red braid hanging over her shoulder.

THE END

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Purely Educational

Jimmy, while playing one day, found a small stray dog, but upon bringing it home was forbidden to keep it. At last he was given permission if he promised to keep it out of the front part of the house.

One noon I came home and found him and the dog seated on the floor in the living room.

"Why, Jimmy, didn't you promise to keep your dog in the back?" I asked.

"But, daddy," said Jimmy, "I was only showing Teddy where he couldn't go."—M. L. Carbaugh, 2009 Fourteenth St., Moline, Ill.

* * *

A Quick Thinker

Mary, four years old, came into the room wheeling her doll. She motioned to her mother to be quiet as she said her baby was very sick.

"I suppose she ate too much candy and ice cream," said her mother, hoping the youngster would feel the implied rebuke herself.

"Oh, no! She ate too many carrots!" Mary replied.—Nettie Clase, 511 Harding Way East, Galion, Ohio.

* * *

Let 'Em Go Ahead

Little Bobby had noticed a lot of discussion in the papers concerning birth control. Finally he asked his dad what it was.

Dad, attempting to explain, told Bobby that it was a plan to control the number of children born so there would not be so many of them in the world.

When he had finished, Bobby looked thoughtful, then heaved a sigh and said, "Well, I should worry. I'm here."—Helen I. Gearhart, 1208 Sixteenth Ave., Altoona, Pa.

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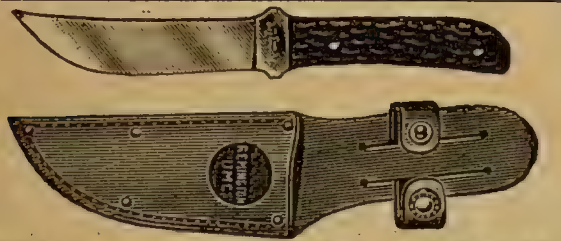

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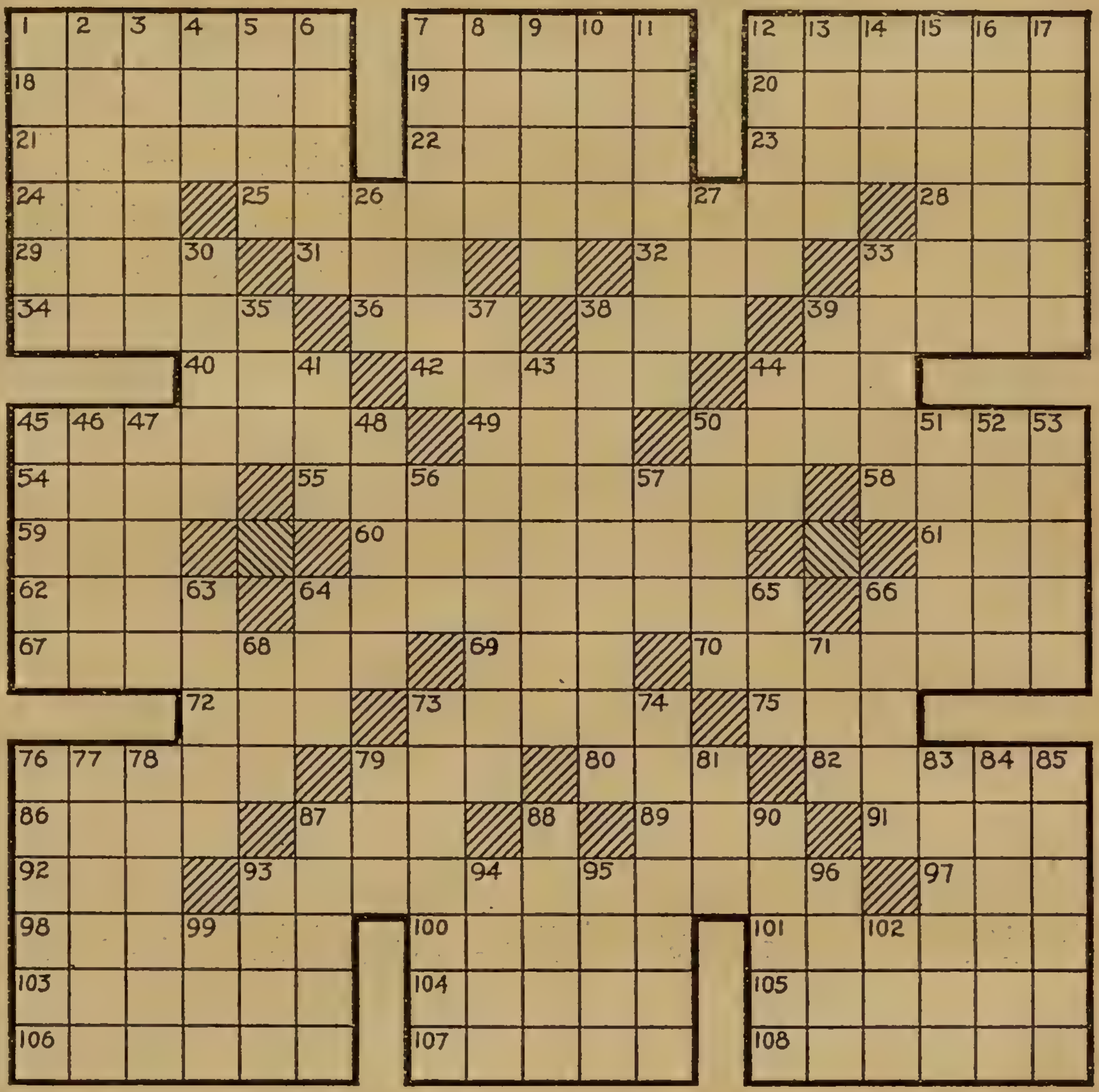
Two Puzzles for

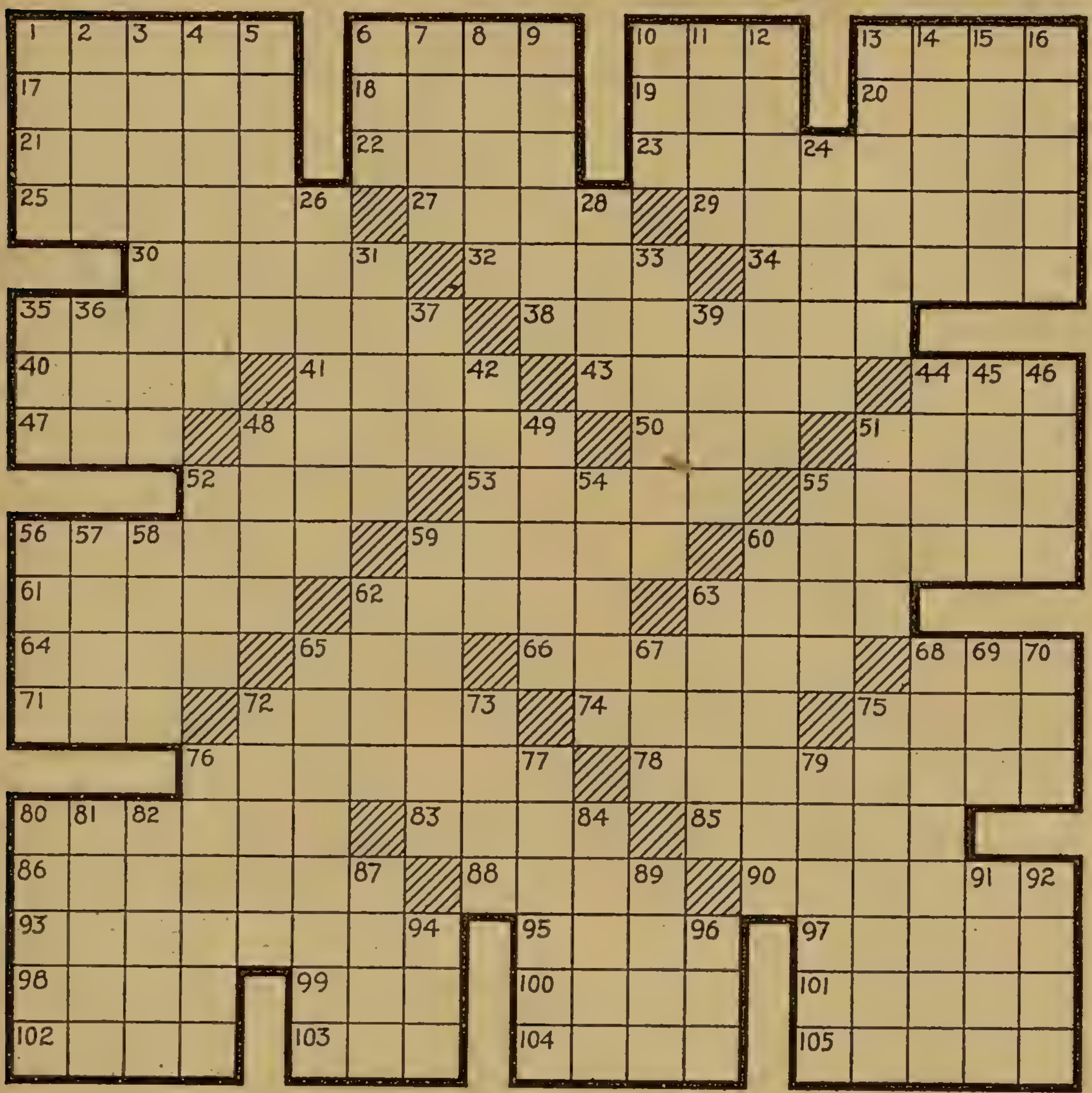


HORIZONTAL
1 Consecrated
7 Blot out
12 Riding academy
18 Make furious
19 Day in the ancient Roman calendar
20 A fruit (plural)
21 Beast
22 Pigeons
23 Splinter
24 Religious recluse
25 Designates
28 Born
29 To confine
31 A swine
32 Yea
33 Land measure
34 Funeral song
36 Corded fabric
38 Political radical
39 Vapor
40 Rodent
42 Cut in cubes
44 Nephew of Abraham
45 Peculiar to a locality
49 Hurry
50 Emit rays
54 Unclean substance
55 Allegorical
58 Clothed
59 Freeze
60 Objects
61 Pull with effort
62 Dissolve, as ice
64 Consecrated
66 Mentally sound
67 Germinal
69 Domestic animal
70 Rumors
72 Instantly
73 Valleys
75 Small compact mass
76 Pamphlet
79 Babylonian deity
80 Lair
82 Creeping animals
86 Rodent
87 Lick up
89 Beak
91 Encounter
92 Margin
93 Managed
97 Conveyance
98 Absconded
100 Unit of weight
101 Gorge
103 Charge with air
104 Track
105 Searches uncertainly
106 English poet
107 Auctions
108 Drains

VERTICAL
1 Spiritualistic meeting
2 Yearly
3 Wince
4 Domestic animal
5 An exclamation
6 Deletes
7 Invested
8 A chamber
9 Blacksmith's implement
10 Observed
11 Attempted
12 Hebrew lawgiver
13 Mountain range
14 Nothing
15 Make evident
16 Groups of species
17 Regard
26 Neither
27 Man's nickname
30 Heron
33 Garret
35 Edible tuber
37 Pertaining to piracy
38 Restored to freshness
39 Turf
41 A hint
43 Three-dimensional
44 100,000 rupees
45 Amends and revises
46 Recessed space
47 Vision
48 Dromedary
50 Space between stairs
51 Place of sacrifice
52 Tease
53 Moves by little and little
56 Measure of length
57 Term used in tennis
63 Flinch
64 Jackdaw
65 Moisture
66 A city (Gen. xviii)
68 No
71 Scrape with forefoot
73 Portrays
74 Legislative body (pl.)
76 Teeth of a screw
77 Scolder
78 Depository for arms
79 Interdict
81 Insect egg
83 Rule for a mixture
84 More contemptible
85 Strain
87 Burdened
88 Of a wall
90 Icebergs
93 Apportion
94 River in Brazil
95 Ornamental woven braid
96 Defy
99 To travel upon foot
102 Solemn oath

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL
1 The moon
6 A fish
10 Feline
13 Healing agent
17 City in France
18 Declare
19 Measure of area
20 Oleomargarine
21 Narratives
22 Venetian magistrate
23 Of memory
25 Battery terminals
27 A beckoning
29 To calm; satisfy
30 Telegraphs
32 Smaller; fewer
34 Annoys
35 Restraining
38 Dried fruit
40 Suspend
41 Uttered
43 Controls
44 Existed
47 Urge
48 Greater
50 Retch
51 Neck hair
52 Revolving vanes
53 Symbol of worship
55 City in Idaho
56 Red cedars
59 Governs
60 Palm stem
61 Afflictions
62 Table provisions
63 A Scandinavian
64 Abound
65 Priestly vestment
66 Shore
68 Man's name
71 An equine
72 Thick slices
74 Ditty
75 Biblical country
76 Placing
78 Infinite time
80 Wood louse
83 Float aloft
85 Obliterate
86 Astrakhan
88 Concoct
90 Transgressed
93 Antipathy
95 Weed
97 Persian poet
98 A probe
99 French coin
100 Town in Maine
101 Measure of work
102 Periods
103 An explosive
104 Millstone support
105 Appears to be

VERTICAL
1 Facts
2 Persia
3 Permitting
4 Requiring
5 Declare
6 Low-bred person
7 State openly
8 Kingly
9 Choose
10 Rotating piece in machinery
11 District
12 Alluring
13 The north wind
14 Assumed name
15 Rent
16 Burrowing animals
24 Discloses to view
26 Possessions
28 Autocrat
31 Protuberances
33 Protracted assaults
35 Pronoun
36 Label
37 Two-wheeled vehicle
39 Asiatic nation
42 Award for merit
44 Stay
45 Handlelike part of a heavenly body
46 Observed
48 Forbids
49 Assumed parts
51 Small particle
52 Thin skin
54 Trials
55 Company
56 Bristle
57 Salutations
58 Contends against
59 Jewish teachers
60 Forest supervisors
62 Level
63 Italian poet
65 One devoted to others' interests
67 A deer
68 Status of a foreigner
69 Perched
70 Woman's name
72 Searches
73 Social upstart
75 Entrap
76 Initiates
77 A snake
79 Elevates
80 A fish
81 Bather
82 Place of contest
84 Prepared
87 Diving bird
89 Small bird
91 Jacob's brother
92 Clamors
94 Hard-shelled fruit
96 Terminus

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Try the Finger-tip Test

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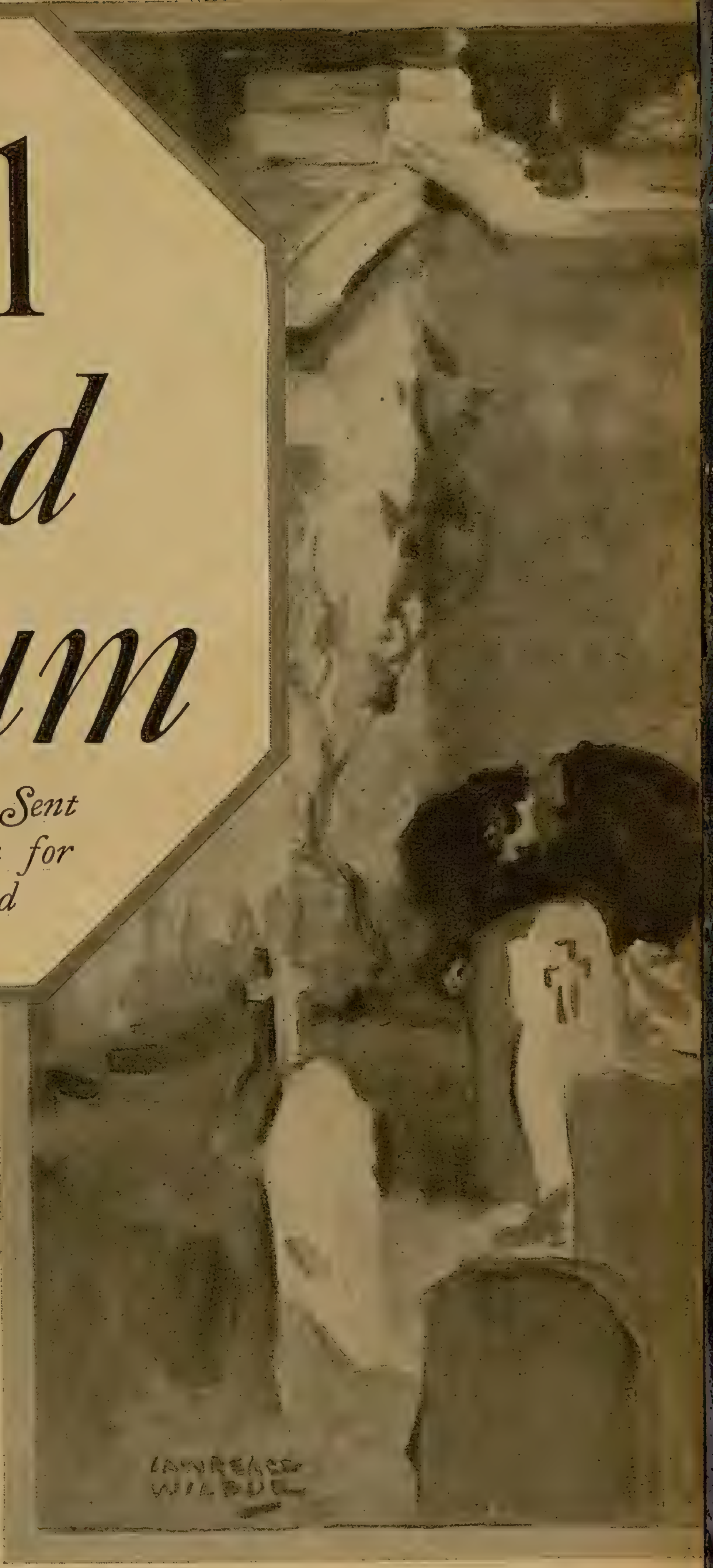
The Petal of the Red Geranium

How Circumstantial Evidence Sent a Christian Brother to Prison for Life But Left a Celebrated Mystery Unsolved

By

EDMUND PEARSON

Pictures by LAWRENCE WILBUR



Early in the morning he entered the graveyard

(Reading time: 19 minutes 23 seconds.)

THE gravedigger of the St. Aubin Cemetery in Toulouse was named Raspaud. Early in the morning of a day in April, 1847, in the course of his regular duties, he entered the graveyard. He was surprised to see a woman kneeling, as if in prayer, near a corner of the cemetery wall.

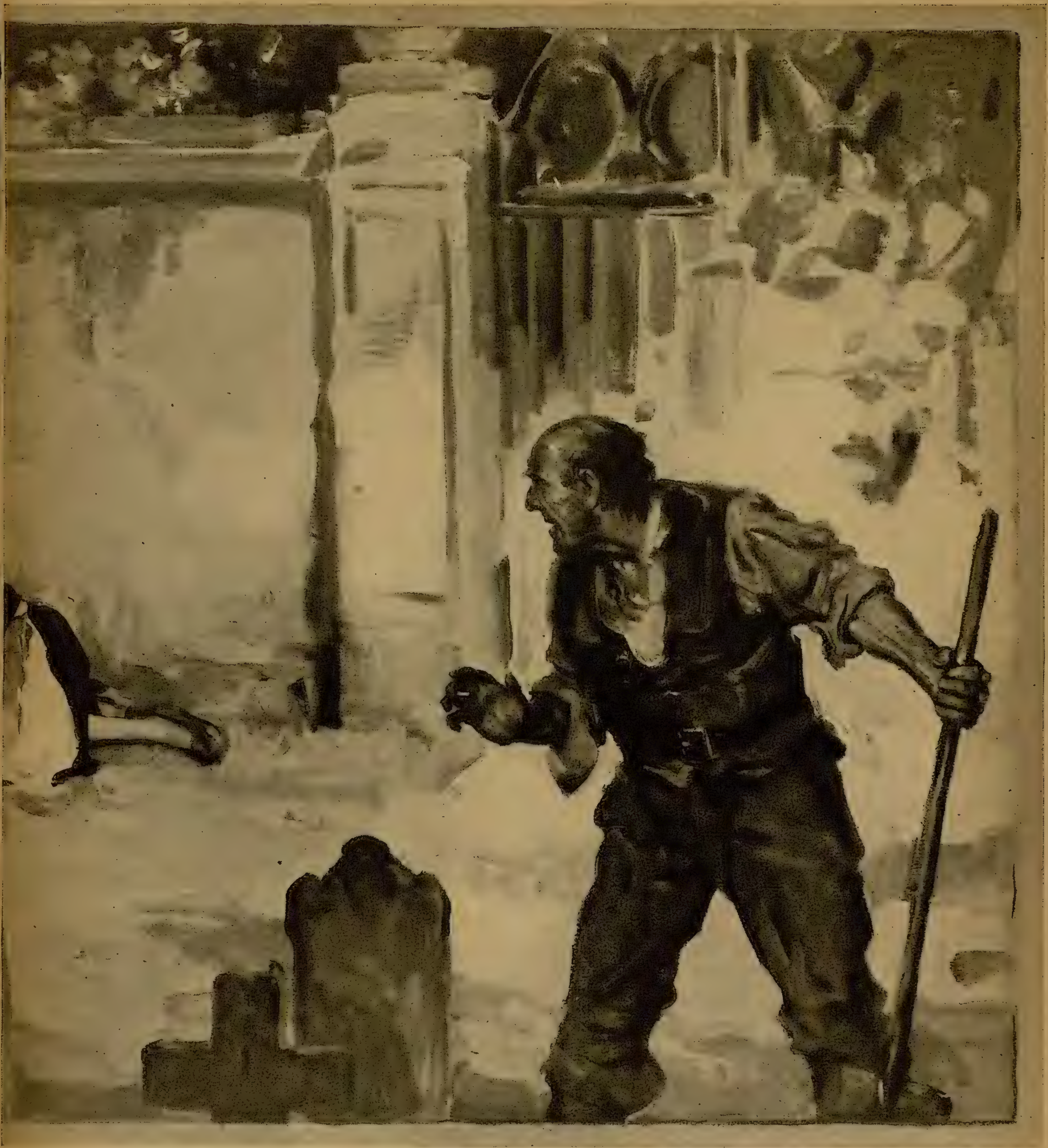
Her position was strange: almost lying on her face, supported by the knees and elbows. Raspaud came nearer, and discovered that she was dead. She was a young girl who had been missing since the day before. The circumstances of her disappearance were peculiar and alarming.

Her name was Cécile Combettes. She was a little less than fifteen years old; an apprentice of Bertrand Conte, the local bookbinder. On the day before, shortly after nine in the morning, Cécile had accompanied her master and another and older workwoman, named Marion Rougmanac, bringing some newly bound books to a building occupied by a religious institution: the *Frères de la doctrine Chrétienne*—or the Institute of Christian Brethren.

Conte carried nothing in his hands but a large umbrella, while Marion and Cécile each carried a basket of books on her head. They were admitted by the porter into the vestibule, where they set down the baskets. Marion was then sent back to the workshop, while Conte told Cécile to wait for him, in order to help with the empty baskets. He gave her his umbrella to hold, and took the books into the library.

Here, with the director, he stayed for about half an hour, checking over the books, probably, and settling the bill. When he came back to the vestibule, the umbrella was there, leaning against the wall, but Cécile had vanished. The porter could not say that he had seen her go out, or that he had not seen her, or that he had noticed her at all after she first came in. This was the main entrance to an institution where lived five hundred of the brothers, novices and pupils. These and lay visitors were coming and going, and the porter was busy, at that time in the morning, waiting on the door.

Conte left the Institute, made a call or two, and finally



He was surprised to see a woman kneeling, as if in prayer, near a corner of the cemetery wall.

went home. To his wife, who asked about the little girl, he suggested that possibly she had gone to see her sick mother. He spent the rest of the day on a business errand in a neighboring town, and only Cécile's aunt made any further inquiries about her. And now, at half past six the following morning, she lay dead in the old cemetery, not many feet from the place where she was last seen alive.

The police arrived about eight o'clock; the medical men still later. It is important to notice that before the arrival of the police a few persons had climbed the wall from the street, and still others entered the cemetery by the gate. But it seems that the gravedigger and the caretaker, although they could not keep everybody out, must have warned intruders away from the close vicinity of the girl's body.

She was lying, or kneeling, in an angle of the wall. That part of the wall nearest her head separated the cemetery from the street, Rue Riquet; the wall near her feet was that which shut off the garden of the Institute. The post-mortem showed that there had been an attempt at

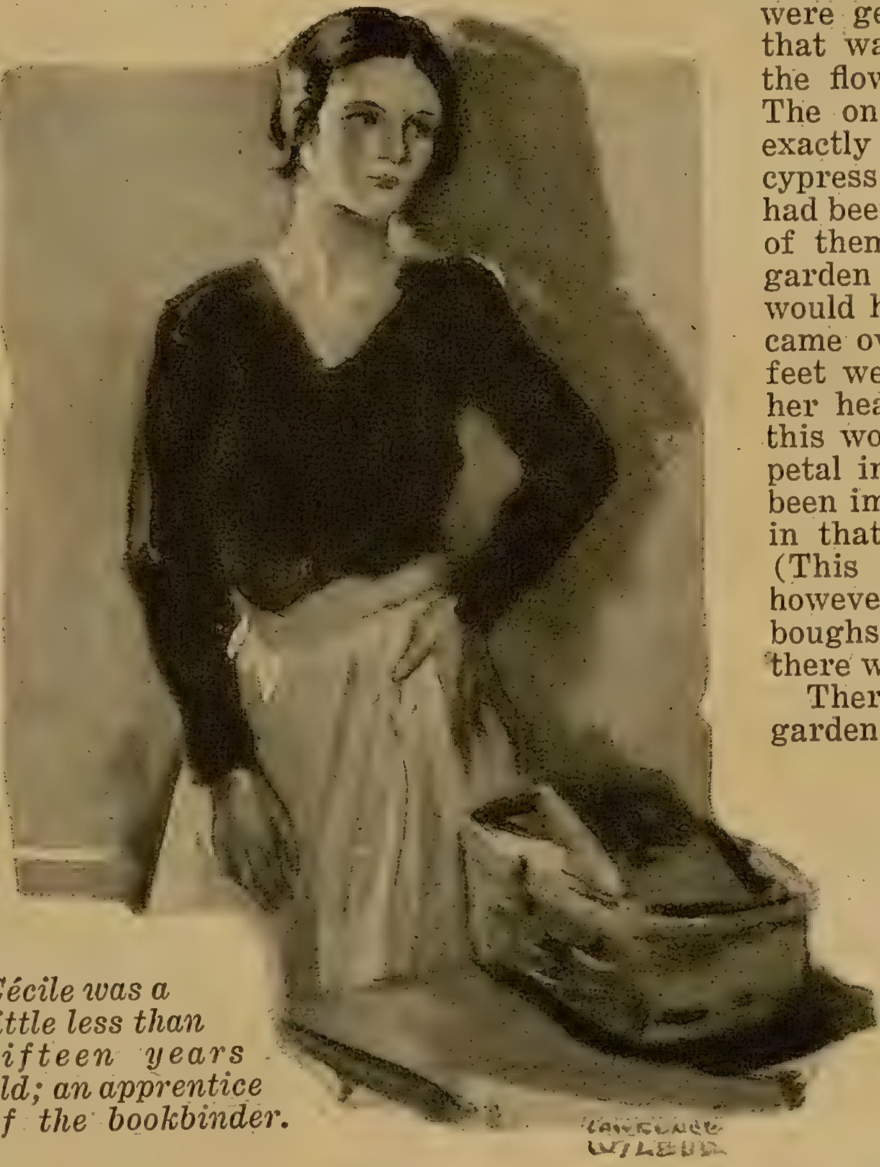
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PETAL OF THE RED GERANIUM
Continued from page forty-nine

criminal assault. The girl had been murdered by a blow which fractured her skull.

More curious, however, than anything revealed by the post-mortem were certain minute details observed soon after the discovery of the body; in fact, before it was moved. There were bits of earth on her head and body; and in her hair some leaves of cypress, a few shreds of tow or oakum about four inches long, evidently from a rope, and a single petal from a geranium in full bloom.

Remember that this investigation took place in 1847. Practically the first out-and-out detective stories in any language—those by Poe—had appeared in America only a few years before, and were as yet little known in Europe. It was nearly twenty years before the rise of Gaboriau, and forty years before the world was to hear the first news of the hawk-faced detective of Baker Street. Yet observe from what delicate clues the French provincial police were to draw their conclusions, and how ingeniously lawyers and others defended or attacked this reasoning. Certainly there were detectives on earth before the literary men came along.



Cécile was a little less than fifteen years old; an apprentice of the bookbinder.

There seemed to be three possible theories to account for the presence of Cécile's body in that place: It had been brought in by the gate; or it had been thrown over the wall from Rue Riquet; or it had been thrown over from the Institute garden. That she had been murdered where she was found was never considered, so far as I can discover, and I suppose this to be for the reason that the autopsy placed the time of death at 10 A. M. the day before, or within one hour of her arrival at the Institute. This conclusion was based on the contents of the stomach and the process of digestion. It seemed impossible that she could have been killed in the cemetery in broad daylight. She had, therefore, been killed in some place between nine and ten o'clock, and her body deposited in the cemetery after dark that night.

HAD her body been brought in at the gate? This, it was argued, was impossible, because the gate was kept locked at night; there were no footprints near the body; and the bits of cypress and the flower petal in her hair indicated contact with one of the two walls.

On the contrary, said others, the gate was sometimes carelessly left unlocked; the lack of footprints proved nothing, since there were no indentations in the earth where her knees and elbows would have struck if she had been thrown from a height; the geranium petal in her hair might have blown there, as it had been a rainy and windy night; her clothes were neatly tucked about her body; and, finally, it seemed hard to believe that the body of a girl weighing eighty or ninety pounds could be thrown over a wall and land and stay in such a peculiar position. It would fall over on its side.

As for the theory that she was thrown over from the street, it was straightway asserted that a sentry, posted in Rue Riquet, would have seen anything of this kind happening. The plants on top of the street wall were not disturbed, as they would have been had anything passed over; and there were no geraniums on this wall.

In the contradictory manner which characterized the discussion of every point in the case, it was said that the sentry often went inside the sentry box in rainy weather, and so might have missed something happening in the street.

There were small clues which, if they were reliable, seemed to indicate that the garden of the Institute was the place from which the little girl's body had been thrown. The particles of earth on her head corresponded with the earth on that wall. There were geraniums in full bloom on that wall only—and from one of the flowers a petal was missing. The one in the dead girl's hair exactly matched this blossom. The cypress boughs on the street wall had been pressed down, so that one of them had scraped against the garden wall in a manner which would happen if something heavy came over from the garden. Her feet were toward the garden and her head toward the street wall; this would account for the flower petal in the hair, but would have been impossible had she come over in that position from the street. (This argument is neutralized, however, unless there were cypress boughs on *both* walls, as I believe there were.)

There were, in the earth in the garden, the marks of a ladder that had leaned against the wall, opposite the place where the body lay; and a rope, found in the garden, was similar in color and texture to the shreds of tow that were discovered in the girl's hair.

IT will be clear why the theory of the garden was most vigorously controverted. One of the French histories of the case says that one of the geranium flowers had lost *all* its petals. It was a windy night; the flowers were naturally shattered by the storm, and their petals blown here and there. The fact that one of them lodged in Cécile's hair proved nothing. As for the ladder, the gardener of the Institute testified that he put it there for a lawful and innocent purpose. Finally, there was, on the cap of the garden wall, an overhang of nine inches; yet the girl's feet lay only four inches from the base; so it was improbable, if not impossible, that she could have been *thrown* over that wall to land in such a position.

Around this point a battle raged. If the body was not thrown, but dropped from the ladder, the last argument was answered. The marks of the ladder in the earth, said others, did not show enough depression to account for the weight of two bodies—that of the murderer and his victim—upon it. As for throwing it over, that was impossible. How could anyone stand in the garden and throw the body over a nine-foot wall?

There were also other ways of entrance into the cemetery: from a canal and from other gardens. So little attention was paid to these, however, that they must have been very remote possibilities.

It all came down to one consideration. If Cécile's body had been brought into the cemetery by the gate, or thrown over from the street, her murderer was to be sought anywhere in the city. If, on the other hand, she had been thrown or dropped from the garden of the Institute—and a very slight weight of evidence, no heavier, perhaps, than one geranium petal, might be said to indicate it—then the brethren were under grave necessity of clearing themselves of suspicion.

The position of the body and the orderly arrangement of the clothes seem to me the strongest arguments for the theory that she was brought in from the street. The question then arises, why was she placed in this position?

Did it satisfy some macabre fancy of the murderer to leave her kneeling, as though to pray? Or had her body been brought there in a box, had it been forced into this position in the box, and had rigor mortis kept it so?

To the clue of the geranium petal, which was thought to incriminate the Institute, was added the undeniable fact that Cécile was last seen alive within the precincts of this religious house. No one could say that he saw the girl leave the vestibule of the Institute.

At first, nevertheless, official suspicions were directed against Bertrand Conte, the master bookbinder. Eight years earlier he had become involved in some scandal regarding his sister-in-law. A witness appeared who testified that Cécile had complained of advances made to her by her master. She was about to leave his service, not, so far as known, because of this, but merely by reason of the expiration of her term of apprenticeship.

It was noted that on leaving the Institute, and on his way home, Conte called at his uncle's house. There was nothing known against this man, or his house, except that the street in which it stood had a bad character. The suggestion was that Conte had really sent Cécile in advance to wait for him at his uncle's. If no one had seen her go through the streets, neither had anyone on the streets seen the three of them, with the books, as they came to the Institute, although more than twenty persons who lived on the route were questioned. Conte then, according to this theory, had met her at his uncle's, and there, or in some disreputable place on the same street, the attack and the murder had occurred. Then, by night, the body had been laboriously brought back to the cemetery—perhaps to cast suspicion upon the brothers.

Conte's business errands of that day in Toulouse, and his visit to the town of Auch, were asserted to be trivial and performed only in order to work up an alibi.

HE was put under arrest, and so, for a time, was Marion Rougmanac. Conte took a day to think it over in jail, and then sent for the magistrate, and in an affidavit asserted that when he entered the vestibule that morning he had seen two of the members of the Institute standing there: Frère Jubrien and Frère Léotade.

Now, it was definitely established that there were six men present in the vestibule when the bookbinder's party of three arrived with the books. One of these was the porter. Three others were brethren of the order: Navarre, Laphien, and Janissien. The other two were visitors, young men named Rudel and Vidal. Not one of them ever testified that he saw Jubrien and Léotade there, while Marion Rougmanac directly contradicted Conte's statement that they were there.

[illegible]rion, as well as Rudel and Vidal, it should be observed, were not members of the religious body, so their failure to corroborate Conte is important. Conte was entirely unsupported in this testimony; and he was under arrest, with the strongest motives for clearing himself, even at the expense of someone else.

Officers continued their investigations, and the examination and reexamination of countless witnesses. They arrested both Jubrien and Léotade, and released Conte. Jubrien was also released, and when the case came to trial ten months later, the sole person accused of the crime was Frère Léotade. That was his name "in religion"; his baptismal name was Louis Bonafous.

THERE were two elements to be considered in the situation: the serious fact, already mentioned, that the girl had undeniably disappeared from sight inside the walls of the Institute; and also the politicoreligious situation in France. There was strong feeling against the religious bodies; the revolution of 1848 was soon to break out. Once popular suspicion had been aroused against this particular brotherhood in Toulouse, the chance for a fair trial of any one of its members was slim. Conte's unsupported statement had selected the victim from among the five hundred residents of the house.

Yet there must have been some reasons why the authorities chose to prosecute Léotade rather than any of the others known to have been, or said to have been, at the entrance when Cécile came in. He had had some dealings with Conte, and had visited the bookbinder's house. He had some duties around the stable of the Institute; the rabbits and pigeons were under his care. He had promised Conte a rabbit or two, in return for some favor, and it was now contended that he had used this as a pretext for luring Cécile into the stable. Getting her there on pretense of giving her the rabbits for her master, he had murdered her, and left the body in the hayloft until night. After dark he had returned and disposed of the body by throwing it over the cemetery wall. To Conte's assertion that Léotade was in the vestibule when they arrived, he added another and graver charge against the man's moral character. Here, again, the charge was quite unsupported by any evidence.

After long solitary confinement, after numerous harsh interrogations, Frère Léotade was put on trial in February, 1848. The entire court, in ceremonious state, visited the Institute and inspected the supposed scenes of the crime. Unluckily for the prisoner, two most unfortunate things happened. Ill feeling between the civil and the religious authorities was now intense, and the brethren, instead of showing a willingness to assist in clearing up this crime, adopted the air of martyrs. They pretended to ignore the presence of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE PETAL OF THE RED GERANIUM
Continued from page fifty-one

the court and its officials, and thus added to the popular belief that they were really trying to obstruct justice.

The inspection should have strongly influenced the jury in favor of the prisoner, for it made clear the enormous difficulties under which Léotade would have had to proceed in acting as the prosecution suggested. He would have had to leave his bed in the dormitory of the Pensionnat (one of the two main buildings), climb into the second-story window of the hayloft, and thence carry the body to the garden. And, as no accomplice was suggested, this would have had to be done without help, and unnoticed by any of the other inmates.

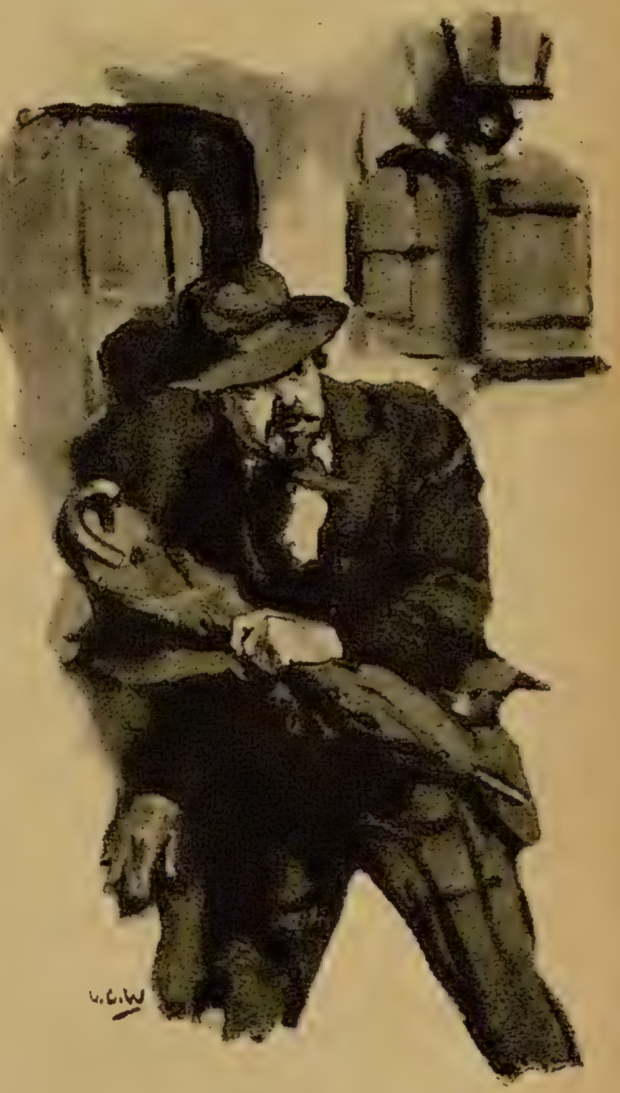
Again unluckily, the revolution of '48 broke out during the trial. It necessitated a postponement and a second trial some weeks later. This time, as a result of the passive resistance of the religious men at the first inspection, there was no visit to the Institute, and the jury were deprived of first-hand knowledge most important for the defense.

THE trial was at great length, since much time was devoted to discussions about the merits and defects of religious orders, and of whether casuistry sometimes permits members of these orders to quibble over the meaning of an oath.

Another blow was suffered by the defense from the perjured testimony of a witness upon whom they relied to clear the whole organization of blame. This was a foolish and unscrupulous woman named Madeline Sabathier. Filled with religious zeal, and in hopes of whitewashing the brethren, she testified at the first trial that she had seen Cécile leaving the Institute, and had spoken to her. Also, she averred, a man—assumed to be Conte—had followed Cécile and gone away with her. This, of course, if true, would have relieved the Institute of all guilt. She was corroborated in this by another religious zealot, and unfortunately the brothers believed them both.

After the first trial she was arrested for perjury, broke down, and withdrew her entire testimony. All this came out and was known to the second jury. Her testimony at the second trial was altogether different, and she further admitted that she had been to Cécile's mother and offered her money. The amount was small (four francs) and there was no evidence that it came from the Institute, but the effect was disastrous to the prisoner.

Some other curiously minute circumstantial evidence was adduced by the prosecution. It tended to connect the Institute premises with the murder, if it did not especially point to Léotade himself. Under the dress, and on the body of the girl, had been found some bits of wheat (on which there was blood) and also a feather. On her dress and shoes were particles of hay and clover. A doctor testified that the clover was identical with that found in the stable, and in this he was supported by a professor of botany. In addition, some fig seeds were found on the girl's clothing, and these were said to be of exactly the same character as some other fig seeds found on a shirt in the Institute. It was suggested that the two articles of dress had been in contact. M. Noulet, the botanist, was very precise and painstaking about this, and said that he had made two hundred experiments with fig seeds! He had never found any other sets of seeds which corresponded to these, and he gravely assured the court that these two sets came from the same fig!

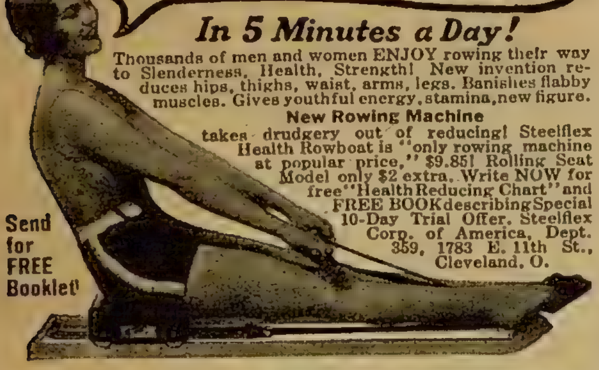


Conte carried nothing in his hands but a large umbrella.

The shirt found in the Institute, after an examination of thousands of them, had the number 562. The prosecutor asserted that it had been worn by Léotade. The prisoner denied this, and gave his reasons, and nothing ever disproved his denial.

What, then, in the case for the prosecution, served to connect Léotade with the crime? What, aside from Conte's statement that he was in the vestibule on that morning?

The occupations of everyone else were accounted for, said the prosecutor. Léotade alone had the opportunity. (This is highly doubtful.) And his room had been changed two nights after the murder, in order to remove him from a place whence he could have set forth to dispose [illegible]he



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body to one in which it would have been far less convenient, so that, when the officers came, he would be surrounded by an atmosphere of innocence.

Guilty knowledge of the crime, and attempts to destroy evidence and shield the criminal, were freely charged against the director and members of the Institute. These charges were pretty widely believed, but never proved. The reason for the change of Léotade's room, for instance, was given, and it was an innocent one: to relieve the distress of old Frère Luc, who was sleeping alone in an isolated room and feared that the unknown murderer of Cécile might next be taken with the fancy for slaughtering an ancient brother.

The trial was conducted according to the procedure of French courts; rather different from those in English-speaking countries, but not to be looked upon with scorn by Englishmen or Americans merely for that reason.

Every country occasionally has its failures or miscarriages of justice, and writers in other lands are too prone to adopt an air of virtuous superiority when they discuss them. The president of this court hectored the prisoner a good deal; we in America tend to deprive the judge of almost all power and make him a helpless referee. Léotade was free to reply to any witness. He did so with dignity and fervor, and denied, with apparent sincerity, every attack on his character.

EVERY point in the case, down to the most trifling, was flatly contradicted by the opposing side. There remained only this undeniable fact: neither prosecutor nor defender could bring forward one reliable witness who saw Cécile alive outside of the Institute after she entered it on that rainy morning.

The jury considered the case for ninety minutes, and then, by "a majority of more than nine voices" (according to the French law at that time), found the prisoner "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

The last words of the verdict probably denote that the jury considered the murder a *crime passionnel*, committed when the offender was incapable of premeditation.

His sentence was to life imprisonment, and he was committed to the prison at Toulon. He continued to protest his innocence.

His life as a convict was mercifully short, for he died less than two years afterward.

On the morning of his last day he asked for the chaplain and one of the chief prison officers. In the presence of these two he solemnly declared his total innocence. He said he did not know how or by whom the girl was killed. Although the case, so far as I know, has been described in print in English only once in the last fifty years, I think that lawyers have usually held that Léotade told the truth throughout, and that his conviction was a terrible injustice.

IT will be observed that there was, in the proceedings, an unusual amount of circumstantial evidence of an oddly minute kind. This pointed in different directions, but there is nothing to show that it was misleading in so far as it centered the investigation upon the Institute. The time of the girl's death, in all probability correctly established, together with the discovery of the body so near the Institute, tends to make it improbable, at least, that she was murdered elsewhere. And this is in addition to other clues of similar import.

But there is another point, which illustrates the fallibility of *direct* evidence—often, by implication, supposed to be so much more trustworthy than circumstantial evidence. The miscarriage of justice resulted from the failure of direct evidence: the erroneous or deliberately perjured testimony of Conte that he saw Léotade in the vestibule.

The question of who really did murder little Cécile Combettes remains as great a secret, after all these years, as it was on the morning when she was found kneeling under the cypress, with the geranium petal in her hair.

This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Pearson of real-life murder mysteries. Another will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—The Greek version of the Old Testament.

2—Battle of Jutland.

3—A theory or account of the origination of the universe.

4—A variety of mandarin orange often grown in Florida.

5—In Virginia near Washington, D. C.

6—One that is gained at too great cost.

7—The eye.

8—A thing which induces sleep.

9—Pertaining to fields or lands or their tenure.

10—A small monkey of Central or South America.

11—Thanks.

12—One that sheds its leaves annually.

13—Pharaohs.

14—Robin Hood.

15—Woodrow Wilson.

16—Without care.

17—The science of, or system of, weights and measures.

18—They are names of breeds of hogs.

19—The Panama Canal.

20—Germany.

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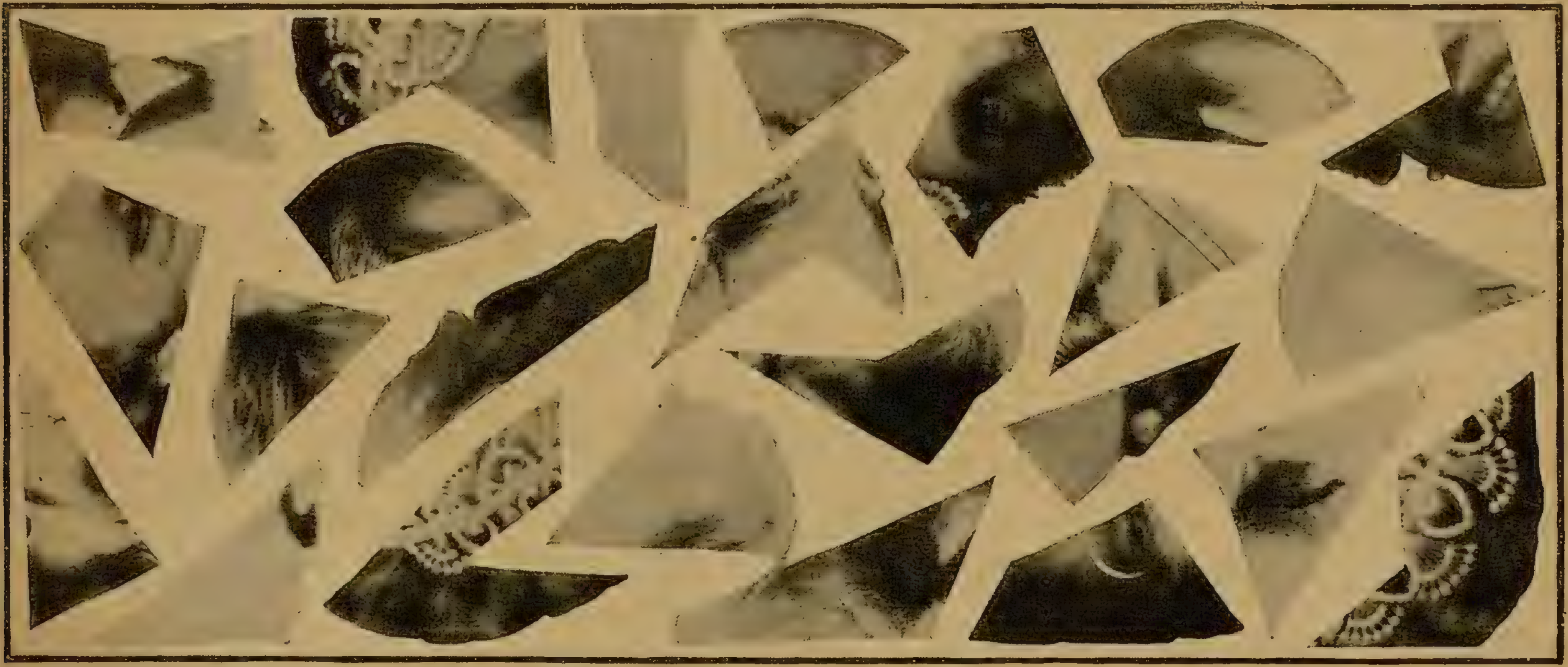

HERE is Puzzle No. 2 in Liberty's $5,000 Jig-Saw series. It brings you another chance to get in on some of the easiest money you ever saw. Here's the story. There will be ten of these puzzles, each containing the pictures of three people. Assemble them and identify them. When you have the complete set send your solutions in with a letter as instructed in the rules. A cinch? Sure. Get in on it. No matter if you did miss Puzzle No. 1 last week. Just write to JIG-SAW, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and ask for it. It will be sent you by return mail and you can then complete your set and gain the same standing as those who started last week.

We want you to get into this game. To give you a starting clue we are printing on this page six pictures. Among them are the three persons whose pictures you will have when you solve the puzzle. Now it's up to you. And just think of the big cash prizes some entrants are going to carry away! Read the rules, get out your scissors, and cut in with us.

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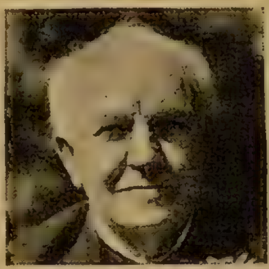
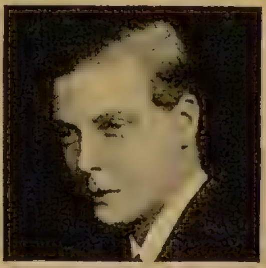
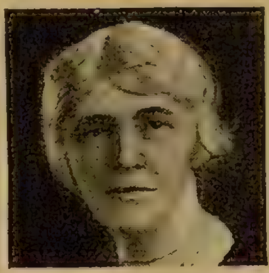
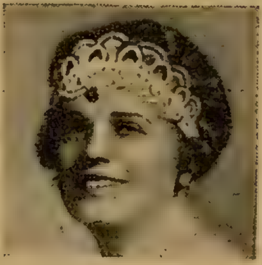
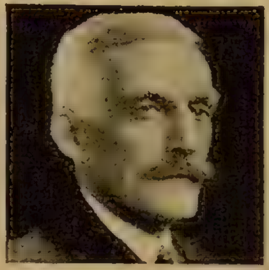
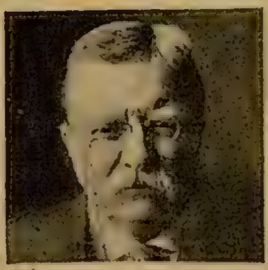












The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling " What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Thursday, November 26, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

PUZZLE NO. 3 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

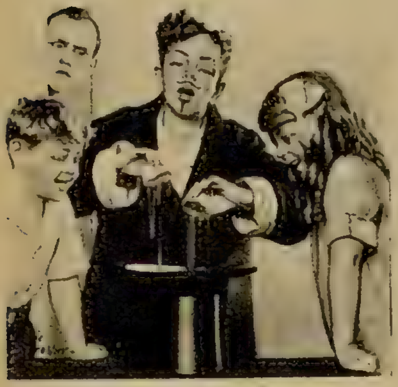
Black Magic

A New For the Love o' Lil

RAINY Sundays are apt to mean trouble when children are around. Red Hancock and Gwen Smithers have come over to play with Ulysses.

U. has a new book on magic, and he has, by dint of breaking more than one of Lil's cups and saucers, learned to balance a cup of milk right plumb on the tip of his nose.

Red, determined to make a hit before Gwen, is anxious to outdo himself. He knows one swell trick. Besides, he's seen Thurston, and Blackstone, and Dunninger, and even Houdini once.



This week's cover picture.

What he doesn't know about magic would fill a telephone directory.

"I'll give you a show worth seeing," he announces raucously. "Gemme a costume, will ya? I gotta have something snappy—something makes me look like a real gent."

Ulysses' little mind reverts to the sad day his father went to a wedding in full dress.

"I know," he shouts. "Just the thing!"

Gwen and Red strip the reading table of magazines, lamp, and cloth, setting them all pell-mell on the divan.

They shove the table over toward the wall and set two chairs for the audience.

Meanwhile U. returns with Sandy's swallowtail and the only real top hat in the neighborhood.

Excitedly Red dons the coat, turning in his shirt, folding back the cuffs.

"Here!" cries Gwen, dipping the wrong end of a pen into the inkwell on Lil's desk. "You must have a mustache and a beard."

Red tries to be offhand as she comes close to him and laboriously makes up his face.

"La-a-a-adies and gen'mun," begins Red importantly. "I shall show you the great won-dor of the East. A trick that has caused 'stonishment in the greatest theaters in the world.

"Get me a coupla eggs," he whispers sidewise to U. "You be my assistant, and get me some eggs."

U. tears out to the kitchen and swipes the eggs while no one is looking.

What matter if he leaves the door of the ice box open? It's all in the name of art.

Now Red has no audience at all and two excited assistants.

"I'm going to fry the egg, ladies and gen'mun," explains Red, calmly breaking an egg into the upturned top hat. "What'll you have, scrambled eggs or an omelet?"

The door opens cautiously. Sandy, attempting to listen to the radio, has been unable to believe his ears. He peers in and gasps.

"Just a few magic words," gargles Red. "Hocus-pocus, gollamalocus, and—"

"I'll hocus-pocus you!" Sandy is about to growl.

"Presto!" shouts Red, and triumphantly produces the egg whole again.

He has done the trick!

"By George, that's a corker," grins Sandy over the excited applause of the children. "How do you do it, Red?"

A few minutes later it is Lil's turn to thrust her horror-stricken face through the door. For Sandy couldn't do the trick!

(Next week's cover adventure: Clothes Make the Man)

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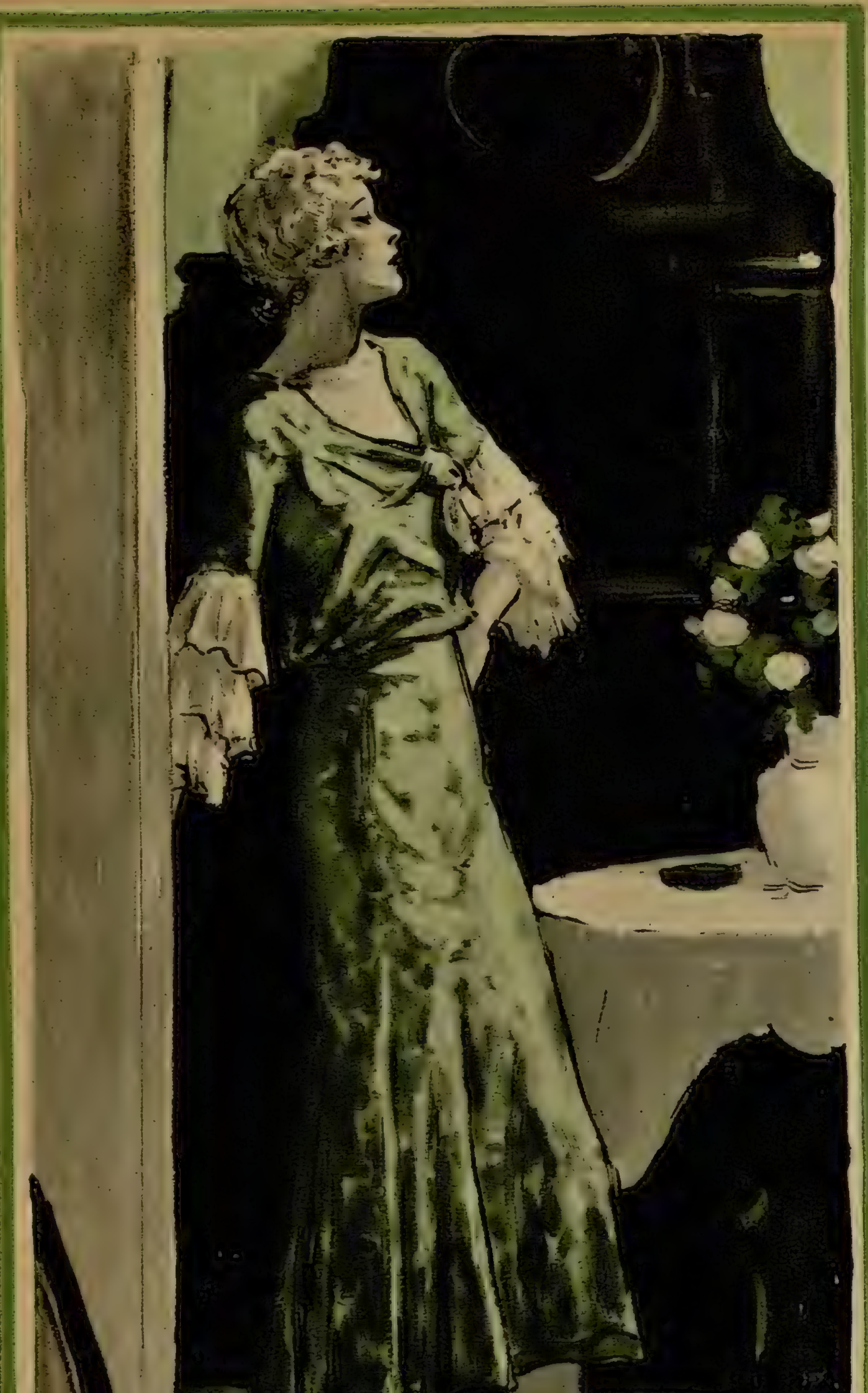
RAZORS AND BLADES

Silver

A Story of the Stratagem

By ETHEL

Pictures



With a defiant swing she threw open the door and entered.

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the revolt of Marcia Templeton. The coldness of her husband, Sir Everard, and her children's apparent indifference, left her heartsick. Consoled at length by the devotion of Eric Morven, she consented to go with him to Canada. Driving her to the steamer, his car overturned and he was desperately injured. When help arrived he persuaded Marcia to return home. Sir Everard sensed a difference in her. Deeply moved, he tried to recapture her love.

PART EIGHT—IN THE NICK OF TIME

INTO Marcia, in her chair behind Sir Everard, some electric force seemed suddenly to have entered. Swiftly and silently she rose, but she did not go to him. If any inner urging were upon her, impelling her to do so, she resisted it. She stood, tall and quiet, facing him, and she spoke with a strange fatality, a power with which he was wholly unfamiliar.

"There's no getting back into the past," she said. "That door was shut—forever—years ago. You didn't know. You were too busy to notice. We can only go forward now."

He made a blind, almost an agonized movement. "Don't tell me—I've lost you!" he said hoarsely.

"No." Again with that strange, half-prophetic calmness she answered him. "I still—belong. But it isn't as it was in the past, though God alone knows how hard I tried to keep it so. It slipped away from me in spite of all that I could do. We're getting old, you know, Everard." A tinge of her former weariness crept back into her voice. "We've grown into different ways—different habits. It's a very long time now since we plowed a furrow side by side—if indeed we ever did."

"But it isn't too late," he said.

"I don't know if it is possible any longer," she answered. "I am not even sure if we have ever been anything but strangers to each other—have ever come anywhere near to knowing each other. I don't suppose any two people have ever lived together and yet been so completely apart as you and I have."

"Marcia!" he said, and turned to look at her, his face drawn and haggard as she had never seen it. "Do you actually mean that?" he asked.

"Isn't it true?" she made answer. "Didn't you arrange long ago that I must go my way and you yours? No, don't think I'm reproaching you! It was probably quite inevitable—just as this is inevitable too. It seemed to me a terrible pity once, but—I am used to it now. I don't suppose I could give up going my own way even if I tried to. It has become such a habit." Her voice shook unexpectedly. "Surely," she said, "our only hope now lies in pressing forward—and making the best of what is left!"

"My dear!" he said. "Marcia!" and stretched out his hands to her with the words. "That's what I'm asking—what I want. Don't you understand? Just to know you are still my own! This past week has been like a nightmare—like hell—to me."

Marcia smiled—a very sad smile. "It needn't have been," she said.

She did not move in answer to his gesture, and the open misery in his eyes hardened slowly into stern endurance. He dropped his hands to his sides. "I suppose it will take time," he said. "Well, I can wait. And I have no wish to curtail your liberty in any way. You shall even have that week—every year—you asked for. Perhaps I deserve that. Anyhow, it will keep me from forgetting again that I have forfeited the right to inquire into your actions. That—was what you meant to convey, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps it was," Marcia said. "I think—that if you don't insist too much upon your rights—it will be easier for us both." She paused; her eyes were suddenly full of tears. For a few seconds she stood irresolute, then, with

Bride

f a Love-Hungry Wife

M. DELL

AY BARNUM

an impulsive movement that yet had in it an element of reserve, she went to him and laid her face against his shoulder. "We must make—a fresh beginning," she said almost inarticulately.

His arm slipped around her. He held her in silence for a space, then bent and mutely kissed her forehead.

It was a tacit reconciliation, a tacit resolve to set out anew side by side along the great thoroughfare in traveling which they had become so widely separated. But it did not open again the door into the past. For they had lost the key.

II

"OH, drat the man!" said Goldie, snatching the cigarette from her lips with a gesture of exasperation. "For sheer impertinence I've never met his equal. I wonder why I don't refuse him for good and all—tell him to git!"

"I wonder sometimes, too," said Marcia.

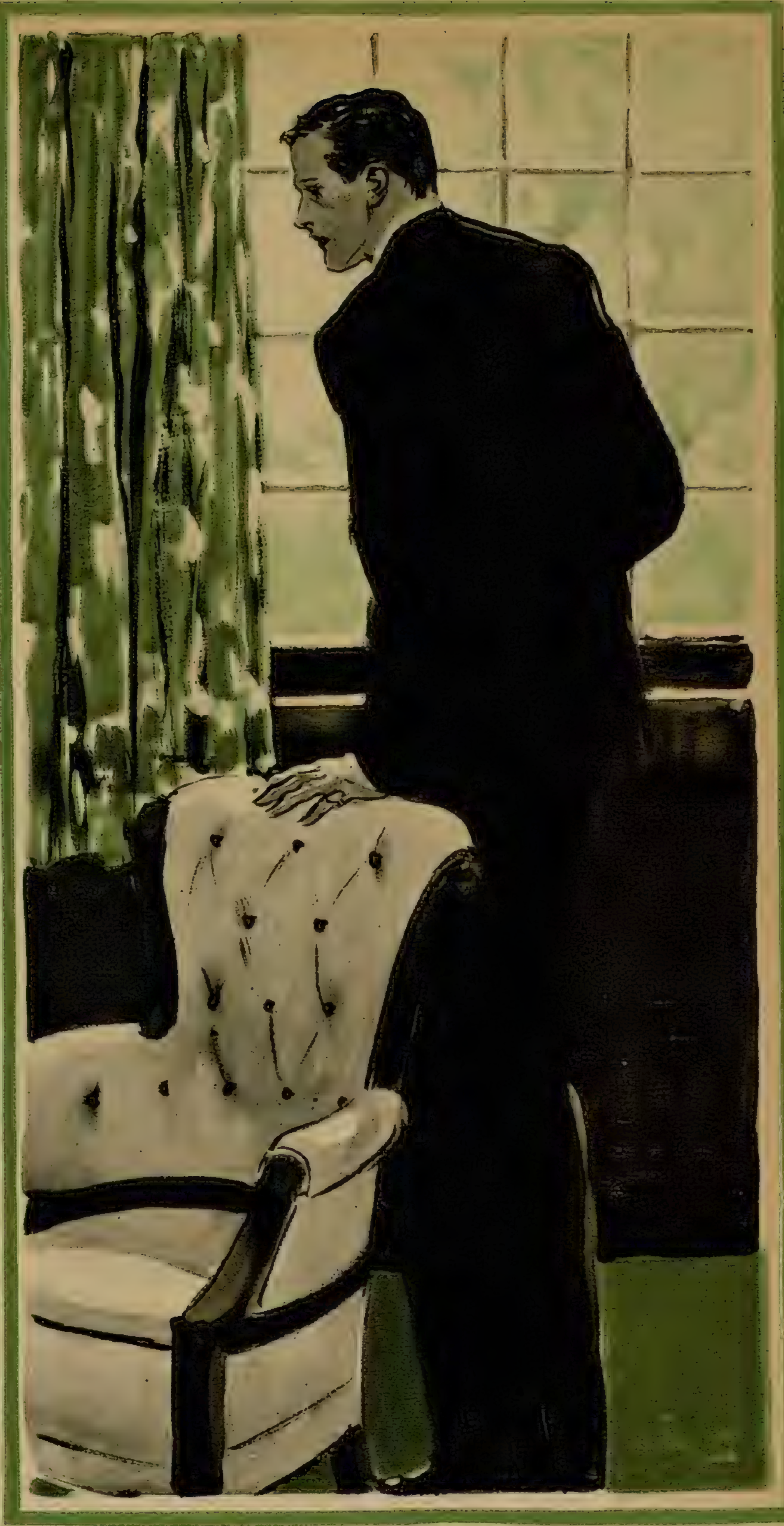
She looked at her daughter with a faint smile of wisdom hovering about her lips; but she offered her no advice. During the five years of Goldie's decidedly syncopated career in society she had learned the mother's lesson.

Goldie read the letter straight through and slapped it down upon the table. "Really, I think I shall retire from public life!" she said. "Oh, darling, how nice and serene you look! I wish we could change places."

"Would you like to be twenty years older?" said Marcia.

Goldie screwed up her face for a moment, then laughed. "Well, it's something to know the worst, isn't it? I have an awful presentiment that I'm going to get married this year. But who to is a point I can't discuss even with myself."

"I had been married for five years when I was your age," remarked Marcia.



A figure was standing at the window. It turned to meet her.

Goldie gurgled a little. "I know, darling. It was hardly decent of you. How you must have wished you hadn't!"

"No. I never did that." Marcia spoke with a gentle decision. "I fell in love, Goldie."

"Poor darling!" said Goldie. "It was your only excuse. I wish I'd been there. I'd have put a stop to it."

Marcia broke into a laugh. "Goldie! Why?"

Goldie sat down on the edge of the table and surveyed her critically. "You're very beautiful," she said.

"I don't think I am," said Marcia simply. "I never have thought so."

Goldie nodded. "In the eyes of men, you are," she said. "That's my trouble, too. It keeps one so busy fending them off that it doesn't leave much time for anything else."

"Darling!" protested Marcia. "Are you as beset as all that?"

Goldie nodded again darkly. "I think men are the devil, don't you? So plausible and beastly." She made an unexpected snuggling movement downward toward her mother's breast. "Don't let me marry Maurice Baronford, darling!" she said. "I don't want to in the least."

Marcia's quiet arms enfolded her. "I don't want you to, *chérie*," she said, "if you don't love him—"

Goldie gave a wriggle that might have been a shudder vehemently suppressed. "But I do!" she said in a choked voice. "I do! I do! I—lie awake at night because of him. I—count the hours when I'm away from him. I feel—quite sick whenever I see him. Isn't that that disgusting thing called love?"

"Dearest!" Marcia said. "What am I to say to you?"

"I don't know. You needn't say anything." The girl's arms were tight around her; they had almost a desperate clutch. "Don't let me marry him, that's all! Don't let me!"

"He has asked you?" Marcia asked.

"He keeps on asking—or, rather, taking for granted.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-seven

I hated him at first. I do still—in sane moments. But I'm not so sane as I was. That's the beastly part of it. I'm losing my balance. I'm getting undermined. I'm—" She broke off suddenly and drew a deep hard breath. "What frightful rot I'm talking!" she said, and stood up with a jerk. "And how sweet of you to listen! How on earth did we get on to it? Oh, yes, it was you—marrying the man you loved at eighteen!" She uttered a hard little laugh and inhaled her cigarette smoke with exaggerated deliberation. "You know, darling, you don't look much older than I do now—though I'll bet he's the only man in the world who doesn't notice it."

Marcia looked up at the pale, defiant young face above her. "I am pretty sure of one thing, my child, which you may or may not relish my telling you. And that is that you have never yet tasted the very first beginnings of what I call love."

Goldie laughed again. "You mean the dear old-fashioned laid-up-in-lavender style of thing! Well, darling, you'll laugh at me when I tell you that I did sample it once, long ago—years and years ago—when I was a kid at school. And I liked it frightfully then, of course, but I doubt if it would appeal to me now."

"WHEN you were at school?" Marcia said. "You never told me."

"Of course I didn't." Goldie threw herself down in a sprawling attitude in an easy-chair; her pale face with its crown of gleaming hair was in shadow. "But I'll satisfy your romantic curiosity by telling you now, if you like," she said. "It was Peter Tregassa. But then he went to Canada and turned into a farmer. And he wrote to me that he had dropped his title out there—which I thought rather plebeian of him and told him so—and after that I'm afraid the correspondence ceased." She blew a cloud of smoke upward. "Yet I believe I should have married Peter if he'd had the sense to stay in England and get civilized," she said. "He was a ripping boy."

"Perhaps he is the reason that you haven't married," suggested Marcia. She moved across the room to a bureau and sat down before it with her back turned. "Perhaps he is." Goldie yawned. "I'm sure I don't know. But, anyhow, I don't propose to remain single for his sake all my life. Do you remember that Major Morven?" She shot the question rather suddenly.

"Who?" said Marcia. She had begun to make dots with her pen on the open blotter, still idly, yet with a hint of purpose.

"Major Morven, darling," her daughter explained with a chuckle; "the man you had that innocuous flirtation with at Pentreith all those years ago—to the deep indignation of my crude and undeveloped mind. Don't say you've forgotten him!"

"Oh, no!" said Marcia quietly. Her voice was perfectly steady; it had a faint ring as of amusement. "I remember him quite well. I very nearly smacked you once for being rude to him. But—luckily for you—you apologized before I had the opportunity."

Goldie laughed aloud. "In all the precious memories of childhood I can't trace a single one even remotely suggestive of a smacking from you—though I'm sure I often deserved one," she added generously. "Maurice says I do still. Beast!"

"I wonder you allow yourself even to think of him," said Marcia to the blotting pad.

Goldie made a terrific grimace. "I don't. I'm compelled. I loathe thinking of him—but I want to, all the same. Tonight I'm going with him to the Carte Blanche Club. I don't know why. I've refused twice, and I wouldn't even discuss it with him on the phone. Yet—here is his letter announcing the fact!"

Marcia turned sharply. "But, Goldie—"

Goldie interrupted.

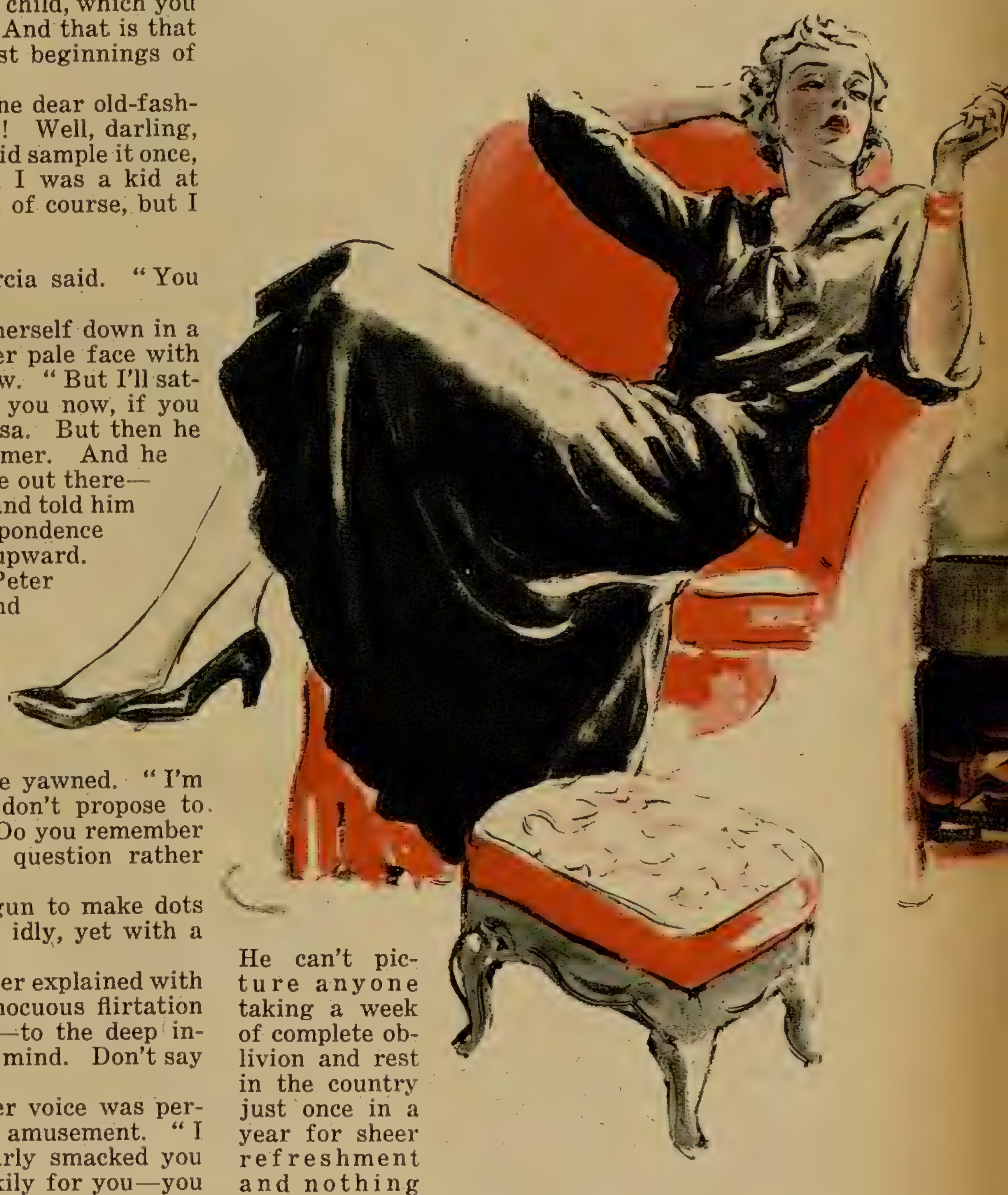
"Don't say it! It won't make the faintest difference. I'm going. Because why? Because if I don't go, he'll take Virginia—and I shall be awake all night wondering."

"Goldie!" Marcia spoke with more insistence. "You're not to talk like that. It's absurd—it's—"

"I know it is, dear." Again, humorously, Goldie interrupted. "It's positively indecent. But what am I to do? After all, she's had about ten years' start. He never even looked at me till the day I snubbed him for saying something beastly about people going into annual retreat—meaning you. I really was furious with him that day." She uttered a brief laugh at the memory.

Marcia's eyes shone with an unusual light. "What did he say?" she said.

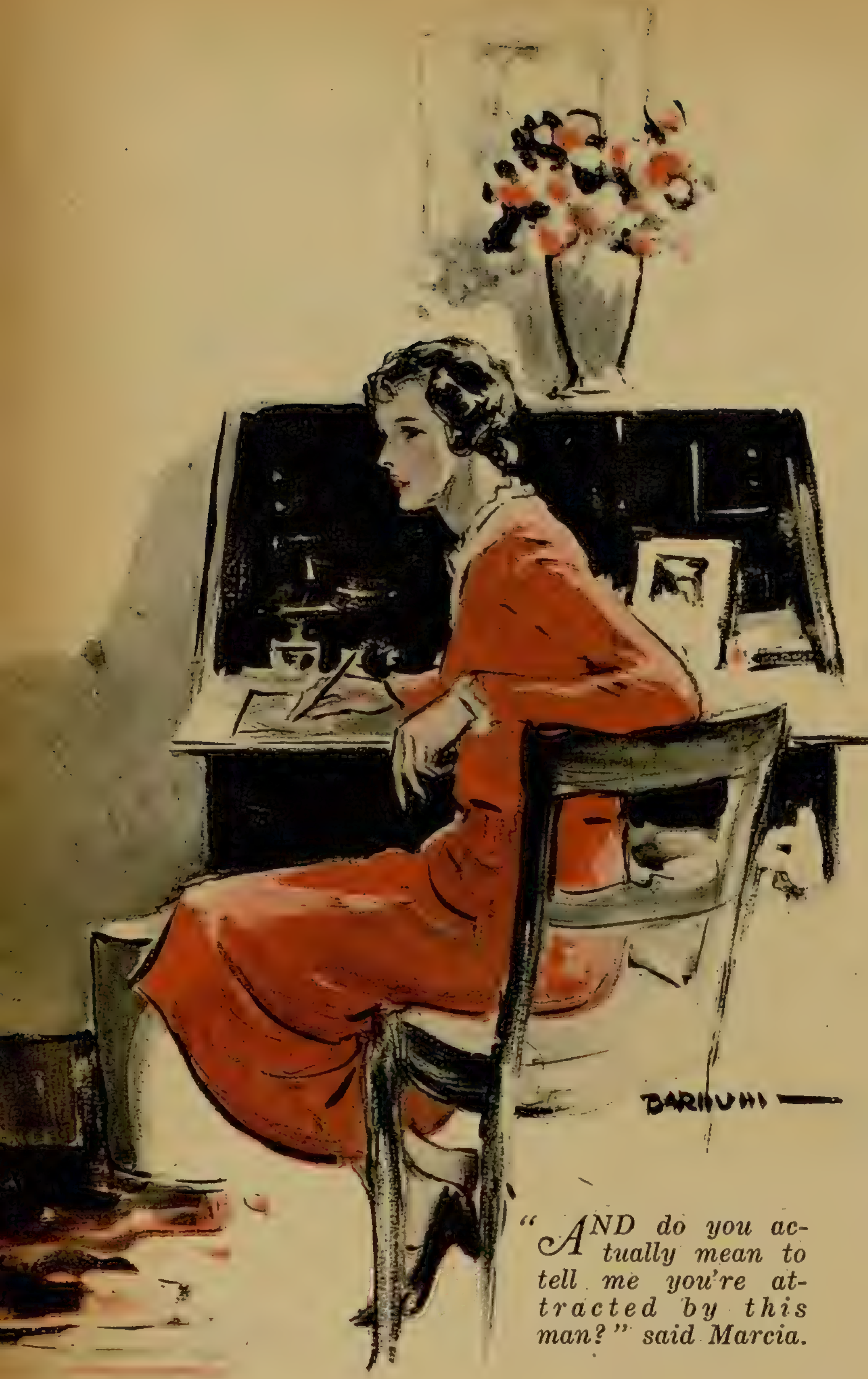
Goldie clicked her fingers in the air. "I truly don't remember. It was just one of his cynical little digs. He doesn't like you, dear heart. You're too honest for him. He can't picture anyone taking a week of complete oblivion and rest in the country just once in a year for sheer refreshment and nothing else. His whole being is composed of the most complex intrigue—like a jig-saw puzzle."



"And do you actually mean to tell me that you're attracted by this man?" said Marcia.

"Not attracted, darling—fascinated, mesmerized, enthralled!" Goldie threw her hands wide. "I say no to him. He says yes to me. I say no again. But it's no earthly use. There simply isn't another man that counts. And he knows it. It's a funny life. When I've been married as long as you have— How long have you been married, by the way?" Marcia was looking at her very steadily. "Goldie," she said, when the girl ceased to speak, "I want you, please, darling, to write at once to Mr. Baronford and tell him definitely that you are engaged tonight."

Goldie snapped her fingers again, blowing an airy kiss in the same gesture. "Oddsbodikins, sweetheart! That won't cut any ice. The man has second sight. He always



"AND do you actually mean to tell me you're attracted by this man?" said Marcia.

knows where to find me. You must think of some other means of deliverance. I know!" with a dramatic flourish. "Produce—Peter!"

She was at the door with the words. Looking back, she threw her mother a lovely impudent smile, and the next instant would have been gone but for the fact that she encountered her father on the threshold.

"Hullo, dad!" she ejaculated. "Why, you're just the very person we wanted. How long have you been married? Mum and I can't remember."

SIR EVERARD, tall, spare and looking older than his years, entered the room with his habitual dignity. He regarded his daughter with a kindliness that was yet not unmixed with severity. He was fond of Goldie and in his way proud of her, but he had a shrewd suspicion that if ever he came to know her better he would approve of her less. That Marcia had steered her successfully through the shoals and rapids of five London seasons was certainly a matter for congratulation; but he was beginning to think it was time Goldie married.

He stooped and gravely kissed her bright face. "Good morning, Dora! How long have we been married? Why, I am almost afraid to think."

With his hand upon her shoulder, he turned her back into the room.

Marcia still sat at her bureau. Her eyes were troubled, but she smiled at his approach.

"It isn't a very difficult sum, is it?" he said. "How old are you, Marcia? Or, shall we say, How old is Dennis? Our marriage is just a year older."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Goldie. She stooped and impulsively kissed Marcia's forehead. "Why, darling, Den's twenty-four. You're going to have a silver-wedding day this year!"

"What a discovery!" said Marcia.

"Ah! You knew it!" declared Goldie. "You can't pretend to me! You were just waiting like a modest matron for dad to remember! And he never would have done it but for me. Well, well, we must do something about it, mustn't we? What's the date? In October some time, isn't it?"

"The eighteenth," said Sir Everard with precision.

"St. Luke's Day," said Goldie, "when one always expects a little summer and doesn't get it! Well, we must have a wedding reception, that's certain. I know what I'll do. I'll arrange to get married myself on that day, and then one ceremony will do for the two of us. We'll have a double wedding, darling, and I'll share my bridesmaids with you. And they'll all be dressed in silver with bouquets of rosemary and white heather. Now how does that appeal to you?"

"Are you thinking of getting married, Dora? It's the first I've heard of it," said Sir Everard with a hint of pomposity.

"My dear dad, I've been thinking of it for years," she returned nonchalantly. "Just waiting for a superman, that's all. But I've taken to reading the stars lately, and I fancy he'll turn up soon—if he hasn't already. Well, so long, ye lovers!"

The door closed lightly behind her.

"What does she mean?" said Sir Everard.

Marcia spoke slowly and reluctantly. "I'm very much afraid—that she means to marry Maurice Baronford."

"INDEED!" said Sir Everard. "Well, he's a brilliant barrister and a rising man. It would be an excellent match for her—as far as I can see."

"I don't think so," Marcia said, her voice low and distressed. "He may be a successful man, but he is too old—too sophisticated—too cynical. Women are mere playthings to him—just to occupy his leisure moments. He has been playing with Virginia Freeman for the last ten years, and he will neither take her nor let her go. Is that the sort of man to give a girl happiness?"

"I must say," remarked Sir Everard, "that so far as Virginia is concerned, I imagine she is the one who won't let go."

"And it may be she has good reason," said Marcia. "Do you really think he is the sort of man to content himself for all these years with mere trifling? Why hasn't he married her? Tell me that!" Her voice was passionate. "Because he can get all he wants from her without! Because she has made herself his adoring slave for years. And now he is ready to kick her from his path. Or—it may be—not even that! It may be just—quite kindly—to set her on one side for a little while—until he needs her again!"

"Marcia! My dear girl!" he said. "Really—you're going rather far. You've no evidence to support such an accusation."

She got up as if goaded and went to him. "Everard, I can't help it. No, I've no evidence, as you say. Only the misery in that poor woman's eyes! Virginia and I used to be friends long ago. We are not now. She gave me up because I saw too much." She clasped her hands suddenly and very urgently upon his arm. "Everard! Goldie must not marry this man. Help me to save her from him!"

He laid his hand at once and very kindly upon hers, but his eyes told her that he thought her unreasonable. "You're a little overwrought this morning, dear," he said. "Dora is of an age to choose for herself, and I must admit it would be a considerable relief to me to know that she had done as well for herself as to marry Baronford. She might do very much worse."

Marcia's hands fell. She turned from him. "I might have known," she said.

"No," said Sir Everard quietly, "that is not fair to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-nine

me. I don't think you are being very fair to anyone over this. And you have always been prejudiced against Baronford."

"I think that might be regarded as mutual," she said. "He detests me, as you know." She wheeled and faced him. "You do know it, don't you? Even Goldie knows it."

"Well," he reasoned, "he has probably discovered your suspicious attitude regarding Virginia. It would certainly cause antagonism if he understood it."

"Yes, it would. Perhaps he has," said Marcia. "Well, we needn't discuss it further. We can't agree."

"I don't like to hear you say that, dear," he said. "You know I always try to understand your point of view."

She made a conciliatory gesture. "Oh, yes, dear, I know. And of course a woman's intuition is bound to seem worthless to you who are always weighing concrete evidence."

"Well, no, not worthless," he said with a smile. "But I daren't attach too much value to it. You see, I have to take into consideration the fact that the particular woman whose instincts are in question is so rigidly loyal herself that she may be apt to regard the laxer principles of others with too severe a judgment."

He came behind her and bent over her. "Don't think I would have you any different, Marcia!" he said. "If you saw the sort of things I see so often—the lying and corruption, especially among women—you would realize how precious that unbending integrity—that stainless honor—is to me. I sometimes feel"—his hand gently pressed her shoulder—"that you are the only woman in the world that I could ever dare to trust—the perfect wife!"

She shrank sharply, involuntarily, as if from the prick of a weapon. "Oh, Everard!" she said, and hid her face in her hands.

"Marcia!" he said, startled.

She recovered herself instantly, and looked up at him with a desperately quivering smile. "Oh, I'm sorry. Forgive me! I am stupid and upset this morning. I think mothers have rather a bad time of it nowadays."

"You mustn't worry so, dear," he said. "After all, each must live his own life, you know. We can't live other people's." He stooped and kissed her forehead. "Well, I must go."

She was alone. The May sunlight streamed in upon her. Yet she shivered.

After a long pause she opened a little secret drawer in her bureau and took from it a letter. She spread it out before her with fingers that trembled.

It began: "Beloved queen of my heart. Truelove Farm is ours at last for our week of heaven! How am I going to wait for the first week in October? I'm dreaming already of the sea and the bracken—and you."

III

"WELL?" said Baronford with his complacent smile. "Still sitting on the fence?"

"No," said Goldie. "Preparing to jump off it!"

A month had gone by since that talk with her mother, and during that month it was as if Marcia had spread protecting wings about the girl, shielding her unobtrusively from the threatening danger, for the two had scarcely met. Circumstances had helped her considerably in the return of Dennis from eastern Europe, where he had an appointment in connection with a British embassy. And Baronford himself had been absent for a week or two upon business. But he was free now for a few days before the opening of the Law Courts, and he did not even pretend to Goldie that his meeting with her was an accident.

On her side it was different. She had not expected to see him. It was a dance for unmarried people, under her Aunt Lillith's auspices, and she had come to it with her brother.

He received her statement, still smiling. "On my side or the other?" he asked.

"The other," she returned promptly.

Baronford was a faultless dancer. On that particular night he was in an exasperating mood, and he compelled her to follow it in all its tantalizing phases.

"It's good practice for you," he remarked presently. "When you're completely plastic, perhaps I will give you something more exciting."

"I hate you!" said Goldie under her breath.

He continued to smile. "What for chiefly? Going away? Or coming back?" She did not answer, and he laughed as though he had scored.

"I'm sure you've missed me," he said.

She remained silent, her face turned from him.

"Are you tired of dancing?" he asked her suddenly.

"No," she answered, almost in spite of herself.

"Then I'll show you something," said Maurice Baronford.

TWO seconds later the almost forgotten fascination of the man was thrilling her once again, and she was dancing with an abandonment that was pure passion. How he managed thus to dominate her, to inspire her, she could not have told. Something in his personality—a hint of the lion tamer—and the physical magnetism of perfect rhythm, enslaved her; and ere she knew it he had bound her anew with fetters too subtle and too powerful for her to evade or break. Even when the music ceased she remained for some seconds still under the spell.

"That was wonderful!" she breathed.

He drew her out of the crowd. It was as if he bore her, for she was not conscious of personal effort; but as they went up the stairs she came to herself, and, reaching the top, she made a definite stand.

"I think this is far enough."

"How prudent!" was his comment, and as he uttered it he drew her behind a thick curtain and took her in his arms. She had a moment's repulsion, a moment's hot resistance, then she yielded. His lips were on her own with a deep, increasing insistence, and an unknown electric force within herself leaped up in swift response. She clung to her captor half laughing, half in tears.

"Don't—stifle me!" she gasped, as his lips left hers at last.

"You deserve to be," he said. "How dare you trifle with me, you little devil? You knew you were marked down."

"I haven't—trifled," she protested, still gasping. "No—Maurice—please—give me a chance!"

"I won't give you anything of the sort," he said. "Here! Come in here!"

He pushed her into a dark room near at hand, still closely holding her, for she made a brief effort to hold back.

"It's Aunt Lillith's boudoir. She wouldn't like anyone in here."

"I don't care what it is," he said, "or who likes or doesn't like." He locked the door as he spoke. "I'm going to hold you in my arms. I'm going to—" She switched on the light. "Why did you do that?"

She retorted rather desperately, "Why did you lock the door?"

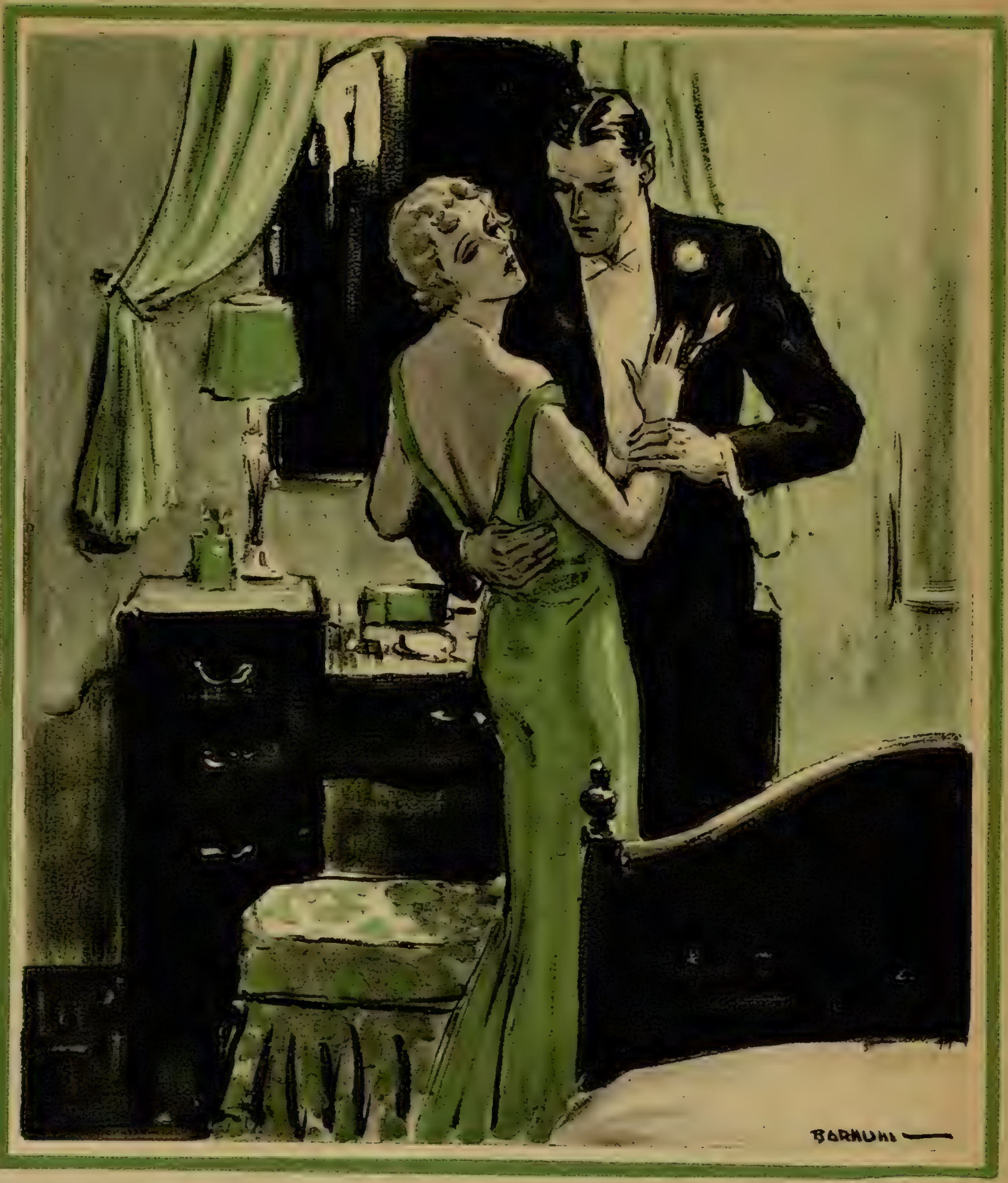
He laughed a little, drawing her closer. "Because I don't make love for all the world to see. Now, darling, look at me—look at me! Let me see yes in your eyes!"

But Goldie still hung back. The dream had passed, though some of the glamour yet remained. "I'll tell you tomorrow," she said.

"Tomorrow!" he scoffed. "Why, you've had a month already."

"It'll be a month tomorrow," she returned. The practical in her was gaining the upper hand, and she realized with a tinge of self-contempt that she had allowed herself to be carried away. "It won't hurt either of us to wait till then. Let's go back and dance!"

She spoke with a hint of coaxing, for deep within her she knew that this man was not, as he himself had suggested, to be lightly trifled with. The close hold in which



"Let go of me!" she panted. "If—you kiss me again, it'll be—against my will."

she stood told her as much, but she avoided his eyes, warned by an instinct she could not question.

"Someone has warned you against me," he said with a deadly directness impossible to evade. "You're trying to make yourself say no when you don't want to. I know. I can read you like a book. You want to say yes, but you're afraid. Who are you afraid of? Your mother?" He shot the question as though he were cross-examining a witness, and she shrank involuntarily before she had time to answer.

"I thought so," he said. "These blameless people who contrive to place themselves beyond suspicion are always the ones to throw stones. What has she said about me? I may as well hear it."

"Nothing," said Goldie in swift indignation. "And you're not to say one word against her, for I simply won't hear it. It's enough to make me say no here and now!"

HE drew her quickly to him. "You won't! You can't! You're mine already. You gave yourself to me downstairs."

His lips were close to her own, but she resisted him with sudden ferocity. "No! It wasn't really giving. You made me."

"Then I'll make you again," he said, deliberately mastering her. "Look at me—look at me!"

But she would not. Powerless as she was, she yet clung to that which he had so nearly wrested from her, in blind obedience to an instinct of self-preservation which she only vaguely recognized.

"Let go of me!" she panted. "If—you kiss me again, it'll be—against my will."

"Don't be so young!" he said.

But Goldie withstood the taunt. "I don't care what you call me. Let me go! I'm not enjoying it any more."

He held her still. "Are you going to deny that you love me?" he said.

"I don't know," she flung back. "I'll tell you tomorrow—not tonight. Oh, it isn't fair—it isn't fair!" For his lips were on her neck in spite of her, and his kisses had the scorching quality of a flame. She put up her hands suddenly over her face and burst into tears.

"My darling!" he said.

But she dragged away from him. "I can't bear it! Go away! I'll see you tomorrow. I can't—I won't—say anything tonight."

There was finality in words and action, and Baronford relinquished his hold. "Don't get hysterical, I beg!" he said. "There is no occasion for that, I assure you."

"Me—hysterical!" gasped Goldie, suppressing her emotion with a violent effort. "We'll go back now, shall we? I've got a partner for the next dance. And—and"—she could not resist it, for he had stung her—"I expect—Virginia—is waiting for you, isn't she?"

He stretched a hand to the door. "Ah!" he said. "So that's the mischief, is it?"

She saw her mistake in a flash, but it was irretrievable; the spoken word was her master. She stood in silent mortification.

He unlocked the door very quietly, but he did not immediately open it. "It may interest you to know," he said, "that you are quite two years behind the times. The lady you mention has given up waiting for me."

Goldie's face was crimson. She murmured something inarticulate that might have been an apology.

HE held out his hand to her with an enigmatical smile. "All right, Goldie!" he said. "We won't quarrel over that. What about tomorrow? Will you lunch with me at Frangipani's? Or must I come to you?"

She gave him her hand at last, very slowly.

"I think perhaps," she said, "you had better come to me. Four o'clock—if you don't mind."

He kept her hand. "Tea with you alone?" he said.

She nodded. Her face was still burning. "Yes. But I don't promise anything. You understand that, of course?"

"I'm going to ask you for one promise," he said.

"What?" She was trying secretly to release her hand, and, as secretly, he prevented her.

"Don't panic!" he said. "It's only this: That you won't mention to anyone whatever that I am the visitor you are expecting. That's a fair condition, Goldie. It ought to appeal to your sporting mind."

She nodded again, understanding him, and by no means anxious for an explanation. "All right. I promise. I won't tell a soul."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page sixty-one

He released her and opened the door. "That's settled then," he said in a tone of calm satisfaction. "By this time tomorrow I hope all our troubles will be over."

"Oh, so do I," said Goldie fervently.

She passed him swiftly and went away without looking back, fearing only lest he should see into her soul and realize how nearly he had stormed the fort.

As the hours of the next day wore on, Goldie's nerves became more and more tumultuous. After luncheon she paced about her room, listening with strained intentness to every sound. He would come at four. At four she would go down to him and make the dread surrender. It was no use hanging back any longer. Already she seemed to have fought her destiny beyond her strength. Last night—she knew it now—she had felt the iron of his will encompassing her.

Marcia was lunching out somewhere with Dennis. Goldie herself had had a social engagement, but she could not keep it and was too bemused even to find out what it was. She would have to make her excuses afterward.

Hobbs tapped at her door and was admitted—Hobbs a little more ceremonious and prim with advancing years.

"There is a gentleman downstairs waiting to see you, Miss Dora," she announced. "He gave no name."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Goldie, glancing at her watch. "It's only three! Go and put him in the morning room, and tell him I shall be down in two shakes! Oh, and we shall want tea presently. I'll ring for it."

"Very good, Miss Dora," said Hobbs and departed.

Goldie proceeded to smooth her hair with fevered haste. It really was absurd of him to come so early. Absurd of Hobbs, too, to pretend she did not know his name! She must have seen Maurice scores of times. Part of her overwhelming sense of propriety no doubt!

She went to the window for a moment and drew two or three hard breaths. She would have given all she had to have escaped the interview before her. Then she went downstairs. At the door of the morning room she paused, feeling ridiculously like a schoolgirl about to be punished for some escapade; then with a defiant swing she threw open the door and entered.

A large square figure was standing at the window. It turned to meet her.

"I say, I hope you don't mind," said a voice—the last voice in the world that she had expected to hear.

And, "You!" cried Goldie.

The door banged behind her—she sprang forward. They met in the middle of the room.

"You!" she cried again, and sobbing and laughing she threw her arms around his neck. "Peter—you darling!"

THEIR lips met just as inevitably as long ago at Tregassa Castle. He clasped her in a great bear hug that was infinitely satisfying to her torn spirit.

"Oh, Peter, you do me good!" she said, and the tears were running down her face.

"I'm awfully glad," he said in his frank, honest way. "I say—you're crying!"

"Don't stop me! I'm enjoying it!" sobbed Goldie. "Kiss me again, darling! Hold me tight! Oh, why did you stay away so long?"

Peter kissed her, a little astonished by the warmth of his reception, but by no means unbalanced. He pulled out a handkerchief and dried her tears. "It's awfully jolly to be together again, isn't it?"

"I don't believe it's true yet," said Goldie, still clinging to him. "I shall wake up in a minute and find you've gone back to your vile ranch in Canada."

He laughed softly. "I'll take you with me if I do—that is, if you'll come."

"Like a shot, I will," said Goldie—which was all of proposal or acceptance that ever passed between them. She added somewhat resentfully, "I'd have done it long ago if you'd given me the chance."

"Would you?" said Peter in surprise. "I say, I wish I'd known! But I thought you'd chucked me many years ago. I never dreamed—"

"Idiot!" said Goldie tersely. "Of course I chucked you! You weren't worth keeping. You don't suppose I *wanted* to carry you about in my heart all this time?"

"And yet—" said Peter, slightly puzzled but hoping for the best. She laid her head on his shoulder. "I just couldn't help myself. You simply spoiled the rest of creation for me. I've often hated you for it."

"Hating me now?" suggested Peter, bracing himself to hear the worst. She turned her face up to his again. "No, loving you—loving you—loving you! Why—darling—why didn't you come back before?"

He kissed her quivering lips once more and was silent, battling with emotion. "Let's sit down and I'll tell you all about it," he said at length. "You see, I never thought you'd look at me again, and it was no good coming over and making myself miserable, was it?"

"Would you have been miserable?" said Goldie.

"I was damnably miserable when I went," said Peter.

"BUT you got over it?" she suggested.

"I made myself get over it. I never left off loving you. But when you chucked me—"

"I never really chucked you!" protested Goldie.

"Well, darling, I thought you meant to," he said. "You just became a dream to me. I put you into a secret corner of my soul and I worshiped you in private."

"You didn't forget me, then?" said Goldie, mollified.

"I never forgot you. I couldn't. And I didn't want to. But I had to make good somehow—though I was only a farmer." Goldie stirred restlessly. "So I just carried on and pulled the ranch together and made a decent thing of it. Then—this year—the lease of Tregassa Castle expires, so I always knew I should have to come home to see to it. And I used to say to myself that p'r'aps I'd see you again. But I never thought you'd look at me."

Goldie stirred again. "Because you were only a farmer, I suppose?" she said.

"That was how you put it," said Peter.

"Pig!" said Goldie. "I don't mean you this time. I'm a horrid beast, Peter, and I loathe myself. And oh, d'you know, an awful thing is happening this afternoon! There's a man coming to ask me to marry him."

"Well, you can't," said Peter.

"No, I know. And I shall have to tell him so." She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. "Peter, the awful part is, I was going to say—yes," she whispered.

"Poor devil!" said Peter gently.

"You needn't pity him. He's had a jolly lucky escape. Besides, he doesn't really know what love means—not—our sort of love," murmured Goldie in the hushed tones of one making confession. "It was only—a sort of makeshift with me too. I thought it was the most I'd ever get. You came—only just in time, Peter."

"You'd better let me see him," said Peter. "Maybe I can explain better."

"I think we'll see him together," said Goldie with a shiver. "I shall be very glad when it's over."

When at length the long, decided ring at the doorbell announced Baronford's arrival Goldie turned so white that Peter thought she would faint.

"Don't you come, darling! You're not up to it. Leave it to me!" he urged. But Goldie would not be persuaded. "You wouldn't think much of me if I did," she said. "And I should despise myself—even worse than I do already. But you can come too," she added. "I don't think I could make him believe me alone."

"All right," said Peter quietly.

The butler opened the door. "Mr. Baronford, miss! Would you wish me to show him up?"

"In the drawing-room, is he?" said Goldie. "No, Wilson, I'll come down." She turned to her companion. "Come on, Peter! Let's get it over!"

As an enemy, Baronford could be dangerous, as you'll realize when you read next week's installment.

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

Pictures by HAROLD DENISON

(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)

I HAVE just had a rough-and-tumble talk with Theodore Dreiser, author of An American Tragedy, all-around literary champ who fights as sensationally as he writes. I'll admit his delight in growling like a bogey-man made me mad. But he is a man who thinks, and I respect him for that. Also he can be very nice when he wants to be nice. Just what inner complex disinclines him as a rule to be amiable is another matter.

He started off by attacking the magazine work done by women writers. "Weeds and fungus growing on a marsh," was the way he put it. From that pleasantry he returned to the general subject of woman's place in the modern world.

"Men have one thing to sell," he said. "Women have another. Being attractive and shrewd is every woman's business. Women must fool men. Men must defend themselves if they can. But the work market favors men, so women should enjoy a preferential status under any government.

THEODORE DREISER

"Sex questions are handled more brilliantly in Soviet Russia than elsewhere. Soviet divorce law considers the support of the children first."

Mr. Dreiser then took some cracks at America. "Factories as we have them," he said, "are a kind of hell. American cities are hellish, and our countryside looks trashy."

Yes, he said, he preferred the slower, quieter growth of European towns. I couldn't help wondering how he reconciled this viewpoint with his vast admiration for the scampering quick march of the Soviet Five-Year Plan.

"One more question, Mr. Dreiser," I said, getting up to go.

"Don't ask me for my autograph," he roared. "I hate giving my autograph!"

I'm afraid that annoyed me. "Who wants your old autograph?" I snapped. "I certainly don't!" Then I saw how funny we both were. "You lose your temper easily, don't you, Mr. Dreiser?" I said. "Do you think other people have the right to lose theirs, too?"

"Of course I do," he answered. "Everyone ought to let themselves blow up once in a while. I never hold it against people who pitch into me."

DO you like love stories about real-life sweethearts who are elderly? I am very fond of them. The sunset glow always appeals to me, particularly when it comes after stormy years of trial and heartbreak, as it does so often.

Of these real-life romances I know one that seemed hopeless at the outset. When I first met Marion she had a remarkably handsome young husband who was, nevertheless, an incurable drunkard. For years she struggled against the horrors of life with such a man. Finally she divorced him and went to work for her living. Although wealthy enough, he could not be depended upon for alimony. Marion preferred to support herself and their little boy, aged five.

In the business world she met a prominent man with whom she soon found that she had much in common. Among other things, his wife was a dipsomaniac—a secret drinker as incurable as Marion's husband.

Well, Marion fell in love; was loved in return. But the legal steps necessary to a new marriage were renounced by the man out of consideration for his children; he had been married twenty years, and breaking up his family would have been terribly complicated, terribly dislocating. So Marion and he decided that friendship must satisfy them. "Old-fashioned," said some of their more modern friends, who admired their integrity just the same.

And the years passed. And the lovers went on being nothing more than friends.

Ultimately the dipsomaniac wife succumbed to influenza. A year later Marion and the widower were married. At their wedding her eldest stepdaughter told me, "Without Marion I should have gone crazy during the last two years mother lived."

Now a mutual friend writes, "They are the happiest married pair—the *youngest* lovers among all our friends."

Isn't it fine to see time mend broken lives!

HAVE you plenty of cash? No? Neither have I. But never mind, we girls can feel rich by proxy. New statistics show that 41 per cent of the individual wealth in this country belongs to women. Out of every seventy estates left by men, fifty go to women. A large proportion of women leave their money to other women.

Specially interesting are the facts about investments. In many of the largest corporations more than half of the stockholders are women.

The income-tax money paid out by women—on moderate incomes as well as large ones—amounts to a sum very nearly equal to that paid by men.

Finally, there are more women than men in the very rich class having incomes above $1,000,000 a year.

All this sounds grand, doesn't it?

BEAUTY specialists always tell us not to frown or scowl. They say frowning wears our faces out and makes us wrinkled, and now they have a new argument to prove it. Scientists have come along with the alarming statement that we use *fifty* different facial muscles when we frown—but only thirteen when we smile! So don't frown. Smile instead, and save your face.

Haven't you noticed how tired and tight your face feels when you're worried? I remember finding with surprise how *comfortable* my face felt again after a particularly depressing spell of trouble finally ended. During the luckless day I had been too concerned to realize the strain on my facial physique. Unconsciously I had been working my fifty frown muscles all the time, I suppose.

Down in Tennessee there is an Optimists' Club, the members of which impose fines on people who are pessimistic.

This thirty-seven-muscle handicap in favor of smiling ought to help the campaign.

HOW nice it is to have friends who come bearing gifts! Not candy, nor flowers, nor baskets of fruit with ribbon on the handles—gifts of that sort are not what I have in mind.

I mean amusing comments on people and happenings, entertaining side lights purposely remembered because they're worth telling—in other words, conversation that *gives you something*—talks that leave you exhila-

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rated, refreshed, and replenished. That's what I mean by "gifts."

Certain people are natural "gift bearers" in this way. My friend Betty is one of them. With her lively mind and her spontaneous story-telling, Betty is always a welcome guest wherever she goes.

Just back from a short vacation cruise, she brings, as souvenirs for her friends (and the very best kind of souvenirs I think they are), a variety of merry tales about the people she met on board the boat. There was the purser who didn't know a thing about "pursing," having obtained the job by answering an advertisement that called for a man who needed no sleep, and could drink as much as the passengers. Then there was a tough old tar of a sailor complaining because he had to keep the sand neat around the deck swimming pool. "Forty years before the mast," he growled, "and now they put me on the beach —it's disgustin'!"

NEW books I've enjoyed reading:

DEVIL'S DUE, by Phyllis Bottome. Dramatic story of an Austrian nobleman who draws the woman he loves into the tragic results of his wasted life (Houghton, Mifflin). . . . THE CHAMPION FROM FAR AWAY, by Ben Hecht. Thirteen very entertaining tales about queer people (Covici-Friede). . . . ALL PASSION SPENT, by V. Sackville-West. A quiet charming book about an old, old lady (Doubleday, Doran). . . . LOVE GOES PAST. Latest novel by Ursula Parrott, author of Ex-Wife. This one tells the story of an actress who wants to be a one-man woman (Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith).

PERSONAL reading. I found this item listed on the memorandum tablet of a hard-working woman friend.

Every day in the week she had an hour set aside on her schedule for general reading. But, in addition, time was specially fixed twice a week for *personal* reading.

The idea interested me.

"General everyday reading is the reading required by my work," said my friend. "*Personal* reading is that which helps me pull my personality together after the rush of the business day. For this personal reading I turn to books of prose and poetry—often books I have read before. Like old friends, they soothe and encourage me, while new books stimulate me."

Don't you think we should all have our *personal* reading hour? Thinking our own thoughts is the only road to real individuality, I believe.

LIKE love, art is enhanced by distance. Culture seems more cultured when it comes from far places. I wrote not long ago about the European art pilgrimages carried on so fervently by American women. Back here in America I meet these same women again, hear them admire aloud the wonders of what they have seen abroad, go with them to art lectures at women's clubs and listen to their rapt appreciation of everything ultra ancient and many things ultra modern.

Yet seldom do I hear one of these women utter a word of appreciation for the really fine examples of living art which America delivers at their doorsteps every day.

By that I mean the art of our magazines and newspapers —the exceptionally talented drawings and decorations which appear all the time in the publications we read. Within the last few days I've seen colored advertising pages which rival the artistic merits of fine old Japanese screens. Here in America I often see magazine illustrations as beautifully drawn as rare etchings. In no other country does there exist such a continuous parade of artistic excellence and skill.

I think it's about time we American women woke up and paid a little more attention to the service we are getting from our own culture departments. Why not take it as a test to show whether our refinements are real or faked? For in this field of taste we have no guidebooks to tell us what we *ought* to admire.

AUG. 22 LIMERICK WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

A boxer of promise was Speed;
He knew how to block and to lead.
  But one blow by the champ
  Put him out like a lamp—
They told him to "faint"—he agreed.

W. P. Burton — Cleveland, Ohio

$50 SECOND PRIZES

A blooming career gone to seed.
E. G. Sesonske — Watertown, N. Y.

A "left" that was "right" did the deed.
T. B. McCargo — National Soldiers Home, Va.

$25 THIRD PRIZES

The champ dealt in "socks" guaranteed.
Helen Glass — Little Rock, Ark.

The punch he was served disagreed.
Florence Carroll — Tupelo, Miss.

The "title" was lost with the "deed."
David Dean — Everett, Mass.

Two gloves and one sock did the deed.
Lynn Summers — El Cajon, Calif.

$10 PRIZES

Wm. P. Gaynor, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gladys O'Brien, Detroit, Mich.; Cora Davenport, Plymouth, Pa.; Helen MacNamara, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Selma Schiffler, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. L. Andrews, Corpus Christi, Tex.; D. R. Pierce, Beaverton, Ore.; Claud D. Nelson, Decatur, Ga.; Dave Jackson, Seattle, Wash.; Ida Mae Foss, Sandpoint, Idaho; Mrs. Annice Hinman, Thorofare, N. J.; E. C. Holt, Seattle, Wash.; Katherine V. Krebs, Cincinnati, O.; James Shanks. Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y.; Leone Bange, St. Louis, Mo.; Margaret Haynes, Lafayette, La.; Ernest T. Emery, Hollywood, Calif.; Valora L. Bray, San Francisco, Calif.; Loren R. Allard, Tacoma, Wash.; Anna Drew Scott, Milford, Del.

VELVET gets into the style news every year. Sure as shooting, someone always predicts a velvet season for the coming winter. Frequently the prediction turns out to be a false alarm, but this year it is certainly going to come true, no matter what you may hear to the contrary.

Trimmings of velvet are the real news. Good news, too; for a couple of yards of velvet can work wonders on an old frock or coat. Velvet scarfs, big velvet collars, velvet revers, facings, cuffs, etc., will be seen on our coats both short and long. The color of the velvet should match the coat fabric exactly or be a shade or so darker.

An endless variety of velvet trimmings will be used on dresses also. Ribbon velvet in rows or ruchings will give our taffeta frocks a picturesque and charming Old World look.

I have just seen a heavy crêpe dress with a velvet hem and long, tight velvet sleeves topped by a short puff of the crêpe.

A twisted velvet belt tied at the side completes this costume. Keep it in mind if you want to bring a last season's dress up to date.

NEW apples gladden the heart of every true gourmet. In England, the first apple pudding of the season always makes a red-letter day for lovers of good old-fashioned cooking.

Here in this country the English-born gentleman who sells me my hardware speaks so longingly of apple puddings that I have promised to make him one. I shall do it as follows:

To 2 cups of flour add 1 teaspoon of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Mix this with 1½ cups of finely chopped beef suet and ¾ cup of stale bread crumbs. Moisten with cold water and knead lightly until soft enough to roll, then set aside about ¼ of the dough.

Roll the larger piece and use to line a well greased deep pudding bowl.

Put in the green apples (about 2 pounds), pared, cored, thickly sliced, and mix with 1 cup of brown sugar and 6 cloves.

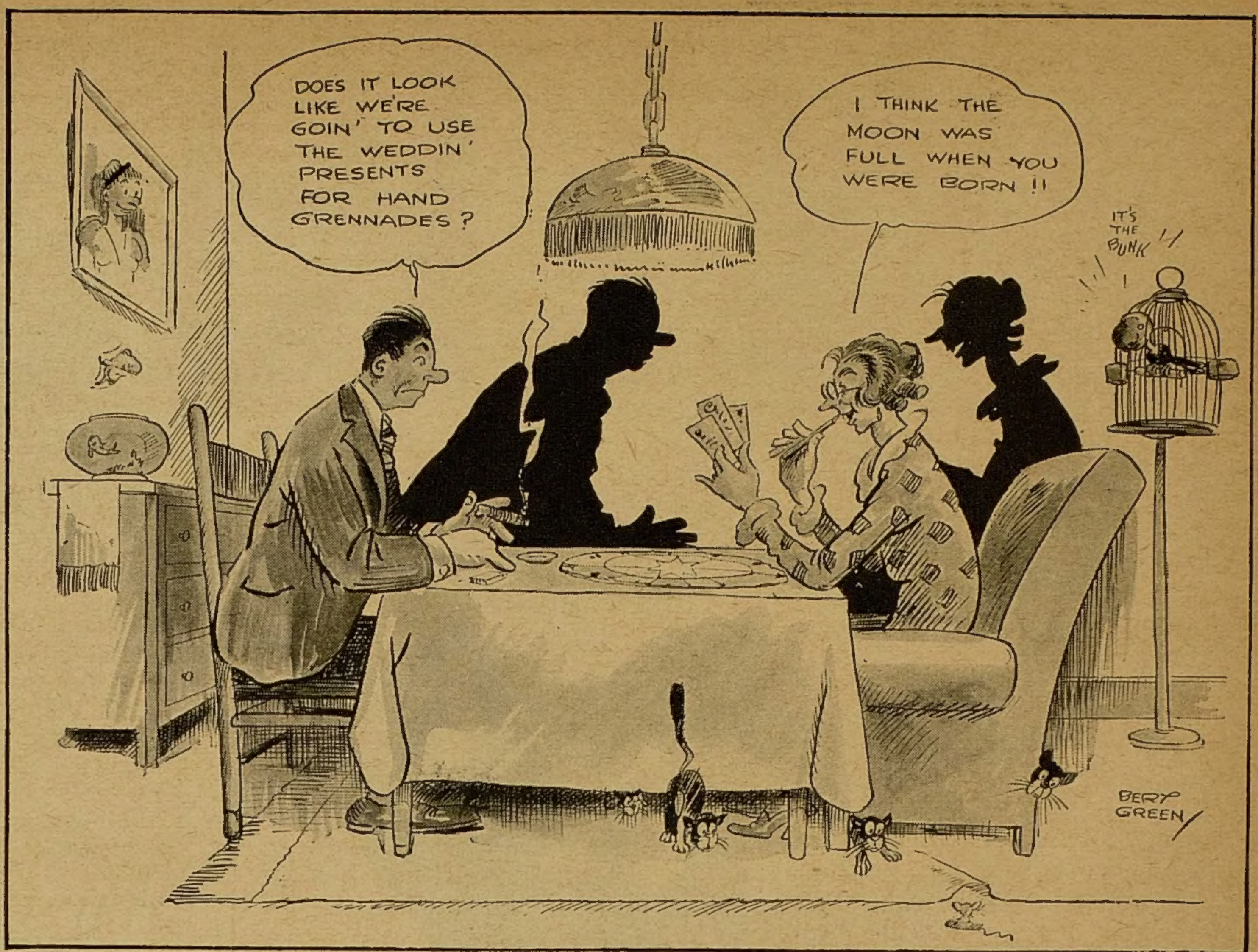
Add ⅓ cup of water and cover with the remaining piece of dough rolled to fit.

Join the pastry edges carefully. Cover with a well floured pudding cloth, the corners knotted on top and a cord tied around the dish.

Boil 3 hours in a large pan of water, the water *not* reaching the top of the pudding dish. You can steam it if preferred.

Turn out with care; the pastry is so light it's likely to break.

Broken or not, you can rest assured that none of it will be left over once it's tasted.


DOES IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO USE THE WEDDIN' PRESENTS FOR HAND GRENNADES ?
I THINK THE MOON WAS FULL WHEN YOU WERE BORN !!
IT'S THE BUNK !!
BERT GREEN

A DAME I met on the Rue de Baloney steered me into one of them Horrorscope dives where you get your fortune red.

Love Letters
of an Interior Decorator

A Spirited Adventure

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

Well, here we go again. I certainly got the low down on *you* and your boy friend good an proper. A dame I met on the Rue de Baloney steered me into one of them Horrorscope dives where you get your fortune red. She pulled a fast one when she clocked you awright. She says my planets were screwey and in the ether when me and you got hooked.

Her name is Madame Mahatma and she certainly nose her garlic. Shes the medium what prophisized the Spanish American War, the garment strike and a lot of emportent stuff like that. She says the trouble with you is youre too up stage and want to be serviced. She says that if you dont get your own way you go off like Mussolini. She says the Moon musta been full when you was born.

I may get some of these things a bit balled up as Im writin em to you but when I get thru youll find out that me and her is right. She says that a Cancer wife should never marry a Capricorn husband because hes sure to be the Goat! Thats me!

She says if the sign Jimminy Rams into Scorpion while Pieces is neckin Venus between the 17th of March and the 4th of July you should lay off matrimoney and sign no papers.

If I remember correct, thats the time me and you put our moniker to the Love, Honor and Oh Rasberries diploma at the marriage department. Blow that off your tweezers! I shoulda seen Madame Mahatma before we went for the Better or Worse stuff. Another thing, she says that your old man was born under the influence of Aquarium. I guess thats a fish theater. Its the sign in the Sodiac what means a guy pourin water. Say, your old man never poured a glass of water in his life. Bum gin, if you ask me! According to her, most of the famous birds were born under the influence of the aquarium. If you dont believe me, give a look at the names she give me—Gerald Chapman, Leopold and Mr. Loeb, Ruthie Snyder, Judd Gray, Two Gun Crowley and people like them.

Another thing, Madame Mahatma told me you was a great lover of a home. Say, you was never in it long enough to find out, and when Gary Cooper was Romeoing in the village the dishes laid in the sink. Every time you gazed into his limpid blue eyes you wondered what made *me* tick. I was just a heel after that tryin to get by.

Another thing she said. She said you was especially

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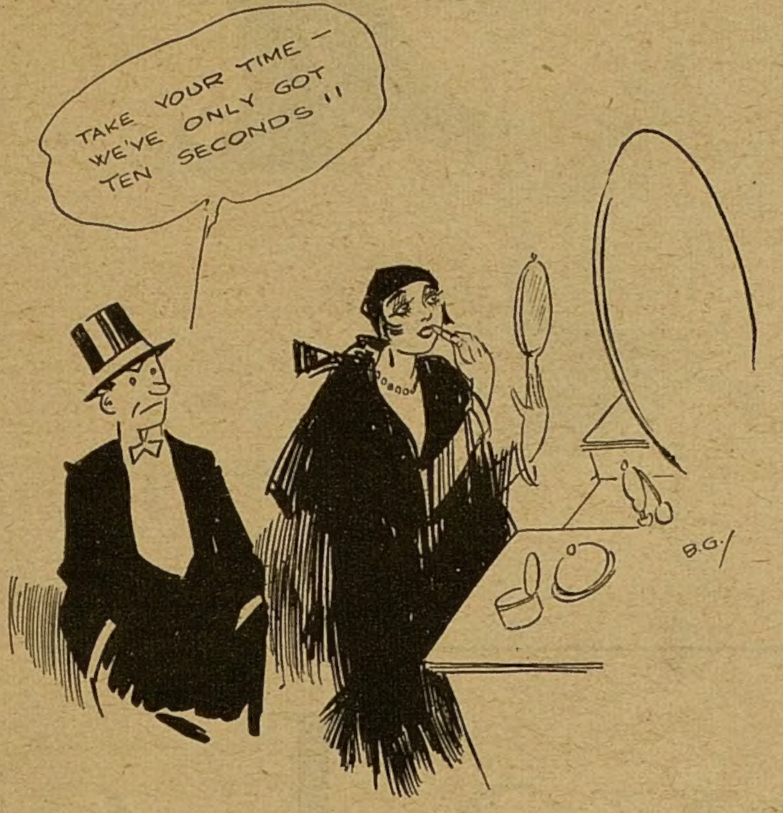
fond of children. What children? The nearest thing *we* ever had to a Billikin was a gold fish and she folded up for lack of romance.

The dame says you should take care of your throat and digestive plumbin because thats the weekest part of you. Weak nothin! When you start packin in the groceries the waitors get sore feet polishin the floor. Believe me if that prize fighter youre goin with expects to catch the rap for *your* nourishment he'll have to fight *everybody* what ankles outa Madison Square Garden the rest of his life.


TAKE YOUR TIME — WE'VE ONLY GOT TEN SECONDS !!
B.G./

When you start layin on the war paint you look like another addition to a revue payroll.

She says people born when Venus is in the Dipper means that they see things from a very cosmic standpoint. I guess she means cosmetic. Thats you awright. When you start layin on the lip wax an war paint you look like another addition to a revue payroll. According to her, your favorite rocks is the emerald and toepaz. What a yell! Say, the only things that you would ever choose would be a handful of square cut jewels set in platnum.

Oh yeah, and when it comes to flowers she says you rate the daisy, the narcissors and the trailin arbitus, whatever that is. Catnip and poison ivory is my guess!

Oh this baby knows her Einstein awright. She says everybody should get the dope on the stars before they aisle it to the minister otherwise theyre apt to be usin the weddin presents for hand grenades. She says great men like Napolian, the Sultan of Turkey an Bring-em Young went haywire when they didnt take the tip of the astrologer. She says they wound up in the oofeygay hatch tryin to keep the dames from comparin notes.

For instance, this dame gets letters from women askin her when they should get spliced, how they can tie their husband or when is the best time to give him the bums rush. All this she says comes under the destiny of the vibrations. Speakin of vibrations she showed me a letter she got from a guy by the name of Oswald Betts. He said he suffered terrible from auto intoxication. He wanted to know what he should do about it. So Madame Mahatma looked up his planets and found they were full of static and vibrations, so she wrote him back to sell his can and buy a straight eight and ever since he feels swell.

SO you see all this dope proves that what she told me about *you* is the truth. She says youd never be happy with that punk youre going with because any sap what was born on the 1st of April will either grow up to be a comic artist or a gag man and drink like a herring besides.

She got very clubby with me. She told me that one time an old dame wrote her from the Isle of Man. She would! Anyway, this old gal fell desperately in love with a dashing blue eyed youth who was hooked up in the Navy. She wanted to marry him. His father tossed him on a battle ship to keep him from snakin all the frails in the neighborhood. Well, after three years on a battleship any old pelican on a french heel looks like the one next to the end in Earl Carrolls nudies. So what does the blue eyed youth do but go for Mrs. Wrinkleplaster lock, stock, barrel, windless and half the chain locker. Well, to make a short story longer, Mrs. Wrinkleplaster being very souperstitious about her planets wrote to Madame Mahatma for a Grade A horrorscope with plenty of romance. Heres Mrs. Wrinkleplasters letter, I pinched it—read it!

DEAR MADAME MAHATMA,

I am a young lady born on the 12th of September 1867 at two A. M. I am deeply in love with a young man who was born on Feb. 3rd 1909. (The time of his birth I cant give you.) This man wants to marry me. His father owns a big steel plant in Pittsburg, besides being a director of fourteen banks. But that isnt the reason I want to marry him. His father is going to make his son president of a railroad as soon as he leaves the Navy. This young man has blue eyes, blond hair and a perfectly giorgeous pair of shoulders.

Will you please be kind enough to send me my horiscope and let me know if my ruling planet offers me fortune, good luck and happiness. Thanking you very much I remain

Faithfully yours,
MRS. TWEEDLUM
WRINKLEPLASTER,
Isle of Man.

Enclosed please find check for $300.00.

WELL, according to the Madam, she read her horrorscope and found the old dame was all wet. She told her that a Scorpion woman should *never* under any circumstances marry a Sagittarious youth because his vibrations would be cockeyed. Besides, people born between Friday the 13th and Leap Year have sluggish livers and are apt to go goofy.

I asked the Madam what became of the poor dame after she read the horrorscope. Oh, she said, the unfortunate woman was so heartbroken she passed up the sailor and married a tattoed man in a circus.

Gee, life is hard alright. You can see by that how any professional star gazer can save many a busted heart. Not only that, but she can tell you from the position of the Moon whats the matter with your insides. She said a woman came to her once what was a great lover of music, but her organs wouldnt function right. So Madame Mahatma advised her to take up piano lessons instead and ever since shes been playin on the radio.

Another time, she said, a man wrote to her what was a foreman in a big carpet factory in Boston. He said he was fed up with his job because he had to work sixteen hours a day and hadnt had a raise for eight years. And besides, his nine kids kept him broke. Well, the Madam worked out his chart and found that he was in a terrible spot. She said there was Mercury in his Aquarius and Venuses vibrations was influencin him so bad that he was loosin his mind. So she told him to pull himself together, forget all about his troubles and stick to his job as the planets were only temporary. Well, the guy stuck to his job and got along swell and later on he wrote the Madam to thank her for what she had done. He said, Im glad you read my horoscope and made me stick to the job because twelve years later the factory gave me a two dollar raise.

Wishin you the same,
Yours trooley,
MIKE SHEA.

There will be another letter from Mike in an early issue.

S	A	C	R	E	D		E	R	A	S	E		M	A	N	E	G	E
E	N	R	A	G	E		N	O	N	E	S		O	L	I	V	E	S
A	N	I	M	A	L		D	O	V	E	S		S	P	L	I	N	T
N	U	N	■	D	E	N	O	M	I	N	A	T	E	S	■	N	E	E
C	A	G	E	■	S	O	W	■	L	■	Y	E	S	■	A	C	R	E
E	L	E	G	Y	■	R	E	P	■	R	E	D	■	S	T	E	A	M
			R	A	T	■	D	I	C	E	D	■	L	O	T			
E	N	D	E	M	I	C	■	R	U	N	■	R	A	D	I	A	T	E
D	I	R	T	■	P	A	R	A	B	O	L	I	C	■	C	L	A	D
I	C	E	■	■	■	M	O	T	I	V	E	S	■	■	■	T	U	G
T	H	A	W	■	D	E	D	I	C	A	T	E	D	■	S	A	N	E
S	E	M	I	N	A	L	■	C	A	T	■	R	E	P	O	R	T	S
			N	O	W	■	D	A	L	E	S	■	W	A	D			
T	R	A	C	T	■	B	E	L	■	D	E	N	■	W	O	R	M	S
H	A	R	E	■	L	A	P	■	M	■	N	I	B	■	M	E	E	T
R	I	M	■	M	A	N	I	P	U	L	A	T	E	D	■	C	A	R
E	L	O	P	E	D		C	A	R	A	T		R	A	V	I	N	E
A	E	R	A	T	E		T	R	A	C	E		G	R	O	P	E	S
D	R	Y	D	E	N		S	A	L	E	S		S	E	W	E	R	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 46

D	I	A	N	A		C	A	R	P		C	A	T		B	A	L	M
A	R	L	E	S		A	V	E	R		A	R	E		O	L	E	O
T	A	L	E	S		D	O	G	E		M	E	M	O	R	I	A	L
A	N	O	D	E	S	■	W	A	F	T	■	A	P	P	E	A	S	E
		W	I	R	E	S	■	L	E	S	S	■	T	E	A	S	E	S
S	T	I	N	T	I	N	G	■	R	A	I	S	I	N	S			
H	A	N	G	■	S	A	I	D	■	R	E	I	N	S	■	W	A	S
E	G	G	■	B	I	G	G	E	R	■	G	A	G	■	M	A	N	E
			F	A	N	S	■	T	O	T	E	M	■	B	O	I	S	E
S	A	V	I	N	S	■	R	U	L	E	S	■	R	A	T	T	A	N
E	V	I	L	S	■	F	A	R	E	S	■	D	A	N	E			
T	E	E	M	■	A	L	B	■	S	T	R	A	N	D	■	A	S	A
A	S	S	■	S	L	A	B	S	■	S	O	N	G	■	E	L	A	M
			S	E	T	T	I	N	G	■	E	T	E	R	N	I	T	Y
S	L	A	T	E	R	■	S	O	A	R	■	E	R	A	S	E		
K	A	R	A	K	U	L	■	B	R	E	W	■	S	I	N	N	E	D
A	V	E	R	S	I	O	N		T	A	R	E		S	A	A	D	I
T	E	N	T		S	O	U		E	D	E	N		E	R	G	O	N
E	R	A	S		T	N	T		R	Y	N	D		S	E	E	M	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 47

A Candid Question to the Advertiser

. . . *Who gets* LESS for *What He* Sells *than he did in 1928:*

Are you getting MORE from what you *BUY* in 1931-1932?

COMPARE

With Any Other Magazine

HOW MUCH?

Liberty averaged 2,401,416 weekly circulation for 1930, 2,411,000 for the first half of 1931.

WHO?

Liberty is deliberately edited for *both* men and women. It is read by 2,750,000 men and 3,009,000 women. Result records have been broken for men's and women's products alike.

80% of all Liberty families above $2,000 income class	65.8% U. S. average
52% own homes	37% U. S. average*
84% have telephones	39% U. S. average
58% have radios	46% U. S. average
50% have vacuum cleaners	37% U. S. average
34% have electric washers	29% U. S. average
15% have mechanical refrigerators	8% U. S. average

**In cities covered by Starch Survey*

WHERE?

Liberty concentrates three-quarters of its circulation in cities over 25,000 population. Liberty places more circulation here (where the greater part of all retail business is done) than any other magazine.

HOW READ?

Liberty is wanted enough by its readers, that 99% of them buy voluntarily week after week. No expensive subscription crews are necessary to sign up readers 6 months or a year or two in advance. 99% single copy circulation is 99% guaranteed-to-be-read circulation.

Then, instead of burying 90% of its advertisements after the start of the *last* story, Liberty alternates advertisements and story leads throughout the book. Surveys show this nearly doubles readers-per-advertisement.

THE YARDSTICK OF CIRCULATION QUALITY

If declining commodity prices have put your dollar volume out of step with your unit sales...

Are you meeting your diminished receipts by:

1. Diminished outlay, or by
2. Increased value for your outlay?

While it is true that magazines in the aggregate have decreased their costs but a fraction of a per cent in the face of a 30 per cent commodity price decline, it is also true that many of them have increased the physical attractiveness of their format.

A more direct argument against diminished outlay, however, may be found in Liberty, whose cost has declined 35 per cent since 1926—while its physical attractiveness is now on the way to being enhanced to the tune of more than a quarter-million dollars a year.

A New Opportunity

Liberty was already a phenomenal circulation success when 1931 came along. Its editorial policy of dramatic, newsy, concise material from famous authors and illustrators has, therefore, been continued.

But $100,000 more a year is being spent on these editorial and art activities.

In addition a new paper contract has just been made—the largest quality paper order ever placed by a single magazine—which will start Liberty off in 1932 with a mechanical reproduction worth $160,000 more, annually.

What This Means to Advertisers

Now advertisers have been attracted to sharpen their pencils and figure. Your Post-Depression dollar can buy:

Liberty	565 families
Average of 3 Weeklies	377 families
Average of 2 Monthlies . . .	391 families
Average of 6 Women's Magazines	286 families

Advertisers who want to match Post-Depression profits with Post-Depression advertising value find, therefore, that Liberty will increase their appropriation's effectiveness:

50 per cent more than other Weeklies
45 per cent more than Monthlies
98 per cent more than Women's Magazines

Proof of Timeliness

That Liberty's improvement policy came at the so-called psychological moment may be indicated by the fact that within 60 days 92 advertisers and 58 agencies had placed $1,521,677 in new orders.

Judged by the rate at which new contracts are arriving as the main list-making season approaches, Liberty is now being regarded as not merely "another good magazine," but as a logical market for bulking Post-Depression appropriations.

The answer to diminished profits need not be found in diminished appropriations so long as 50 to 100 per cent greater value may still be bought.

Write without obligation for booklet: "To every man with $1 to spend in advertising." Liberty Magazine, 2730 Graybar Building, New York City.

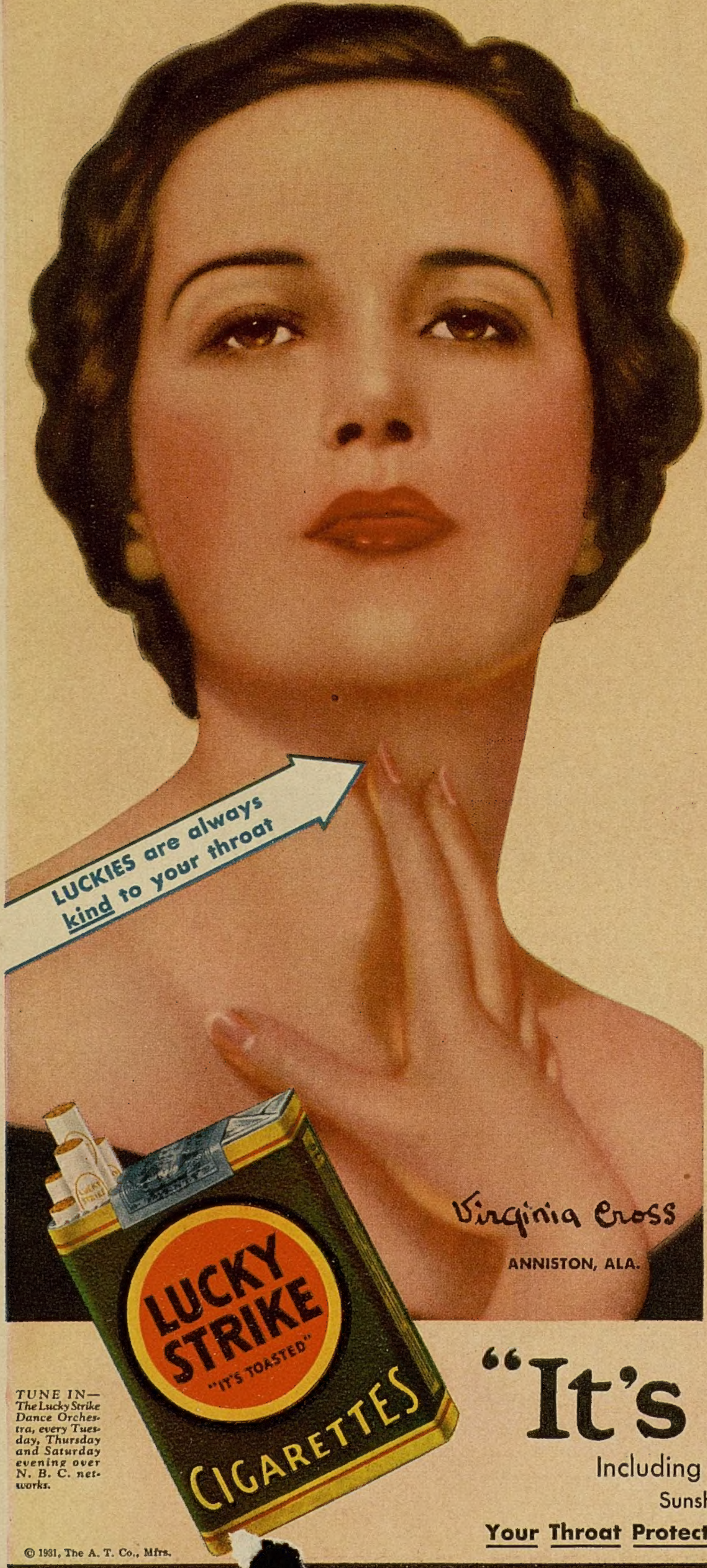
Liberty . . . *a weekly for the whole family*

PRICED FOR *POST*-D[illegible]PRESSION

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"


LUCKIES are always kind to your throat
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Virginia Cross

ANNISTON, ALA.

Eve started it and the daughters of Eve inherited it. Eve gave Adam the apple, and it seems that Adam must have passed it on. For every man and every woman has an Adam's Apple. It is your larynx—your voice box—containing your vocal chords—Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Be careful in your choice of cigarettes.

Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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